

PIONEERING ON THE CONGO

W. HOLMAN BENTLEY



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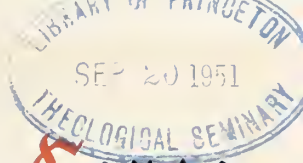
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A PIECE OF THE CONGO STATE RAILWAY



Pioneering on the Congo

BY THE

REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY

CHEVALIER DE L'ORDRE ROYAL DU LION

AUTHOR OF 'THE DICTIONARY AND GRAMMAR OF THE KONGO LANGUAGE'

TRANSLATOR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO KONGO

'LIFE ON THE CONGO,' ETC.

VOLUME II

*WITH A MAP AND 206 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
SKETCHES, PHOTOGRAPHS AND MATERIALS*

SUPPLIED BY THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SEVERAL OF THEIR MISSIONARIES
AND THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CONGO FREE STATE

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

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MONSEMBE WOMEN

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WOMAN'S DRESS, UPPER RIVER

PIONEERING ON THE CONGO

CHAPTER I

THE TRANSPORT OF THE PEACE TO STANLEY POOL: 1883

'I go to open the door to Central Africa. It is probable that I may die there. Young men in England, see to it, that that door is never again shut.'—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

WHILE we were busy securing our communications and establishing ourselves at Stanley Pool, Grenfell was at home superintending the construction of the steamer Peace. She was built by Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., of Chiswick, London. Her length is 70 ft. and her width 10 ft. 6 in. Her design was

no simple matter, for two points were of the greatest importance—shallowness of draught, and portability of component parts. The waterway of the upper river is so obstructed by sandbanks, and in some parts by rocks, that a steamer of ordinary shape and draught would be practically useless. The parts of the steamer had to be carried on men's heads for 225 miles over hilly roads and jungle paths, so the weight of each part had to be reduced to 65 lb. This was actually accomplished. Only three loads exceeded this weight; two of these were less than 112 lb.; the third, the steam separator, weighed 250 lb. The boiler is always the heavy part of such a vessel, but a boiler of a new type, designed by Mr. Thornycroft, was adopted, to obviate that difficulty. At the base of the furnace is a great horse-shoe pipe, into which are fastened a number of steel tubes, which surround the furnace, and between which the fire has to pass; these tubes are connected with a steam-chest above. This very portable form of boiler has another great advantage: sufficient steam to start the boat can be raised from cold water in ten minutes, while full pressure is attained in from fifteen to twenty minutes. For pioneer work among savage people such a boiler is specially useful, thus minimizing the danger from a sudden attack. A further provision against the savagery of the natives is made in the form of arrow-guards; wire network screens, strong enough to stop spears and slugs, and close enough to stop even the small poisoned arrows used by some of the tribes, were hinged and folded up to the mahogany sun-awning. They could be let down in a minute to protect the steersman and the man in charge of the engines. There are two conveniently arranged cabins, fitted in mahogany, one forward and the other aft of the engine-room. Two sleeping berths can be made up in each cabin; the tops of the cabins can be enclosed by sets of curtains, and will then furnish sleeping accommodation for four more passengers. In fair weather these cabin-tops are the more agreeable sleeping-places.

The boat is divided into seven water-tight compartments, so that if a hole were knocked through her plates she would still float, even when one compartment was full of water. She is

built of Bessemer steel, coated with zinc to prevent rust. The plates, being of a very 'mild' temper, are tough, and would merely yield to a blow sufficient to start, or penetrate, a thicker and more rigid plate. Her bottom is almost flat, her keel being only three inches deeper than her sides. She draws twelve inches of water when light, and only eighteen inches with six tons on board. Her full speed is twelve miles an hour, but the ordinary working speed is about eight miles¹. The steamer is thus of very shallow draught, being able to navigate a channel of water only twelve inches deep; to fit her for this it was necessary to make her two sixteen-inch propellers work in tunnels; in this way they are also kept clear of the ground, and protected from contact with floating objects. Although the tunnels rise to five inches above the water level they are always full of water, and the propellers are completely immersed when in motion. Each propeller is driven by a separate engine, and either is able to drive the steamer in case of the breakdown of one.

The Peace was built with copper rivets, and on October 16, 1882, she ran her trial trip on the Thames. After this she was taken to pieces and packed. She made up into 800 packages, including duplicate parts of the machinery. On December 9 Grenfell left Liverpool with his precious charge. He was associated with W. H. Doke, a new colleague, who hoped to help in the transport of the steamer. When the ocean steamer reached Banana, it was expected that the loads would have to be put ashore to await a river steamer. Grenfell found that the Prins Hendrik, the largest river steamer of the Dutch House, was in the river, and at liberty; so, instead of breaking up the large packages at Banana, the Prins was brought alongside and the Liverpool steamer discharged into her, thus saving much trouble. When the Prins Hendrik reached Underhill on the second day, it was found that the river was very high; the steamer could lie so close to the beach that she could be discharged by her planks instead of by boat. They might

¹ Diameter of cylinders, $6\frac{1}{4}$ in.; stroke of cylinders, 8 in.; at full speed, 50 indicated horse-power, and 460 revolutions per minute; at speed of 7 or 8 miles, 150-250 revolutions per minute; weight of hull and machinery, 6 tons, not including cabins and fittings.



THE PEACE WOODING UP

well feel that all things were working together for good. After the cargo was delivered there was a busy time preparing the packages for the overland transport. Seventy Kru boys and coast work-people had arrived by the same steamer to help in the up-country work; a like number were just returning home, their time of service finished.

Thus far, with the exception of Mrs. Comber, our staff had suffered no loss by death. The other mission and Stanley's expedition had lost many men, but although we had often been down with fever, life had mercifully been spared. In September, 1882, Comber made a comparison of our statistics and those of our contemporaries; it was as follows:—

	<i>Loss by Death.</i>	<i>Returned.</i>	<i>In Africa.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Baptist Missionary Society	1	0	8	9
Livingstone Mission	8	14	15	37
Stanley's expedition	11	14	37	62

This included Grenfell, but not Hughes and Moolenaar, who had not then arrived out. Our staff had been very small, considering the work which we had accomplished. Five months had passed since the above comparisons were made, and now our tale of losses was to commence.

Doke had been very energetic in the preparation of the steamer loads, and had had good health, but before he had been three weeks in the country he was stricken with fever. There was nothing remarkable in a new-comer early paying his fever dues; that could only be expected. He had fatigued himself through a stroll on the hill in the early morning looking for antelopes, and became rather feverish towards evening. He got up next morning, but had to return to bed because his temperature was 102° F. Crudgington was on the station, and he nursed him. There was no reason to regard the fever seriously, but it became continuous, and on February 7 he died.

His death so soon after his arrival was a great shock to us all; our little band had been so wonderfully preserved hitherto. Grenfell, who had been most closely associated with him, wrote: 'To know Doke, was to love him; working

and living with him, as I have done for many months past, I could not but admire him; his sterling worth, unobtrusive devotion, and deep-seated piety made me feel that he was specially qualified for our work out here. But he has been called higher, and our hearts ache, and our eyes are full.' He seemed indeed eminently fitted for the work, and his death was the second of many inscrutable dealings of Providence which were to be repeated again and again. Doke himself wrote: 'It may be I may only be used for a short while to draw others into this noble undertaking; if so, I am more than content; long or short, it is honour and privilege to engage in it, be it only in ever so humble a way.' So we must leave it until that time when, in the light of eternity, all things will be made clear. To us it came as no revelation that our work was beset with danger, but it made us anxious, lest it should deter others from coming. Comber wrote an earnest appeal, showing that the first difficulties were overcome; the great upper river lay open before us. Pointing out the great possibilities which were ours, he urged that seven young men should give themselves to the work.

The staff of the mission was thus distributed:—San Salvador, Dixon and Weeks; Underhill, Butcher; Bayneston, Hughes; Wathen and the boat, Hartland and Moolenaar; Stanley Pool, Comber and Bentley; in charge of the Peace, Grenfell.

Crudgington went to England for a month or two by arrangement with the Home Committee. He left immediately after the death of Doke. He had had some time at home after our first trip to Stanley Pool, and was now to have three or four months more, and return married. Then Hartland was to take his furlough, and later Comber and I. So we planned.

At Stanley Pool we pushed on with the building of the Arthington station. A large dwelling-house of sticks and grass was built. The natives brought us grass for sale, but although they were friendly, they were a wild, rough lot; boisterous, noisy, troublesome, most unabashed, they were always ready to take liberties. They knew that white men

shook hands when they met each other, and they would do so; but they also knew that it was proper to offer the right hand; many of them, therefore, were careful to offer the left hand. This was no mistake, but was a studied rudeness. It was hard to know how to manage them. We had been used to very different behaviour; now we had to repress, and to keep them in their place. We wanted to win their hearts, but had to be firm with them. The boys and young men, led by Njuele, Nga Liema's stepson, visited us nearly every day; they came into the house, and were interested in all they saw. We showed them the river pictures in Stanley's book, our watches, whatever we thought would interest them; but if a sharp look-out was not kept, one of them would be sprawling upon my bed, with his skin and clothes stained with cam-wood, or they would sit on the table or do something which they knew they ought not.

It took us some time to realize that this was an intentional transgression of the bounds of propriety. It was, however, part of the attitude of bluff and bully which they always assumed toward the Bayansi or to the Bakongo traders. If a trader managed to get a specially striking cloth on the coast, and to take it to one of these Bateke, he would ask to be allowed to see it, and then with an air of contempt he would put it on the ground, and sit upon it, remarking that such rubbish was only fit for a dust-cloth. So they bluffed every one, and even tried to do the same to us, when paying us a friendly visit, and in a good humour. We did not get vexed with them, but had to be on our guard in a way which was never necessary with other people.

They were great thieves, and although we kept too sharp an eye on them when in the house, they did sometimes rob in other ways. They were selling us grass in great bundles, for the roof of the house. Our suspicions were roused, and we watched carefully one day. A man came with ten others to sell us bundles of grass. We bought the man's bundle, and tossed it over a wooden fence into a compound. While the other men were selling their bundles, the first man was seen to reach his long arms over the fence and pull over the

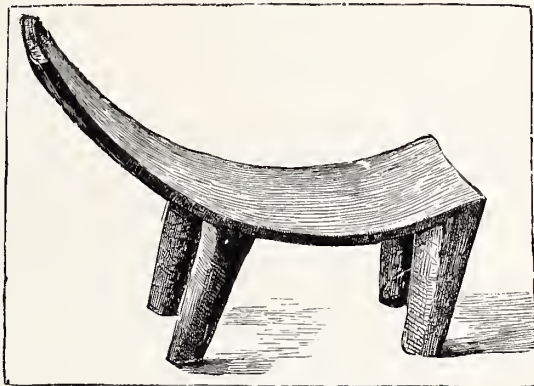
bundle just bought, and carry it to be sold once more. It was a bold act. Two or three boys were called to stand ready, and then we asked the man what he wanted. We told him what he had done. At first he denied, and then tried to bolt, but was at once seized. We sent for Nga Liema, the chief. Often, when we complained of theft, he told us to catch the thief; this time we had done so. We asked him what we ought to do if one of our boys broke into his house and robbed him. 'Punish him soundly, of course.' And what would he do if we caught one of his people red-handed? 'Punish him.' We told him how we had caught the man. He asked us what he ought to do. We told him to do whatever was right; we should then know what to do with our boys if they robbed him. He thought that the man ought to be beaten, and so did we. He gave the man a sound thrashing with a thong of hippo skin, with his own hands, and we called our Kru boys, and solemnly warned them, before Nga Liema, against robbing the natives, threatening to deal as justly as Nga Liema had done. He spoke likewise to his own folk.

We often went to the town, and found some of the people very friendly and agreeable in their behaviour; even Njuele, when he had forgotten his rude little ways, would get interested in our talk, and be quite pleasant. We tried very hard to get some of the boys of the town to come to school, and live on the station; there were some fine little fellows. We did not succeed in getting them, for Nga Liema had made up his mind not to let any of them come to us; although some would have liked to have done so, they did not dare.

We tried to learn the Kiteke language, but the boys were told not to teach us, and were afraid to be seen doing so. After a while I managed to get a smart little fellow to come pretty regularly; by his help, and afterwards from a man, a good number of words were taken down, and some idea of the grammar was gained. During the nine and a half months that I was at the Pool I took down some 2,000 words of Kiteke. Its affinity with Kongo is very pronounced, but the

differences are very great. Kiteke is to Kongo what French is to English. There is a strong tendency to contraction of words, and nasalization. *Lauba*, to cook, in Kongo becomes *lama* on the hills above the Pool, and in Kiteke, *lã* (pronounced as *lan* would be in French). So the Kongo *tata*, father, becomes *tara* in Kiteke; *muutu*, a person, becomes *mburu*; *nkeuto*, a woman, becomes *moké*; *teka*, to buy, becomes *tio*. As a result of the contraction and nasalization, very many words are monosyllabic. Many of the monosyllables are identical in form, and can only be distinguished by the use of tones, as in all such languages; Chinese being the chief example.

There were always a number of the Bobangi at Stanley Pool, who had come down to trade. The Congos called them Bayansi. Some had built compounds on the shore beside Kin-tambu, and we used to visit them. They were very different from the Bateke, as wild



A CONGO STOOL

as they; but as they were away from home, and few in number, their wildness was not very apparent. Their hair was always elaborately plaited; their clothing was the native grass cloth, scanty, but neat. They carried about great spears, and knives of clever workmanship. They pulled out their eyelashes and eyebrows, and that gave them a singular appearance. Some allowed their whiskers to grow, and plaited them; others had them pulled out. The Bateke imitated them in the eradication of hairs on the face, and a man might often be found lying on a mat, with his head on his wife's lap, as she pulled out these

hairs one by one. These operations, the plaiting and dressing of the hair, anointing the body with oil and powdered camwood, and such details of toilette took up a great part of a man's waking hours. The women were as careful as the men in all this. The Bayansi make seats of a crescent shape, with four legs, all cut out of the solid; they love to cover them with brass nails. Some had round seats; a round disc, twelve inches in diameter, for the seat, another for the foot, and a hollow stem between, six inches in diameter, made of the skin of the frond-stem of a palm; very neat things, cleverly made.

Children of the Bayansi are seldom seen at Stanley Pool; they are rare in their own towns up river, still more so at the Pool. I question whether we saw more than three or four there. One little girl of eight, named Munjeke (the laugher), used to come to see us sometimes; such a bright little lassie, we were very fond of her. We tried very hard to take down some of their language, but they followed the policy of Nga Liema, and for some reason or other they objected to teach us. After a while another party of Bayansi came down, and with them two Zombo boys who had been bought by them as slaves, and had become like their masters in style and language. From these boys we learned many words. I had a vocabulary of about 700 words in October, 1883. Dr. Sims, of Stanley Pool (L.I.M. and A.B.M.U.), published vocabularies in Kiteke and Kiyansi in 1888, and the Gospel of John in Kiteke. John Whitehead, of our own mission, has just completed a dictionary of Lo-Bobangi, as the Kiyansi should be called. There is quite a literature in the language growing now.

Although we could get no boys to teach from Nga Liema's town, the people on the hills sent us a few boys. Ngambelenge, the second chief, sent his son, Bungudi, who in the end became an able engineer on the Peace.

We paid a visit to our quondam enemies at Kinshasa, and old Nchulu became our friend. He sent a bright little son of his to us, and several other boys. A chief living one hour distant behind the station sent us his son Kolokolo, a fine

little fellow. He stayed with us for a few months. Years after he became a receiver of stolen guns, and died in a penal settlement of the State in 1896. So, in spite of the opposition, a school was formed. The scholars came and went; very few of the first comers stayed long enough to get much good. Poor Kolokolo is a sorry example of that; but several of them were very promising boys.

Beyond Nchulu's town, some distance along the shore of the Pool was Ndolo, the town of Bankua, the nephew and heir of Nchulu; he was a very hard, cruel man, who shed blood very freely. His people were very wild; indeed, the first time that Comber and I ventured into his town we wondered whether we should ever go out again. We met him at Nchulu's, and went at his invitation, we by boat and he by land; one of his men went with us, but his rowdies behaved very badly until he came. He became fairly friendly to us, but gave us no boys in the early years. He it was who worked up the bad reception when we first went to Kinshasa in 1881. Ndolo is now the terminus of the Congo Railway, and Nga Liema, Nchulu, and Bankua are living on the other side of the river, on French soil. They were all hard, unprogressive savages, who in no way yielded to the new influences, or adapted themselves to the new circumstances.

Nga Liema, and indeed the Pool people generally, were, by their ivory trade, surfeited with fine cloth. So rich were they that they were able to keep their wives in laziness; scarcely any ground was cultivated; they produced nothing. They were such arrant thieves that most of the women of the hills were afraid to come down to their market; the men bought the *kwanga* (cassava puddings) of their women, and brought them down to the market, taking back the proceeds, part in dried fish and part in brass rods. There never was a sufficient supply for the demand, and the Bateke had to attend the markets on the hills to meet their needs. There was always more or less of hunger in the town. Such people were no help to Stanley in the way of supplying food for his men; both he and we had to send to the hills, fifteen miles away. We had to keep food buyers on the spot, for they

were obliged by local custom to pay for their food before it was prepared. A woman would receive 100 brass rods, and then go to her farm to fetch the manioc roots, soak and dry them, and then pound, sift, and cook the puddings. The food-buyer had to keep his eyes open, lest a Teke or a Zanzibari should go and bluster, and induce the woman to sell to him. He told us from time to time to send up two or three men on a certain day, and so our bread stuff was obtained. Now and then the men did not return, through some hitch, and there was no food for the others, so they had to go to bed hungry. That did not often happen, but it was not a rare thing for the evening meal to arrive as late as 10 o'clock at night. We had thus to live from hand to mouth, for the food could not be kept much more than a week. We kept the surplus when possible, but often there was no surplus to keep. 'Give us this day our daily bread,' was an earnest prayer with us. We had to keep about twenty men, for there was much building work to do—a house for ourselves, another for Grenfell, houses for work-people, stores for food and tools, mission goods, steamer stores, &c. With the workmen, and the few school-boys which we could keep, we found it hard to keep up the supply.

The natives were very anxious to get a long light-blue bead which had taken their fancy. We refused at first to get any out, fearing a change of fashion in the interim. The beads of the currency down country were made of a hexagonal blue pipe bead, broken up into lengths of a quarter of an inch. The idea struck us to order out some longer beads of that kind, of three, two, and one inches.

Nga Liema had been very sullen towards the white men; he did not come to visit us for three months. 'If they want to see me, let them come to me here; why should I go to them?' So he said, and he maintained that 'dignified' position; no one was much the loser by the absence of his begging majesty, but he flattered himself that he was doing a great thing. We often visited his town, and were at no pains to avoid him, so we saw him frequently, when we went to visit his people.

After about six months the beads arrived. They were so light—2 or 3 lb. only—that they came up with our mails. We announced their arrival on a Saturday, with a promise to sell on Monday. The people were delighted with them; we sold them at a rod an inch—three rods for the three inches, and so on. There was a rush for them. Nga Liema, who had sulked in his town for three months, rushed up and down the hill, coming to us breathless, and reeking with perspiration; he could not even trust others to buy for him, lest he should be cheated by his slaves. I do not know how many visits he paid us that and the next day; he forgot his sulks, dignity, and everything, to get those precious beads. He wanted us to let him have a lot on credit, but we laughed at him. We allowed him to mortgage his ‘royal sceptre’—an elephant’s tail—and his beautiful copper, brass, and iron anklets for 200 rods, and would have been glad to foreclose, but he soon paid the debt.

In two days all the longer beads were sold, and in two more the last of the short beads went. The beads cost 2*s.* 9*d.* and weighed 2 or 3 lb.; they realized a quarter of a ton of brass wire, which would have cost £16 10*s.* in England, more than eight carriers’ loads, and all bought and delivered at Stanley Pool for 2*s.* 9*d.*; we were sorry that we had not ordered more of them. We reordered, but when they arrived out the fashion had changed.

Our cloth was beautifully packed in waterproof bales, hydraulic pressed, with riveted iron hoops, so tight that a piece could seldom be drawn out. If one or two were abstracted, the consequent looseness and lightness of the bale would call attention to the theft, if the sewing up would pass muster. We nearly always detected a theft, and laughed at the thief for even dreaming that he would not be found out. It was no laughing matter for the thief, however, for we at once stopped the pay of the whole caravan, on the ground that all the goods had not arrived. His fellow carriers would be furious with the thief, and he would have to go to fetch what he had stolen. He would have to bring, besides, a goat, or perhaps two, ‘to quiet our hearts.’ The

head-man would come back with him to receive the pay of his men, with some strong admonitions to be more careful of our goods, and not allow such foolish attempts at stealing. It was a great thing to be able to get our goods transported without theft, without, indeed, offering any temptation to the wild men who carried them. We transported for years without any loss. Not a thing of all the steamer loads was missing after transport for 225 miles on men's heads.

We lost two cases of the steamer loads for a while; for two carriers, who lived two hours from Bayneston, stole their loads and took them to their town. The head-man was sent to bring them in; but the townsfolk told him to tell us to come and fetch them ourselves; and to be sure to bring our guns with us, for they would fire upon us if we ventured to come near them. They strongly advised the head-man not to trouble them any further. It was easy to bluff us in this way, but when the head-man had gone away, some of the women asked what they were to do if we came. Some felt sure that we should appear in force at dawn the next morning, and burn the town.

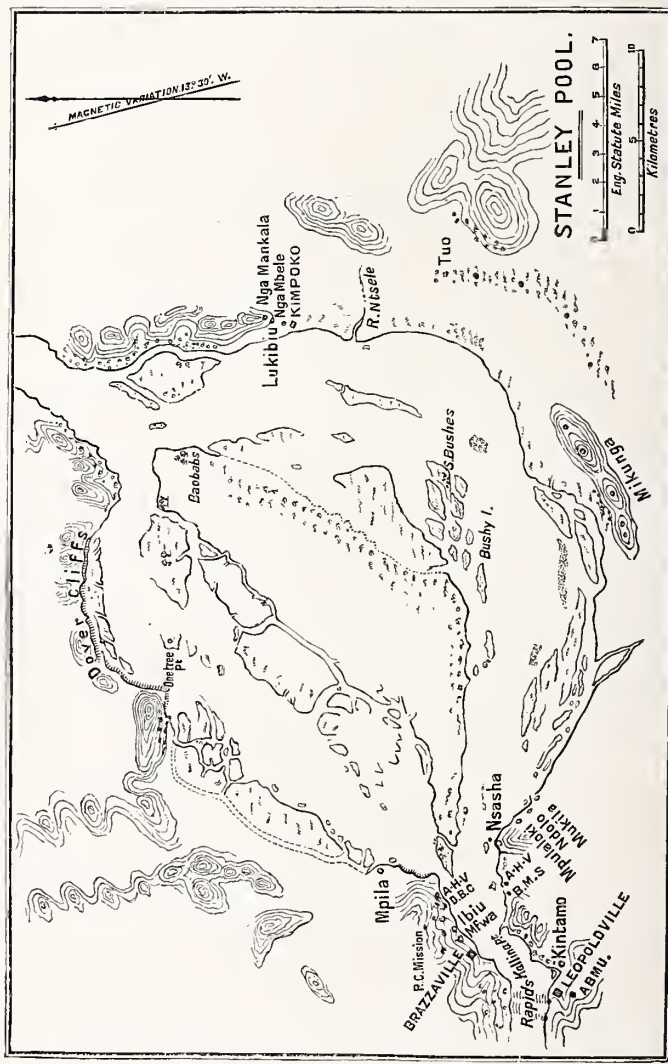
They passed a wretched night, and before dawn the women went to hide in the woods. They listened all day, and heard nothing. At night they dared not sleep in the town, fearing a night attack—the thing of which an African has the greatest horror. The days passed in sickening fear, which communicated itself to the thieves and rowdies. Then they considered that our delay in coming was to make them think that we were not coming at all, and then some day, when it was nearly forgotten, we would raid them, and make them all slaves for those two wretched boxes. They slept in the woods at night, and in the daytime took shelter in their houses; but if the leaves rustled, or if a hawk frightened the fowls, they would rush out, believing that the white men had come. The rainy season came, and wet nights in the woods were trying to all, especially to the children.

Three months passed, and they sent to the head-man imploring him to fetch the boxes away. When he brought them in, he told us of the agonies of suspense which the towns-

folk had endured. It had a good effect on the district. We had not cared to do anything in the matter; fighting was not our duty, and only that would have availed, until fear did the work instead. Hughes advised Grenfell of the loss, and duplicate parts were ordered. It was but a simple matter. That was the only real hitch.

The steam separator weighed 250 lb.; it might have been jointed up, but it was considered that one small compact load could be managed. A small trolley was made for it. The load was put in charge of eight men. They made their way with difficulty, being much impeded by the long grass, the stems of which were often as thick as one's thumb. They thought to remove this difficulty by burning the grass. This greatly annoyed the chief of an important town on the way; he seized the load, and sent the men away with an empty truck. They waited outside the town until midnight; then they sent two of their strongest men, who crept quietly into the town and carried away their load, which had been left by the chief in an open shed. When the day broke they were far on the way with their load, and took it safely up country.

On February 13, Mr. Clark, of the Livingstone Mission, arrived at Leopoldville, wishing to make arrangements for a station there for his mission. When he learned the difficulty in getting food, he considered that, for a time at least, it would be better to build on the hills, until they were ready to construct their steamer. He returned to make arrangements to do so. A few days before Mr. (now Sir Harry) Johnston arrived; he held a commission from the *Graphic*. After staying a while at Leopoldville, he went for a few weeks to Mswata and Bolobo, the two stations on the upper river belonging to the International Association, or rather the Comité d'Études du Haut Congo, for that was the name under which the forward work was being carried out. The *international* character of the French section had quite disappeared, and the operations of the Comité which culminated in the foundation of the Congo Free State, were necessary to prevent France from absorbing the results of Belgian enterprise. The change of name was important.



(Our first station at Stanley Pool was on the north side of Leopoldville. Kintambo is another style for Kintambu. The great island in the centre is Bamu.)

Hartland had not been really well for some time; he had had a number of little fevers which weakened him. He took boat to Bayneston, and on arriving on April 21 he had an attack of dysentery. Hughes was in charge of the station, but Hartland's condition was so serious, and the nursing so heavy, that Hughes wrote to Butcher for help. Butcher sent the letter on to Grenfell, and although in a fever himself, he started at once for Bayneston. Grenfell left Underhill to go up country on April 27. On the second day out he met Butcher's letter, and hurried on.

On May 10 the case became hopeless, and Grenfell broke it to Hartland as gently as possible. He said, 'Well, I am not afraid to die. My trust is in Jesus. Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life.' A little later he added, 'After four years' preparation, and just as I am going to enter upon mission work proper, it seems strange for me to realize that my work is done; but He knows best.' Comber's arrival that evening was a great comfort to him; all had believed that he was at Stanley Pool, but a gracious Providence had arranged that he should be down in time for the parting. He had been his close friend for eight years, and associated with him for four years in the work on the Congo.

During the two following days they enjoyed much brotherly cheering conversation. Hartland was happy and peaceful, thoroughly resigned to the Divine will. They talked of their work together in London in connexion with Camden Road Chapel in the old times, and of what they had done together on the Congo; then again Hartland would speak of his own assurance of faith, and of the blessedness which was now so near. At sundown, on May 12, 1883, he was sinking fast; half an hour later, he cried out, 'Christ is all and in all. Let me go, my friends. Don't hold me back. I must go. I want to go to Him. Simply to Thy cross I cling. Let me go!' His struggles ceased; he was gone.

A week or two before he started for the Congo, he wrote, 'In this enterprise of winning Africa for Christ, there must be, I know, much of what the world calls loss and sacrifice, and it may be that many will fall in the blessed work of

foundation building only ; but what of this ? To have any share in this noblest of all toil, however humble or obscure, be it only hewing wood or drawing water, is surely honour and privilege any servant of Christ must court and long for. I desire to go to this work, feeling yet more intensely day by day, as the days pass on, that to live is Christ, and to die, gain ; and if He should ordain for me early death, after a few years of humble, obscure, pioneering work only—well, it must all be right ; for it means early and complete satisfaction.’

Such was his thought as he started for the Congo, and such his spirit as he lived there. He was ready for all that came to him, and threw himself heartily into the work, in no way sparing himself. He was very handy, and in all practical matters so singularly well informed, that we often called him our encyclopaedia. He had a good knowledge of the language, and his genial manner won a way to the hearts of the people. It was a sore blow to us all to lose him. His experience, gained in four years of travel and pioneer work, was very valuable, and just as he was settling down to steady missionary work, he was cut off.

In consultation with his colleagues met at Bayneston, Comber decided to make an effort to open the road from that place to Manyanga overland, and to start a transport by it. Loads had been accumulating at Underhill and Bayneston. More came than the boat could carry, and now there was the steamer to transport as well. He wrote to the chief agent of the Dutch House, asking him to engage for us, if possible, a ship’s mate, or some sailor of the better class, to take charge of the boat work between Isangila and Manyanga. This he was able to do ; he found for us a man who was very useful ; his help lightened very considerably the burden of Manyanga. Comber then took the boat up river, and engaged thirty native carriers, chiefly from Ndunga, the town which a year before had barred the way to the Livingstone Mission. He took these men with him overland to Bayneston, made arrangements for the ferry over the Kwilu river, and effectively opened the road for our transport.

Having thus arranged things up country, Comber passed

on to Underhill, where Dixon of San Salvador was temporarily in charge, waiting for Grenfell's return. He continued his way to San Salvador. He found the work there in a most encouraging condition. There was a school of forty boys, twenty of them being boarders. The Sunday services had an average attendance of seventy to eighty adults, beside sixty children.

The work at San Salvador had not been all plain sailing, however; the padres had tried hard to induce the king to send our mission away. Their arguments did not go very far, so they tried what threats would do. They threatened that if the king would not send the English missionaries away, they would call soldiers from Loanda. Their reasons for urging this were: first, that we had not God's 'palaver,' and therefore could not teach it. Next, we did not love the Congo people, and to evidence that they pointed out what a fine house they (the padres) had built for themselves, while we had not! Thirdly, we were bad, lazy men, doing nothing all day but eat, drink, and sleep. It is hard to understand why they talked such rubbish to the natives; they did themselves more harm than to us, for the natives knew what our men were like, and how they lived. The king told them very straightly one day that we were not bad men, and that we did love the Congo people, for we gave them medicine, and many were healed of their sores and sicknesses; he also felt sure that we had God's palaver. They were jealous too of our large school, and asked the king to tell all the boys to leave the English school, and to go to theirs. The king refused.

One Sunday in 1882, the padres sent a boy, just as the people had gathered at the service, to tell them to come away, and go to the padres' church. On another occasion they inquired why the king went to our service sometimes. He told them not to dictate to him in such a matter. They then asked him to attend our services himself, and to send all the people to them. The king replied that he and his people would please themselves as to the service which they would attend. The king was told that the Governor of Loanda had given orders that we were to leave San Salvador;

but when pressed the padres said that it was the bishop, not the governor, who had sent the order. A little later our friend Dom Miguel, the blacksmith, told Weeks that the padres had been again to the king, to ask him to turn our mission out, threatening that if he did not do so, soldiers would come from Loanda. The king decided to discuss the matter seriously with Weeks and Dixon the next day. The expected visit did not come off, for the padres were afraid that if things were pushed too far, one of our missionaries would go to Loanda, and complain to our consul. They induced the king to let the matter drop.

It was very unfortunate that such rivalries should have been created, but it would never have done for us to retire when the padres came; such a policy would have brought upon us like treatment elsewhere. We were obliged to hold out at all costs. Happily, there has been no such trouble at any other of our stations. We have abstained from all attacks at San Salvador, and have lived it down to a large extent.

In spite of these difficulties worked up by the Romish Mission, there was much to encourage. The king was as hearty as ever; and the thing that most pleased Comber, was the fact that the best of the people were on our side, not passively, but with much *esprit* and earnestness; not one had swerved, those who had strongly supported us from the first were still our staunch friends. Weeks, who was in charge of the station, had endeared himself to the people, especially to the boys; Dixon was expected back in a week or two. Some half-dozen of the people were certainly interested in spiritual things, and were under special instruction as inquirers. There had also been some interesting itineration in the district round. Comber's spirit was much refreshed, and he started back on the long journey to Stanley Pool, full of hope and encouragement. He reached the Pool on July 27, having been absent three months. With him came Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell.

While Comber was away, I was busy building a house for Grenfell; it was just like that in which Comber and I were

living. There were three rooms in each, 13 ft. by 20 ft., with a porch in front, 12 ft. by 12 ft. The walls and the roofs were of grass. There was a verandah five feet wide round each house. The view from the houses was very fine. To the left of us thundered the first falls of the river as it swept into its gorge. It was there a mile in width. To the right was a great bay. Stanley Pool proper was three miles distant ; its exit was two miles wide. Seven square miles of water lay open before us ; beyond was the Pool, but so foreshortened by the distance that but little of its water was seen—it appeared rather as a waste of islands. The Pool is 14 by 18 miles ; the gorge through which the upper river flowed into it was twenty-one miles distant, we could see some miles up it in clear weather. There is a low shore of flats round the Pool, which are very swampy on the eastern shore. The main level of the plateau round the Pool is 1,000 feet above the water, and 2,000 feet above the sea level. The soil of the plateau is a fine white sand. The hill lands above and beside the Pool are so destitute of water, that many parts are not inhabited. The rain soaks down in the sand for a thousand feet to the rock, and no water is to be had. Far away to the right is seen the gleaming side of the Mense Peak, so named after a good German doctor, who lived at the Pool in 1887. It is a hill of silver sand, and the flank towards Leopoldville is a great precipice, gleaming white out of the dark forest which elsewhere crowns the hill.

Grenfell only stayed two clear days at Arthington ; having seen his wife safe in her new home, he returned down country to attend to the transport of the Peace. The first parts of the steamer reached the Pool on June 20. As she was a larger vessel than the A. I. A., which had just been transported in two years, we fully expected that the Peace would take as long to carry up. Every one else at the Pool heard of the arrival of the first pieces with complete indifference ; but great was their surprise to learn, four months later, that all the steamer, her stores, duplicate parts, fittings, paint, and oil were safe at the Pool, not a single load missing.

When the small boat which was to accompany the Peace

reached the Pool, we put her together. She was built in sections, each of which could be easily carried by two men. A strip of india-rubber came between each section to prevent leakage, and all that was necessary for her reconstruction was to fasten the sections together with bolts and nuts. We celebrated the occasion by a trip round Stanley Pool. Comber and I started with Dr. Sims on September 18 to circumnavigate. The boat was twenty-seven feet long, and was pulled by five oars; she also carried a sail. We made our way first to Kinshasa, and visited the post which Stanley had established there. The news had just come that the French had arrived on the opposite side of the river, and that they were having trouble with Bwabwa Njali, the chief who had been so kind to us on the first journey. A few days later the report came that they were driven away. We sailed across in the morning to the north bank, but kept clear of the Mfwa towns, not knowing what the state of mind of the people might be, since the arrival of the French. We sailed quietly over the watery wastes, among low sand islands, some of which were more or less covered with grass. In some places dead trees had drifted down, and lay stranded and half buried in the sand; only their roots were sticking up out of the water; in other places logs and lumps of wood lay fixed. As we thus sailed, we noticed a log which was apparently stranded where there was a strong current; a moment later we realized that it was rushing toward us; but it was no log, it was a huge crocodile coming to attack us. Comber seized a Martini rifle which lay handy, and waited until it had come to within a few yards of the boat; then he fired, and the ugly head disappeared. The reptile had mistaken our white-sailed boat for a great bird, so he came to take it. A blow from the huge creature might well have wrecked our boat, and given him a meal, but for the timely shot. Stanley told us how in the early days, near Kilolo, a great crocodile mistook the flapping paddles of his steamer for an animal swimming, and rushed to seize them; a timely bullet saved the disablement of the wheel. Sir Samuel Baker on the Upper Nile tells a like story.

Next morning we turned out at dawn, and so did a hippopotamus ; he came slowly across a sandy waste on the opposite side of our channel 200 yards away. It was too far off to hope to kill him, but mischief prompted us to fire a bullet over his head. The noise of the gun frightened him ; he looked at us and the tent, and started off at a sharp gallop along the shore for half a mile, galloping just like a horse. We started again on our journey, and made for the Mpiete headland, the mainland, which we were unable to reach the previous day. When Stanley came down the Congo the first time, soon after entering the Pool, he saw some white cliffs gleaming away on his right. They looked like the chalk cliffs of Dover, so he named them Dover Cliffs. A little beyond Mpiete we came up to them. They were about 150-200 ft. high ; we had often seen them from Leopoldville ; we found them to be composed of silver sand, and almost perpendicular. We turned the bow of the boat to the base of the cliff, and I leaped out on the foreshore ; it appeared to be hard sand, but I sank in an instant up to my waist, and should soon have been up to my armpits in a sandy pipe-clay mud. It broke away, and left me free in the water to scramble into the boat. Feeling with our oars, we found that the cliffs were deeply undermined by the moderately brisk current, and we were glad to back out quickly, lest an avalanche of sand should descend upon us. The cliffs were very beautiful with the towers and buttresses which are characteristic of hard sand cliffs. There is a cement of pipe-clay which binds the sand.

Beyond the cliffs we came to a valley with a flat shore ; there were many hippo tracks, but when we counted the toes of some larger marks, we knew that elephants came there also to drink. A little further on we had to make our way through a herd of hippos, which were taking their bath. Great heads appeared in all directions staring at us, some unpleasantly near ; we expected a hippo to rise under us at any moment. We held our rifles ready in case of attack, but had no inclination to act on the offensive. A baby hippo cannot bear the long submergence to which its mother is

accustomed, so as it lies on its mother's back she comes so far to the surface as to allow the little one to fill its lungs, and goes down again once or twice, before her head appears for a breath. Hippos are sometimes seen in great numbers ;



HIPPOPOTAMUS LIFE

Weeks counted 106 on and about a sandbank above Bolobo in 1890.

Presently we came to the entrance of the upper river. It was two miles wide ; on either side were lofty hills, while the gorge by which the river entered was flanked by hills 800-1000 ft. in height. We looked wistfully up the river,

wondering what would be the history of our mission on its upper reaches ; what victories would be won for Christ among the wild cannibals who lined its banks.

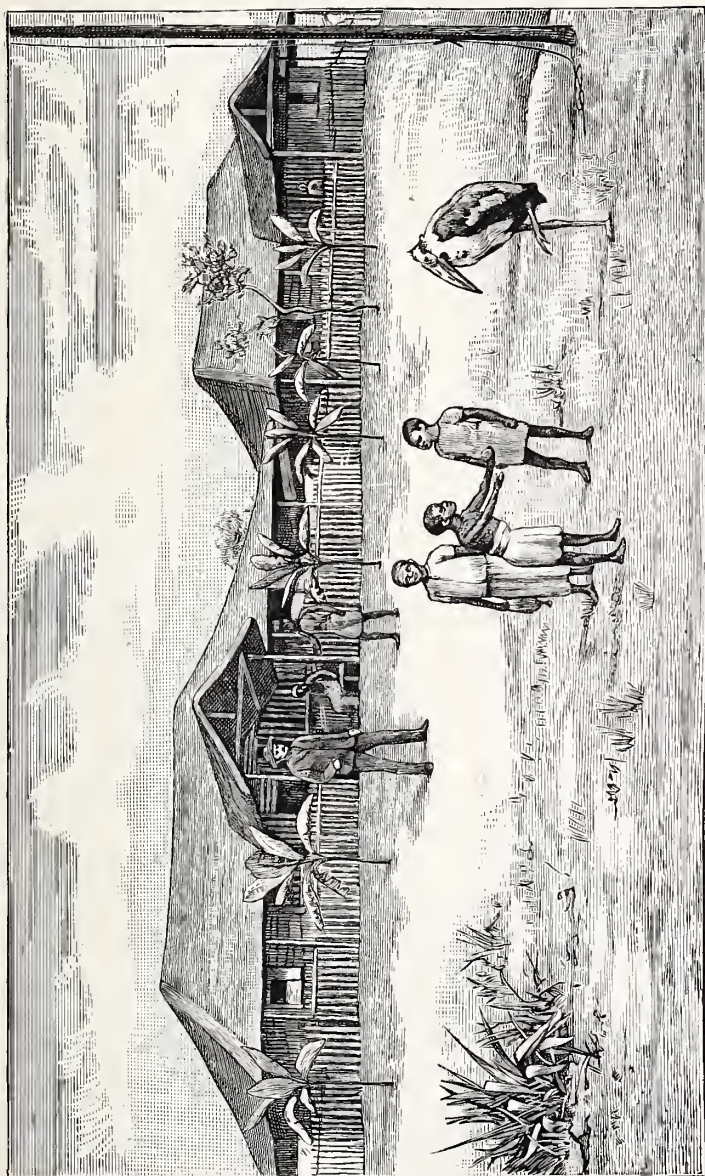
Skirting the head of Bamu island, thence we crossed to Kimpoko on the mainland, which three years later became one of the stations of Bishop Taylor's Mission. A little later the gathering clouds warned us of a coming storm ; we chose a favourable spot, and camped. We had time to take our meal, make all taut, and slacken the tent ropes, and then a wild tornado burst upon us. We were safe in the tent, and the boys slept under the sail and awning, so no one was the worse for it. Next day we picked our way by compass among the islands toward Ndolo and Kinshasa, and so reached home in the afternoon, thus accomplishing the first circumnavigation of Stanley Pool by white men. The great island of Bamu is covered with forest, and abounds in game ; there are many buffaloes and elephants.

The French priests who reached Stanley Pool about this time built at a place called Linzolo, some twelve miles west of Brazzaville. They belong to the *Congrégation du Saint Esprit et du Sacré Cœur de Marie*. A few months previously Cardinal Lavigerie had sent the Abbé Guyot, one of his 'White Fathers,' to prospect for mission work on the Congo. The abbé had rendered good service to his Church, having founded one or two missions in East Africa, and had just returned from an exploration between Lake Nyasa and the sea. He came out with letters from Brussels strongly commending him to the officers of the Expedition. He went to stay at Mswata, 100 miles above Leopoldville, and after a while went with the officer in charge of the station up the Kasai for a few days. They travelled in two canoes, lashed together for stability, three feet apart. On the way back they shot a hippopotamus, and loaded their canoes deeply with the meat. Just above their station they had to pass a point upon which a strong current pitched. The night breeze was very fresh, and knocked up some choppy waves on the swift current. When the heavy canoes entered this water they filled and sank, and the two white men and eleven

natives were drowned. Another party of the Algerian Fathers came out later on, and established a mission above the mouth of the Kwa (Kasai), but when the Congregation of the Propaganda mapped out the Congo district among the Romish missionary Congregations, the district of Tanganika was allotted to the Algerian Fathers, and they retired from the Upper Congo. The Congo Free State is only served by Belgian Congregations of the Church of Rome.

We bought an adjutant stork from the natives; he was nearly four feet high, and walked about our enclosures without any attempt to escape; one of his wings had been disabled, and although it had long healed the bird could not fly. He was very tame, and a great amusement to our boys. He made a gobbling noise, which the boys translated into *vo kisotokele, kidia ko*, 'if it drops I will not eat it,' and they declared that his food might never touch the sandy ground. He was a great bird, and we had to buy fish for him every day. When any of our animal pets died, they were publicly consumed by Chickabiddy, the adjutant. A baby monkey died, and the boys held the dead monkey to the stork by its long tail. Chickabiddy swallowed all down at one gasp, but as the body lay in the pouch down in his neck, before it worked into his crop, four inches of the long tail of the monkey protruded from the corner of Chickabiddy's bill, and dangled before his eyes. The stork tried to jerk the tail into his bill, and convulsed us all by turning round and round to catch the tail, which of course moved with him. It eventually disappeared, but the struggle was very amusing.

Dead parrots went the same way; and whenever we shot any of the hawks which wheeled about looking for our chickens, the stork took them, bones, feathers, and all. One Sunday afternoon Comber had a little class of boys in his room. He heard a kitten in the dining-hall making a noise. Looking out he found that Chickabiddy had come into the room. There was no kitten visible, although it could be faintly heard. Chickabiddy looked suspicious, his pouch was much distended. Comber opened his bill, and found in it the kitten's tail, and a cry coming up from deeper regions; he



ARTINGTON STATION, STANLEY POOL, AND CHICKABIDDY

seized the tail, and pulled and pulled, until the kitten was pulled out, wet and frightened, but alive and well. Chickabiddy had had his fish that day, so it was quite an unnecessary experiment that he made. The kitten grew to be a respectable cat.

A man from near Manyanga, named Lulendo, who was in our employ, discovered that there were vines of india-rubber near to the station at the Pool. On Sunday, in his own time, he would start early in the morning and go, with a number of empty milk-tins, to the wood where the rubber grew. He would cut a gash in a vine, and set a tin to catch the milky sap, and do the same elsewhere, until all the tins were receiving the white drops ; now and then he had to freshen a cut, and so he watched them all day. In the evening he would return with the accumulated sap, and boil it over a fire ; the water would thus evaporate, and a lump of india-rubber would remain, nearly as large as his head. The addition of a little acid will coagulate the milky sap, instead of the boiling, and for this purpose the acid sap of an amomum (?) is expressed, and added to the rubber sap to reduce it ; this is the present system on the upper river.

There is a large trade in salt on the coast, and on the Congo Railway it is the only thing carried interiorwards at cheap rates. The natives on the coast, in many places, make salt by the evaporation of sea-water ; it is not pure chloride of sodium by any means, but it serves very well. On the upper river, the natives make salt from the ashes of the grass which grows beside the river. They cut and burn the grass ; the smoke of their fires is often to be seen. They make a very open cone of cane-work, line it with large canna leaves, fill it up with the ashes of the grass, and make a strong lye by filtering water through the ash. The water takes up the salts, and when well saturated, it is evaporated in neat pans about a foot in diameter. The salt gathers in the pans, and as fresh lye is added from time to time, the pans become quite full, and are then an article of trade. This grass-salt contains a great deal of potash, and to us is exceedingly nasty, but in their need of salt the natives are glad to use it. In a few

places there are springs more or less briny, which furnish a small local supply of salt.

The natives are very clever in the making of pottery. Suitable clay is fairly common, and in some parts an almost pure pipe-clay is found. They have no idea of the potter's wheel ; but putting a piece of calabash under the lump of clay, to make it turn freely, they very deftly turn it round slowly by hand, and make some very thin regular ware. It is hard sometimes to realize that the articles have not been 'thrown' on the wheel, so round are they, and even. Having roughly moulded a vessel, they put it for a while in the sun while another is made ; then the first one will be further completed, and so on, until the things are so far dry that the stalk or stand with which they are made can be cut off, and the bottom finished. The ware is then further dried in the sun. When a sufficient number are ready, they are grouped, and a fire is lighted round and over them ; so they are baked, becoming red-hot in the process. The manipulation is slow, and there is great waste of heat in the firing, but a very serviceable article is turned out.

The death of Hartland was a serious loss to our personal staff ; we had as much work to do as we could possibly accomplish in full health, but in case of sickness the pressure was dangerous. Crudgington returned from England with his wife on September 6, to find Dixon almost paralyzed by an obscure tropical disease of the nerves (possibly *beriberi*). His home-going was imperative ; he sailed in the steamer which brought Crudgington out, with a native of the Cameroons to wait on him, and reached home in a very helpless condition. He had taken charge of Underhill for a while alone. When caravans came to fetch loads for up river, or a steamer came to be unloaded, they had to be attended to. It was no use to say, 'I am ill in bed.' This then was the position to which we were reduced. Our friends at home regretted it, but the fact remained, and the help came but slowly ; meanwhile we had to suffer. In England Dixon slowly recovered, and his withered legs gained strength ; but he never returned to Congo. The medical adviser of the

Society counselled his transfer to some other field, and he has since been rendering very effective service in the China Mission of our society.

As he started home two new colleagues sailed from England to join us, Sidney Comber, M.B., and W. Ross, of Bristol College. For a long time Thomas Comber had looked forward to the pleasure of having his brother Sidney as a colleague on the Congo. Sidney had finished his theological course and had taken his M.B. in Edinburgh, and now came to join our ranks. Another brother, Percy Comber, was then in Regent's Park College, preparing to come out.

Before they arrived we suffered yet another loss. Butcher was in charge of Wathen, Manyanga. Maloney, the seaman, was doing the boat work, but Butcher had the heavy transport work in hand. Caravans were coming and going every day. He wrote in the end of June to a friend, 'No one will, I think, credit the amount of work one has to do. Yesterday I could scarcely find time to eat, and now correspondence, accounts, building, teaching, bartering, palavering; carriers' caravans live all about me, with strong voices calling out ever to one pair of hands, "Come, work!" I cannot read, I cannot study. I really have no time to get sick. When I get fever, I go to bed for an hour, and then up, and at it again. Where are my home dreams now? I thought I should rub up Greek, theology, mathematics, and all sorts of things. My only satisfaction is, *God knows what I do*, and I think it more than likely I shall never live to tell others how I have been occupied during the time of my sojourn in this land. Never mind! *this one thing I do.*' He had a wonderfully strong constitution, but there is a limit to the strength of the strong even; indeed, the strength of the strong is their danger. They are liable to impose on it once too often.

Maloney came up with the boat on October 6, to find Butcher seriously ill. He nursed him, and five days later it was decided that he should go down to Hughes at Bayneston. At the last moment he declined to go, so Maloney sent the boat down, to call Hughes to come up to him. Hughes arrived on October 16, to find that Butcher had died on the

previous evening. Hughes buried him, and sent word up to Comber. 'Dreadful climate, that of the Congo! What fearful losses we are having!' So said our friends. Poor climate! Is the climate to blame for this? Some said that it was murder to send the men out. We said that it was murder not to send them. So we lost another earnest, devoted colleague, after sixteen months only of work; and this was the third loss that year beside Dixon, whose life was spared, although he was lost to us. On November 16, Harry G. Whitley sailed, coming to fill the gaps in our broken ranks.

When the news of Butcher's death reached us at the Pool, there was only one course open. Comber was far from strong; he often had little fevers; but Mrs. Grenfell was on the station, so he would not be quite alone. I had to go to take up Butcher's work until more help could come. It had been previously decided that I should go home after a trip up river in the boat. The trip was impossible, and so was the home-going for a while. It did not matter, for I had not had any fever for more than two years. The news came on Saturday; there was a hurried packing, and on Monday morning, October 22, I started down, reaching Manyanga in six marches (100 miles).

As I neared the station I met carriers returning without their pay, because the white man was dead. I begged them to give me a week to get straight, and then to come. They were very good, and made no trouble. I took stock, and found that we were very short of cloth. There were 320 carriers to be paid, and only cloth to pay 100, and yet more caravans would come in daily. I sent the boat down for a good supply of cloth, and arranged to have more sent up. Butcher's sickness had disorganized things; however, they were soon set straight again, and once more the transport ran briskly.

One caravan of 258 carriers was the largest we ever had. They lined up all round the quadrangle in good order, and their loads were soon checked. One box had been tampered with; it was 11 lb. lighter than the manifest required. The

man declared that he had not done anything to it ; but I was certain about it, and refused to pay the caravan. The men were very angry, but they knew the custom which we had instituted. They abused the man, and cursed his mother, threatening vengeance. Then the man was frightened, and confessed that he had not stolen anything, but his father-in-law had done so, when he had put the load in his house for one night in passing up. The crowd yelled when they heard it, and in their fear of deferred pay they were ready to kill him. Then the head-man urged that the pay of all should not be stopped for one wretched man of another town. 'Stop the pay of his twelve townfolk, and chain him up until he restores all.' This was reasonable ; so, amid the execrations and ridicule of all, he was handcuffed to the spare boat-chain, and the others received their pay, after a lecture on the wrongfulness and folly of trying to rob us. It was a good lesson to the great crowd, and a point scored, for one solitary white man to be able to do as much as that with so large a caravan ; it speaks well for the reasonableness of the people. Two days afterwards the man's friends came with the stolen goods, and a couple of goats as an apology. The man was released, and the townfolk paid. During those two days all the loads were sent on to the Pool, and 100-carriers sent away empty.

The natives were keeping on in their old ways. In November we heard that a woman had been burnt alive as a witch at Ndandanga, and further that a man named Ta Seka, who was to have shared her fate, had run away to Kimbuku, and was to be fetched that day. It was just lunch-time, but there was no room for delay, if we were to save the man's life. I started off with the factotum, José, my boy Nlemvo, and a boy of the town. It was an hour's walk to the town, and as we neared it a heavy rain commenced. We hurried on into the town, to try to find the man.

We asked the people of the first house, but no one would know anything. We heard the report of a gun, and hurrying in its direction, came upon a man who was dragging Ta Seka

off to be burnt. They had clubbed him, and had fastened a rope round his neck. We drove off the man who was dragging him, and sent away a man who came up with a gun. The body was apparently lifeless, lying on the face; the head a mass of blood, beaten by sticks, and cut to the bone in eight places. As I turned him over he gasped. The cold rain revived him a little, so that he moved. The man who had been dragging him came up with a gun, but we ordered him angrily away. He thought that we had revolvers, and obeyed; we were quite without firearms. We looked about for means to carry the man; there was nothing. We tried to borrow a cutlass, but no one would lend one. At last José found a stick, seven feet long, and strong enough to carry the man.

The natives came out to know what we were going to do. They said that the chiefs would be angry. We replied that they might come and say what they liked at the station, we were not going to parley. They were inclined to violence, but just then the storm grew wilder, and the driving rain forced them into their houses. That was our opportunity. José came with the stick; the two boys lent us the cloths that they were wearing; with them and a piece of liana rope we tied Ta Seka to the stick, and to the blank astonishment of the people, José and I shouldered the burden, and carried it off through the town, and up the hill. They shouted after us, but we hurried on. Over the crest of the hill we stopped to recover our breath. Nlemvo took my place for a little way, and then I took it turn and turn about with him; it was a heavy load. When we neared the station, Nlemvo ran on, and shouted for the Kru boys from the top of the hill. When we saw that they were coming, we stopped, and let them carry the burden in.

We laid the man on a mat, and after a rest and some refreshment, for I was much exhausted, the battered head was dressed. The scalp was quite detached from the skull, and had to be stitched together. Then we put his feet into hot water, and followed it with strong mustard poultices to his legs. After an hour or two the man became conscious,

and spoke a little. Next day he was fully conscious, sat up, and pulled off all his bandages.

The chiefs came down to talk the matter over. I was busy paying carriers, so they talked first to José. If we wanted to have Ta Seka, we must pay for him; they must have 100 pieces of cloth. When José laughed at them, they came down to sixty pieces. He told them that we had picked up a dead man, who was going to be burned, he had come to life again, and we certainly would not pay for him. They had five more witches who were to be put to death.

When I was ready to talk to them, they asked for their victim, that he might be burned; on my refusal to give him up, they demanded payment for him. I said that they only wanted to kill him; why, then, should he be paid for? I would send him away, up river, or down to Bayneston. They had five more witches; I offered to ship them away rather than that they should be killed, but I certainly would not buy every one whom they chose to denounce as a witch. We could not come to terms, and they went away saying that if Ta Seka recovered they would come and talk again. They warned me that if he was found off the station, he would be shot.

Next day the man was better; the scalp was certainly healing. Ta Seka wanted to go to the town to get his palm wine. I told him that in the town they wanted to kill him, and it was with difficulty that we had rescued him. 'Rubbish!' he said; 'who would touch me?' Yet as he said it his scalp was only bandaged to his skull. This is characteristic of Congos; they are ready enough to practise any devilry on other people; but it never seems to occur to them that the measure wherewith they mete will be meted to them again; they always reckon on going scot-free themselves.

A little later the man was missing. A search was made for him; he was found in a manioc plantation, and brought back. After this, a boy was set to watch him; he found means to elude the boy, started off on the way home, and was again brought back. It became evident that if we were to save the man's life, it must be in spite of himself. Accordingly, one of his legs was shackled to the spare boat-chain. This effectively

anchored him, and when he saw that he could not do as he wished, he put up with the situation with a good grace. We did our best to keep him quiet, for there was great reason to fear traumatic inflammation of the brain, which sets in about six days after such injuries. Ta Seka was a man of very low type, although he had some standing among the people; he had three wives, and one or two children. We did our best for him, and the wounds were healing well; but six days after, the dreaded inflammation of the brain set in, and in the evening the man died.

Next day we buried him with ceremony. I put on a good quantity of cloth as his shroud, and spread the flag over him as we carried him to his grave. After a decent interment, we fired guns over his grave, and altogether made a great fuss over the funeral. A number of natives had gathered to see what we would do; they went away much impressed, and greatly astonished; they felt that I could not have done more if Ta Seka had been my uncle. Everything was discussed on the markets, and all felt that I had done well, although it was a mistake to befriend and harbour witches.

The officers of the *Comité d'Études* were busy exploring the valley of the Nyadi-Kwilu, the first important stream north of the Congo; they were buying sovereign rights, and making treaties with the natives. About ten days after the death of Ta Seka, some chiefs and people from the interior, who had just made treaties, came to Stanley's station to receive their presents. After finishing their business, they came to see me, and said that they did so because of what they had heard of my kindness to Ta Seka. They considered it very wonderful, and exceedingly good of me to take all that trouble, and to do so much for a man whom I had never before known, and finally to bury him with so much honour and liberality. They felt that they must come to see me, for it was the talk of the country. I had a long and interesting conversation with them, speaking of the terrible superstition as to witchcraft, and telling them of the Saviour, the Son of God, who had taught us these kindly ways. They asked me to visit them in their country, but as I went home soon

after, and other changes took place, they have never been visited. These chiefs seemed to be of a type superior to the Babwende of Manyanga.

Sixty miles to the north-west of Manyanga is a mining district. Copper and lead are found within half a mile of each other. The natives only work near the surface, sinking their shafts for a short distance. The ore when smelted is run into small ingots, about the size of a finger. In some the lead and copper is mixed, but the greater part is pure. The mines are not more than fifteen miles from the Northern Kwilu, but the difficulties of transport and the comparatively small output have prevented any considerable trade with white men in the metal. The district is in the French Congo. Iron is abundant in all the country.

The marriage customs in the neighbourhood of Manyanga were strange to us. The people are rowdy and excitable, and if one town has a quarrel with another, they seek at once to pay their grudges upon any one who belongs to the enemy's town. So bad and unreasonable are they in this, that women who go to other towns to live with their husbands are not safe. If any one of the husband's town were to quarrel with some one of the woman's town, anywhere or at any time, the quarrelsome one would go and beat the poor woman, and pay off his grudge on her. So serious did this become, that in the Manyanga district the women would not go to live with their husbands, but instead the husbands had to go to live with their wives. Polygamy was very common, and a man who had three wives had three homes, each in a different town; besides these he often had his own house in yet another town. As he had no wife at his own home, he might have a son or a nephew to look after his house. He would buy his bread stuff on the local market, and some whitebait or smoked fish would be purchased as occasion offered. Sometimes he would spend a week or ten days at the river side fishing. This wretched system tended to group the women and girls in certain family towns, and there were villages almost without women, and others in which there were few resident men. The natives by their wickedness and cruel customs manage to

bring about the maximum of violence, discomfort, and wretchedness, and the minimum of peace, comfort, and pleasure.

On December 7 our new colleague, W. Ross, reached Manyanga. He had suffered a great deal from the sun on the way up country; it induced fever and intense pain in his head. It seemed from the first that he was a man constitutionally unfit to stand the climate. No one could have foreseen it, but it soon became evident. We hoped, however, that he would soon get more used to the sun, and that with care he would have health.

After Christmas I had to go to Lukungu, to arrange some details of our transport with Mr. Ingham, of the Livingstone Mission. He had built a neat house in an elephant-haunted district. While building the house he shot two or three elephants in what was to be his garden. The natives were at first much afraid of their white men, but when an elephant or two had been shot, and the meat given to them, they awoke to the fact that it was very nice to have a white man living among them who could shoot tons of meat for them, and destroy the great pachyderms which ravaged their farms with impunity; their own flint-lock guns were useless with an elephant. Ingham's elephant hunting was the means of opening his district to missionary work.

While we were at breakfast the next morning, some of the once timid natives on the hills came to beg Ingham to shoot some elephants near their town. We started accordingly, and after a walk of more than an hour we came upon a herd of about a dozen elephants, slowly making their way among the trees and brushwood by the side of a stream. The elephants at that time were not much afraid of harmless humanity, but they turned away from us into some dense jungle. We followed them for a mile, keeping along a ridge beside them where the grass was not so dense and high, and after a while went down to their track. We came upon them in a *cul de sac* formed by a narrow bend of the river, and fired at them. Their backs were toward us, and we only managed to drive them into the river. Running up to the place, while

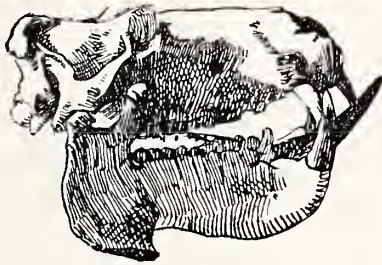
Ingham went off to the right, I found that the elephants had blundered down the steep bank, and were standing in the river, waiting their turns to get up a narrow trough which they had worn in the opposite bank, which was perpendicular and fifteen feet high. Their tails were toward me; I fired once, but there appeared to be no chance of killing, although they were so close. I could have jumped upon the backs of some of them. One of them was found dead a few days afterwards.

It may seem a pity to kill such noble animals. Noble they are, but they are fearfully destructive. They are so plentiful, that there are stretches of country depopulated by them. A herd of elephants will destroy months of work in a poor woman's farm in a very short time. A little higher up the Lukunga, and in that neighbourhood, the natives are obliged to scatter their houses among their farms, and to watch them constantly in the rainy season; by means of drums, shouting, and gun-firing, they can drive them away sometimes; but an elephant often costs more to the natives than either he or his ivory is worth. I know how often it has been nearly, if not quite, impossible to buy food for my carriers and boys when itinerating, in consequence of the ravages of elephants. I must confess that my sentiments go out more toward the natives than toward the noble animals.

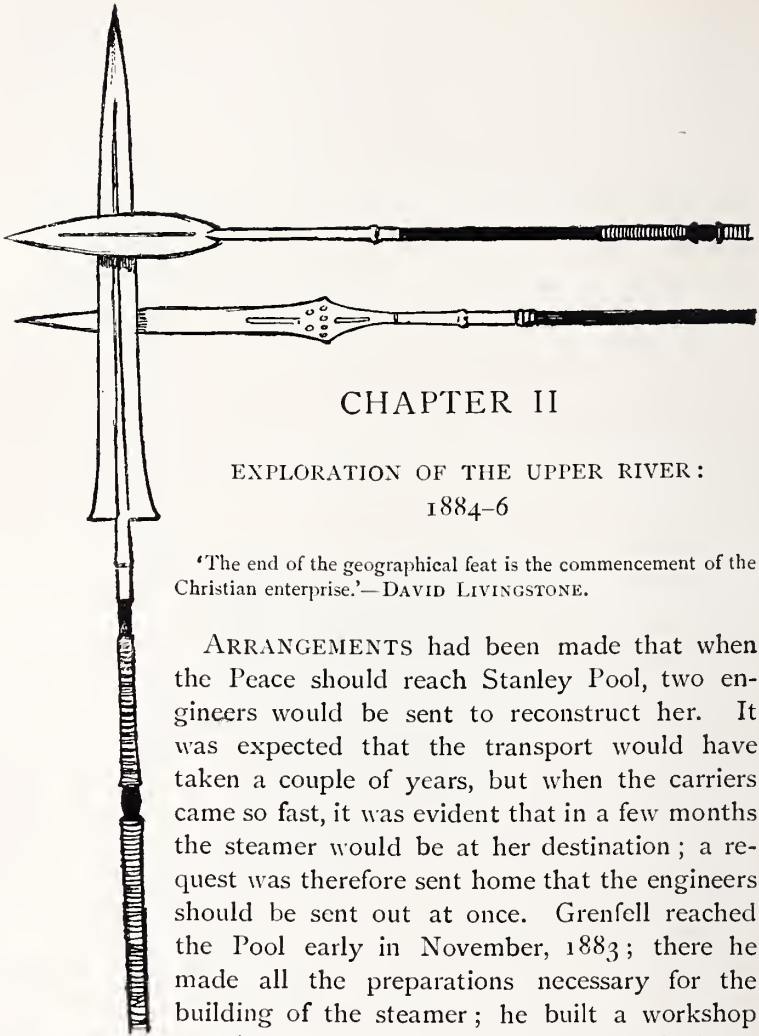
In February, 1884, I started homewards on furlough, and on my journey coastwards, arrived early one Sunday morning at Bayneston; the workmen were all busy, and there were no signs of a Sabbath. I was calmly informed that it was Saturday, and it was ruled that the mistake was mine; and so it had to be, until on arriving at Underhill, Hughes was proved to be wrong. Meanwhile the Sabbath was duly observed on what was really Monday. Hughes had had a serious attack of fever, and during the anxieties of the time both he and Moolenaar had forgotten the date. The only wonder is that such a thing did not happen more frequently.

Stanley had not been idle since his return to the Congo in March. He made one exploratory trip as far as the Equator, where he founded a station. He discovered and explored

Lake Mantumba, and returned to the Pool for supplies. After a short interval he once more ascended the river, established a station among the wild Bangala at Iboko, which is now known as Nouvelle Anvers ; continuing his way he went on to Stanley Falls, where he found his old friend, Tipu-tib. He established another station there, as a post of observation among the Arabs. The year 1883 had been a year of great progress and considerable developments.



SKULL OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS



CHAPTER II

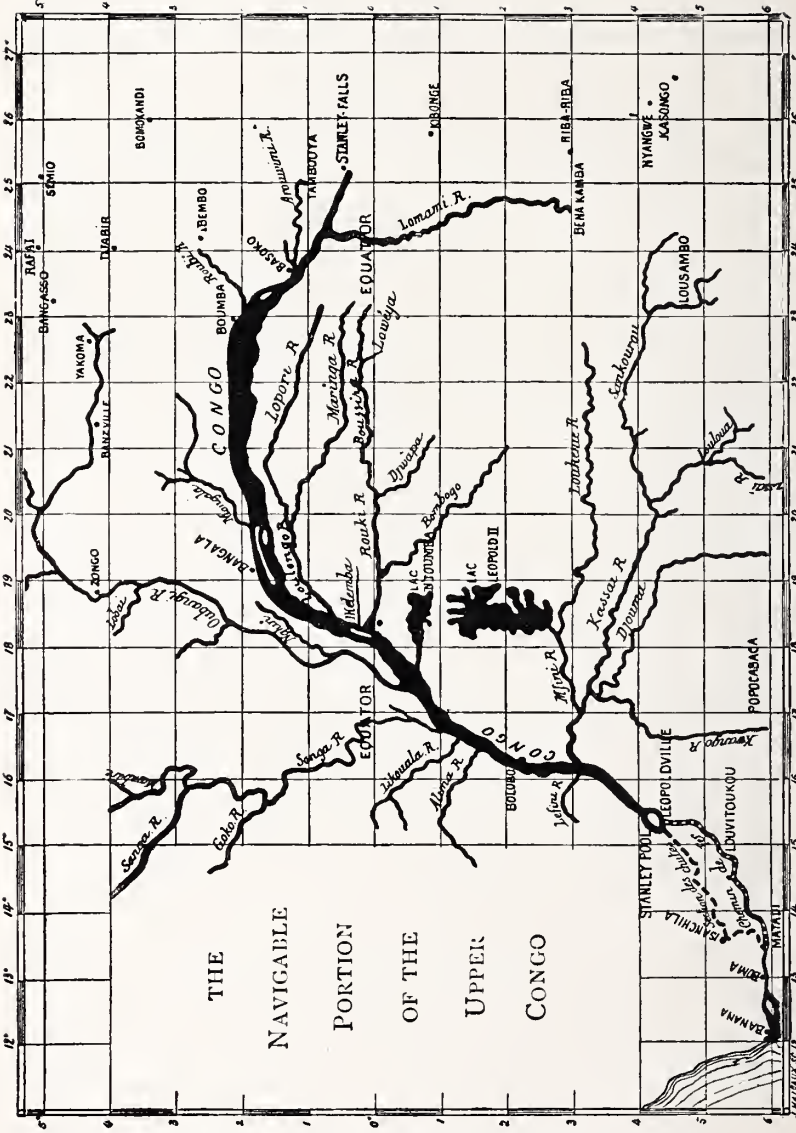
EXPLORATION OF THE UPPER RIVER : 1884-6

'The end of the geographical feat is the commencement of the Christian enterprise.'—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

ARRANGEMENTS had been made that when the Peace should reach Stanley Pool, two engineers would be sent to reconstruct her. It was expected that the transport would have taken a couple of years, but when the carriers came so fast, it was evident that in a few months the steamer would be at her destination; a request was therefore sent home that the engineers should be sent out at once. Grenfell reached the Pool early in November, 1883; there he made all the preparations necessary for the building of the steamer; he built a workshop on the beach, and a shed under which to build her, also wooden launch-ways. He sorted the plates and pieces of the steamer; and then was ready for the arrival of the engineers, who were to come out with John Hartley, a new missionary. Grenfell felt that the waiting-time would best be employed in making an exploration of the upper river. The water was low, for the rainy season to the north of the river was over, and very little rain had fallen to the south

of the Equator. The low water would enable him to locate dangerous rocks and sandbanks which would be likely to obstruct navigation. Grenfell started on the voyage on January 28, 1884, in the Peace's boat—that in which Comber and I circumnavigated the Pool a few months before. He took with him five boatmen, and two boys to cook for the party. The equipment consisted of a week's supply of cassava puddings, and a bag of rice in case of emergencies, some cocoa, tea, sugar, and a small supply of medicine. For barter he took 500 brass rods—the length of the currency was then twenty-five inches; beside the rods, it was necessary to have a trunk with cloth, knives, looking-glasses, beads, and other trifles. A tent was taken, in case of opportunities for sleeping on shore. These things, with cooking-gear, an axe, two hatchets, a hammer and nails, some rope, and a spare oar, made quite a cargo for the little boat.

In two days Grenfell reached the head of the Pool, and entered the gorge of the upper river. The scene shall be described in his own words:—‘Here, stretching away before us, was the open avenue leading into the very heart of the *continent mystérieux*, as our neighbours call it; steep, tree-clad hills of a thousand feet or so, on each side of the fast-rushing, far-coming Congo, reflected their dark green hues in its waters, making in the evening light so sombre a picture, that one could well excuse, if the mystery had not been already solved, a superstitious dread of attempting to penetrate the unknown through such an unpropitious-looking gate. And though I knew, and those with me also knew, what I have since proved for myself, that long stretches of joyous country, glorious in all Nature's tropical beauty, and that great and numerous tribes, revelling in bounteous plenty, were to be found lining the banks of the waterway beyond, none of us could resist the melancholy glamour of the view. So it was when I first saw it in December last; it was the same this time as we left the Pool to enter upon the Upper Congo proper; it was not then the effect of the evening light, as I had thought, though it was perhaps partly due to the contrast between the brilliantly white Dover Cliffs, the glistening sandbanks we had just left,



and the sober hues of the tree-clad hills, which rose almost precipitously from the water's edge.'

For two days the boat-boys pulled steadily up the long reach, no longer picking their way among the sandbanks, but keeping a sharp eye for reefs of hard quartzitic sandstone. Grenfell noted carefully their position, and especially the more isolated rocks which would soon be under water, and were if possible a greater danger to the navigation. A rocky reef which is seen stretching from the tree-lined shore down into the water gives warning of danger, but isolated hummocks of rock near the surface of the turbid water are full of peril even to such a shallow-draft steamer as the *Peace*. There are several such isolated rocks, which seldom appear above the water, in that first reach of eighty miles, from the Pool to the mouth of the Kasai.

By noon the next day, Grenfell reached Mswata, Stanley's first station above the Pool. The chief Ngo-ibila, a very fat man, reminded him at once of the King of Congo. He was a shrewd man, well disposed to white men, who were doubtless considered by him to be cows worth keeping, and to be milked at pleasure.

Ten or twelve miles beyond is the mouth of the Kwa or Kwangu river. The Kasai is a very much greater river than its affluent the Kwangu, but somehow or other the name of the first southern affluent predominates, and the greater Kasai is treated as an affluent. The name Ibari Nkutu, which Stanley first obtained, is seldom heard, but it is used, for I have heard it used myself. Stanley had a second station at Kwa Mouth. De Brazza had a station five miles lower down on the north bank; Dr. Ballay was in charge.

For two days Grenfell passed a succession of towns to Tsumbidi's (Chumbiri). The chief presented fish and plantain, and was greatly pleased with the gift of an old soldier's coat. This part of the Congo bristles with rocks. From the Kwa upwards, the hills on each side of the Congo are much lower, and the river broadens out in some places to three miles wide. Forty miles more brought Grenfell to another station of Stanley's, in the populous district of Bolobo, where he was

one day to build a station, and make it his home. The Bolobo people were a strong wild folk, who thoroughly understood that they were stronger than the white man. The station had been burnt once, and there was a strong suspicion that it was the work of an incendiary.

For two days above Bolobo, Grenfell and his men made their way past frequent towns, large and well built. The people were timid, but when their fear was overcome, they were well disposed. When the boat appeared, the people ran away, but two or three of the braver of them would remain in hiding near at hand; they would come out, however, when called, and then there were means of opening up communications and dispelling their fears. They arrived at sunset at one town, and wanted to sleep on the beach, but the people would not let them. It was growing dark, so there was not time for the parley which would probably have settled the matter, so they pulled over to a sandbank a mile away, and with difficulty found some firewood, and encamped.

It appears that the inhabitants and rightful owners of that desolate island were a herd of hippopotami, although they were far outnumbered by the mosquitoes. The hippos were close to hand on two sides of the island, and were much puzzled at the strange white tent which had grown there so suddenly. They bellowed and grunted in a most threatening manner, and quite disregarded the firewood which was thrown at them. Presently one of the hippos walked across the camp, or rather attempted to do so: he was promptly shot. It was more than two hours before another tried to do the same thing; when he did he met a like fate. They had not intended to shoot, for fear of alarming the natives, but they were obliged to do so. When the natives found some tons of meat on the sandbank in the morning, they began to wish that white men might come often. When they saw how easily the great beasts had been killed, although it was never a simple matter for them, they felt that white men were not things to be trifled with.

On the third day after leaving Bolobo, the hills and occasional cliffs along the banks ceased, and Grenfell came to the

great central swamp which extends, with occasional short breaks, for about 700 miles. The opposite bank of the river could not be seen, it was below the horizon, beyond the wilderness of shallow water, and low sandy islands, some of which were covered with a dense vegetation. Even the tall trees were crowned and draped with beautiful creepers. A narrow channel, seldom more than 200 yards wide, separated the bank from the islands; this they followed, picking their way with difficulty, sometimes through herds of hippos. On one occasion a hippo rose under the boat, and lifted the stern out of the water. A sudden drop, and a splash was the only result. Another hippo left the mark of his teeth on one of the steel plates of the boat. Had she been built of wood, what with rocks and hippos, she would scarcely have survived her first long journey.

Six days from Bolobo, Grenfell reached another of Stanley's stations at Lukolela (Lokolele), which was in charge of a young Englishman named Glave. At this place the river has narrowed to two miles only in width, and the opposite shore is visible for a few miles. The natives were very friendly, and when Grenfell was leaving, old Mangaba, the chief, gave him a basket full of cassava pudding in long, thin, leaf-bound rolls, which served for two meals a day for a fortnight. The country here is densely wooded, the trees are very tall; an ironstone ridge rises well out of the water, and there was then a population of about 5,000 souls. Food was very plentiful. Lukolela seemed in every way the best place so far seen for the establishment of a mission station.

A little above Lukolela the river widens out once more, and the opposite bank is not seen again for many hundred miles. The country was very low and swampy, not more than a few feet above the water at low water. As Grenfell neared the mouth of the river, which sometimes drains and sometimes fills the Mantumba lake, he passed several large townships built on outcrops of the ironstone; the largest, Ilebo, at the mouth of the Mantumba river, was very densely populated. The people were wild, but very friendly, and food abundant.

At the Equator there is another ridge beside the river about thirty feet high, and extending for some ten miles. There was a large population, and Stanley had established another station among them ; it was in charge of two Belgian officers. The houses were built of sun-dried bricks, and in the garden European vegetables throve well. They had only been there some eight months, but a very great deal had been done in the time.

Grenfell would have liked to have gone on further to Bangala, but it would have taken eight or ten days more, and



SANGO MEN, UPPER MOBANGI

the time available was almost finished. The engineers who were coming to build the Peace were almost due, so he considered it best to return. He crossed over to the right (north) bank, and at $0^{\circ} 28' S.$ lat. he found a river flowing into the Congo, and took note of it for further exploration. This proved eventually to be the northernmost mouth of the great Mobangi river, which Grenfell was the first to discover, and on a later voyage, to trace. Following down the north bank, he had not time to call at many of the towns ; but in the

deltas of the Mobangi and Sanga rivers he found coffee growing wild; he brought some seed down with him, and planted it at Stanley Pool. The plants grew to be a foot high, then a rain torrent came, and washed them out. The discovery of coffee growing wild on the Congo promised great economic developments in the future. This promise has been realized. Immense plantations of coffee have been made, and the coffee shrub has since been found growing wild in many parts of the Congo basin.

Just as Grenfell rounded Kallina Point, above Leopoldville,



SANGO WOMEN

on March 4, Comber came out of his house, and recognized the little black speck at the Point. Comber had just received sad news from Manyanga; Hartley, the newly-arrived colleague, and the two engineers who had come to build the Peace, were all three dead; he was going to lower the flag to half-mast in consequence, but the sight of Grenfell's boat made him run the flag up to the top again, lest Grenfell should be distressed with fear for his own family.

John Hartley left England December 3, 1883, with the two

engineers. They arrived at Underhill while I was there on my way home in February, and went up country with the men who brought me down. They were sent forward on their road with all due advice and counsel, but on the second day of their journey they were overtaken by a storm. Their bundles of bedding were wrapped in india-rubber sheets, but were badly fastened, so that the rain got in and wetted their blankets. They ought to have been dried during the noon halt next day, but they were somehow forgotten day by day until they arrived at Manyanga; Ross could then wring the water out of them. It is a story difficult to understand; perhaps the weariness of the road, and fever, made them careless; the fact remains. It is not surprising that they all arrived at Manyanga, by the boat, in fever. For a week Ross tended them, and tried to combat the fever, with no success; the two engineers died on one day, and the following afternoon, February 29, 1884, Hartley died also. It was a terrible shock to us all, this threefold loss. Hartley was an earnest man of great promise.

When Comber heard the news, he hurried down; for after the week of heavy nursing, with its tragic end, Ross, too, collapsed. Exposure to the sun induced in him very acute pain in the head, and he was in such a condition that there was no course open but to counsel his immediate return. Very regretfully Ross started homeward, and found at Underhill that Harry Whitley, who had only arrived out in January, was also compelled to return home. He was very much weakened by continued fever, and had developed symptoms of numbness in one of his feet, which made it highly probable that he was suffering from the same obscure complaint as that which sent Dixon home. Two months later Mr. and Mrs. Crudgington had to return home, Mrs. Crudgington's frequent fevers rendering it imperative to return. After a few months' stay in England, Crudgington was transferred to the Indian mission field, and has done good work at Delhi. It was a great disappointment to us to lose him, and to him as well. He had worked with us from the first days, and the mission was very dear to him. The ties that bound us together in

those early days of struggle and hard work were very strong. His medical knowledge, business abilities, and good judgment, made him a most valuable member of the little band. With him in charge of our base of operations, we were sure that all would go well down country.

Crudginton's enforced retirement and transfer to another field, in consequence of his wife's inability to stand the climate, made some of our friends seriously question whether the Congo missionaries should be allowed to marry! Happily, such counsels did not prevail. Some very interesting statistics were brought together from various missions, comparing the health of ladies in tropical Africa with that of the men. It was seen that the ladies had the better record, and that many had rendered great and most indispensable service. It was decided that no such drastic rule should be passed; there might be times, and circumstances, and stages of mission work, during which it might not be wise for ladies to go out; but no mission could be properly effective until ladies could join in the work. Men alone working together grow very careless in matters of comfort, order, and food—matters which may, perhaps, be of comparatively small moment in other climes; but in the wearing work and climate on the Congo, attention to these things makes all the difference between health and sickness, life and energy and death.

In the unavoidable drive and bustle of an undermanned station—our normal condition—a man cannot attend to domestic affairs as he ought; and such is the character of available native help, that personal supervision of every detail of the work is an utter necessity. How often is a man scarcely able to eat his food even in peace; he is obliged to attend to so many things, unless an expensive gang of workmen is to stand idle, or, worse still, spoil a great deal of work already done. Urgent matters that no man in his senses would neglect, pull one about here and there in the hot sun, until the boy comes to ask whether it is not time to ring the mid-day bell. Through the many cares dinner has not been ordered, possibly, and the lazy, indifferent, thoughtless servants have allowed the time to slip by; perhaps the cook did

go for orders, but in the difficulties of a surgical operation, or some other work in hand, the man could not give attention to the cook, and so the time ran on. The man comes in, and sinks on his chair or bed exhausted. The cook comes again, and reminds him that he has no orders for the meal, and the weary man directs him to 'kill a tin.' A tin of preserved meat is opened; the greasy contents are half warmed in the 'juice' in the tin, and served up with a piece of plantain or fried *kwanga* (cassava pudding). A little is eaten, but there is no appetite; the man lies down, and falls asleep.

The boy comes to tell him that it is past bell time, and the men ought to 'turn to.' The men have to take their orders; some work requires personal attention; the thatching of a house is hopelessly askew; it must be taken off again, and the men reproved without loss of temper; although they can thatch their own houses evenly enough. The carpenter calls him to inspect a crooked door. The table boy has broken one of the few remaining plates. The discovery is made that the fowls have not been let out that day, and the fowl boy cannot be found. He is feverish, and has been lying in his house all day, saying nothing to any one, and so has been lost sight of in the rush and bustle.

Or perhaps the goat boy has tied the goats for a whole week to the same set of stumps, and day by day they have been standing hungrily in their tangled cords waiting for the grass to grow. The boy in charge has been sitting behind a clump of jungle, absorbed all the time in making a fringe and edging to a new cloth which was given him; he cares nothing for other matters until he has to drag one of the dying goats to show his master that it has 'something the matter with it.' A caravan comes in and clamours to be attended to. The men are hungry, and want to get their return rations to buy some food some miles away on the homeward road—the nearest place to buy anything. They must be attended to. So it goes on until the sun sets, and darkness stops all operations. The tinned meat has been 'hotted up,' and is as tasteless as before; and then there follows a tossing, feverish night. And then the Congo climate

is considered very deadly, and some declare that it is a shame that young men should be sent out to die.

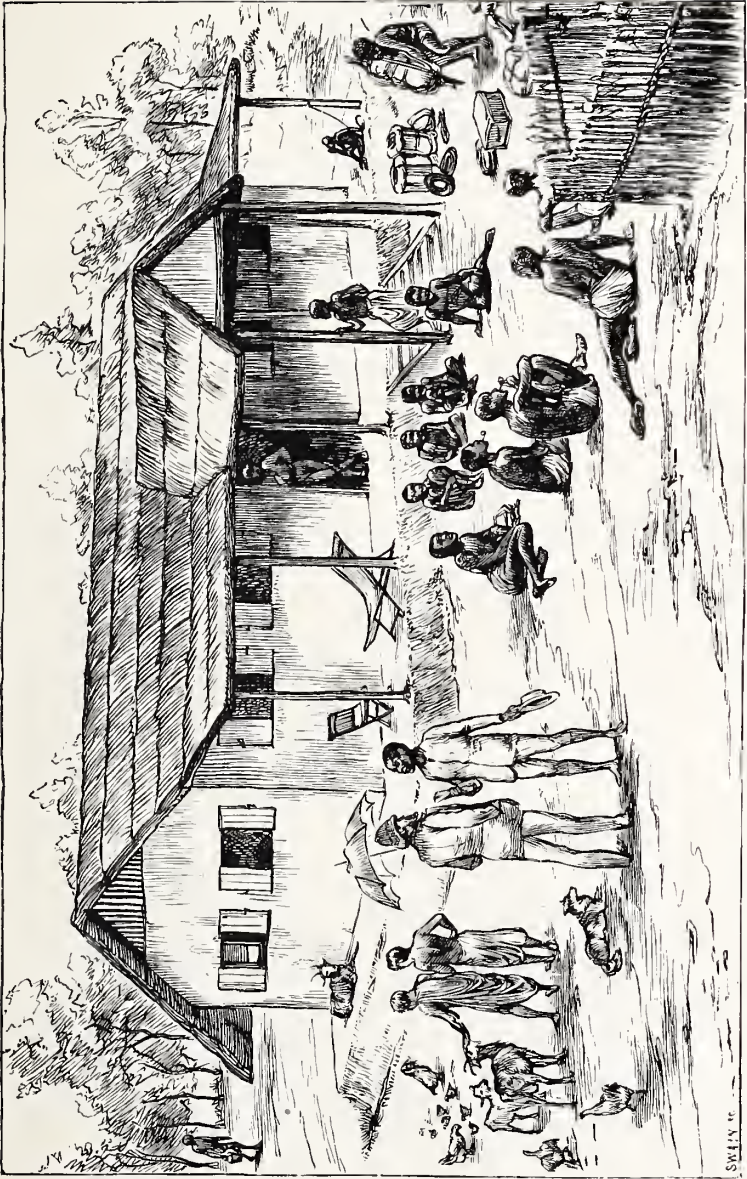
If there had been a lady on the station, how different it would all have been! She would have disciplined the servants, and would have heard the scuffling in the fowl-house. Many of the questions she would have answered, and instead of so much friction and worry, the work would have run smoothly. The meals would have been tastily prepared; the house in an orderly and clean condition; several little comforts would have been arranged. This is one aspect of the case. There is no need to discuss just here the work of the missionary lady on the native women and girls, or the influence of the Christian home life. The matter should be only too apparent, but there was a time when many thought that the Congo was not the place for a lady to go to, on account of its deadly climate. Since ladies have been there, the deadliness of the climate is much less apparent; their presence and influence have had much to do with this change. But we must resume the story.

Thomas Comber remained at Manyanga awaiting the arrival of his brother Sidney, who was on his way from San Salvador direct to Bayneston, and so to Manyanga. Happily, the call to his brother had been sent some time before, so he was close at hand. He traversed some country quite unexplored, and made a very interesting journey. On March 27 a white umbrella was seen to be descending the hill to the Mpioka ferry. Thomas Comber crossed in the boat, and the two brothers met, and for three happy months they worked together.

Three days after the arrival of Dr. Sidney Comber at Manyanga, Stanley reached there on his way home to Europe. Gordon was coming to take his place, and some of his baggage was on the way. Just before starting he was urged to go to Khartum, to treat with the Mahdi for the relief of the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan, and to endeavour to quiet the country. So the Congo lost Gordon, who started instead on his ill-fated errand. In his place came Sir Francis de Winton, K. C. B.

One matter which had been before our minds was now to

receive attention. The developments of our work and of the country rendered it desirable to change the position of our Wathen station. When we first built at Manyanga, the site chosen was the only possible one, and, withal, most convenient for our work; but two years and a half had seen great developments and changes. The road to Stanley Pool was thoroughly open, and native carriers for the whole distance were plentiful. Our boat on the Bayneston-Manyanga reach was no longer necessary; natives did its work overland. The station had to be built beside the river; but as the towns were on the hills an hour away, mission work was seriously handicapped. Our friends Lutete and Makitu, at Ngombe a Ntumba, twenty miles nearer the Pool, repeatedly urged us to build in their district. It was decided to transfer the station to Ngombe, and to transport the Plymouth to the upper river, to serve as a barge to be towed by the Peace. While Stanley was at Manyanga, Comber asked him to give us a site at Ngombe in exchange for our site at Manyanga. This he readily granted, giving us ground to the west of his own station there. When Stanley's station at Ngombe was given up, his own site, which was more level and convenient, was given to us; and so we came into possession of our present Wathen site. A proper contract was drawn up and signed, and the whole business thus secured. The brothers Comber went at once to Ngombe to make arrangements for the transfer, which was accomplished during the three months which they spent together. The new station was still to be known as Wathen Station. It is marked on maps as Lutete, or Ngombe. It is a fine site about three miles from the river, which flows in its narrow gorge more than 1,000 feet below it. The station is about 1,750 feet above the level of the sea. Ten minutes away to the north-east was the fine town of Ngombe, the home of the most intelligent active traders in the country; the position was one of great promise. This, then, was to be Dr. Sidney Comber's field of work, and he was to be associated with F. C. Darling, a new colleague, then on the way out with Cruickshank, who was designated for Stanley Pool.



FIRST MISSION HOUSE AT WATHEN

SWAIN

While Comber was at Wathen Station, Grenfell was alone at Stanley Pool; but he was not idle. When the news of the death of the engineers reached him, on his return from the exploration of the upper river in the boat, he determined to reconstruct the Peace himself. He had some nine coast people to help him: four from Sierra Leone, one a carpenter; from Accrà on the Gold Coast, two, a rough carpenter and a blacksmith; two young men from the Cameroons, and one from Fernando Po. A good deal of preparatory work had been done in the way of sorting the plates and parts of the steamer, and the laying of ways upon which to build her. During her construction at Chiswick, Grenfell had watched her grow day by day, and knew her thoroughly; this, combined with his own great mechanical knowledge and ability, enabled him to accomplish the reconstruction of the steamer in a most perfect manner.

God's hand is seen in the whole story of the mission; His plans and arrangements, causing all things to work together at the right time for the accomplishment of His designs, are very evident. So in reference to our steamer, the road to the upper river was opened in a marvellous way. We had no idea of Stanley, or of the help and protection that he would be to us, when we started on our work. When we were ready for the steamer, she was provided; she came out just at the right time, and everything favoured her arrival at Underhill. So too her transport up country: the native carriers were forthcoming in numbers and readiness quite unknown before. The rapidity and success of her transport astonished us all; we had not ventured to dream of such a thing. We certainly had planned and done our best, but *we* cannot claim the credit of the achievement, by a very long way. It was accomplished in a manner beyond our most sanguine hopes, and we can but recognize that the good hand of our God was upon us, and reverently and gratefully acknowledge it.

So too when the steamer had reached the Pool, we had made provision for her reconstruction; but man's plans are not always coincident with God's designs; the engineers sent out were not to do the work, God had made other provision.

Grenfell was being prepared for the work God had for him to do before he went to Bristol College. When in business in Birmingham, he was in the service of an important firm of commission merchants; his duty was to buy and inspect machinery for his firm; he therefore studied to make himself proficient for his duties. When he entered college to prepare for mission work, he had the hope that his previous training would combine to make him all the more useful. His practical work in the Cameroons with the little steamer the *Helen Saker*, tended further to draw out his engineering ability; so that when the time came for the construction and work of the *Peace*, he was eminently qualified to undertake it—the right man in the right place. The whole story indicates a happy concurrence of circumstances, too many and too marked for any one to talk of mere luck and chance. We gratefully recognize God's hand, and are encouraged to go forward, in the assurance that it is God's work in which we are engaged, and that the Great Master is with us as He promised: 'Go ye . . . and lo, I am with you always!'

A great deal of care and delicacy was needed in the rivetting of the *Peace*. The plates were very thin and soft, though tough; careless blows with the hammer would soon cause the plates to 'buckle'; a bulge would be made which would never be properly flattened out again. The black workmen soon developed considerable ability; the keel was laid, the ribs found their old places, the plates were fastened to them, and were carefully riveted together in a permanent manner; so the steamer grew, until she was ready to receive her boiler and engines, and the carpenters put in the wooden fittings which they had been arranging and preparing. In three months the whole construction was complete, and the beautiful steamer lay on the stocks ready for the water.

On June 13, 1884, Grenfell wrote to tell Mr. Baynes, the Secretary of our Society, that the launch had been safely accomplished, that the *Peace* had run a trial trip, and had attained a speed of nearly, if not quite, ten miles per hour. A little more paint and a few finishing touches were required, and then he hoped to attain the maximum speed of twelve

miles per hour. He naturally concluded his letter with an earnest appeal for immediate reinforcements, that stations should be opened on the upper river; that the Peace might be no toy, but have some real work to do.

A few days later Thomas Comber arrived from Wathen, and was delighted to see the beautiful steamer lying beside the wharf. It was a sight which paid for much hard work and the tramp of many weary miles, a sight full of promise for the future. Although a great task had been accomplished, it was not an end, it was only a beginning. All this work, this transport and construction of the steamer, was but a means to an end, and that end the evangelization of the tribes of the wide Congo basin. The great work was as yet untouched, the whole country lay in the power of the evil one; his will was being done on earth as it is done in hell. Violence, cruelty, savagery and cannibalism, every misery that this sad world can know, all were rife, as they had been for ages. But now the means were available to carry the light of the Gospel into this realm of darkness.

As soon as the Peace was ready, Comber and Grenfell set out on a voyage of five weeks, to prospect for sites for new stations on the upper river. It will be best to quote largely their own account of the voyage in a letter to the Secretary of our Society, dated August 21, 1884:—

‘Having decided that we could devote five weeks to a prospecting tour in the Peace, we were enabled to get under weigh by nine o’clock on July 7, and by the time for dropping anchor in the evening, we found ourselves right beyond the Pool, and well into the narrow portion of the Congo, which extends for about 100 miles. The next day brought us almost to Mswata, which, counting Kinshasa and Kimpoko, on the Pool, is the third International station beyond Leopoldville. Having passed Mswata and proceeded five miles, we came in sight of the French station at Ngantsu’s, on the opposite—the right—bank. Another five miles brought us to the next International station at Kwa Mouth.

‘At this point we determined to forsake the Congo for

awhile, and started the following morning to go up the Kwa, or Ibari Nkutu—which the natives also call the Bochini—as far as the junction which it makes with the Kwangu. We were well repaid for making the *détour* by our coming into contact with the chieftainess of the Wabuma, a strong-minded woman, who rules one of the most important trading communities on the Congo.

‘The Kwa for the first thirty miles has a mean course of north-east, between steep grass and scrub-covered sandy hills, of from 200 to 500 feet in height, and having narrow fringes of timber along the water’s edge and in the valleys. Along this reach of the river, which has a width varying from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile, navigation involves great care, by reason of the many rocky reefs, which stretch themselves out into nearly mid-stream. From north-east the course gradually wears round into an easterly one for another thirty miles or so; but where the course changes, near the friendly town of Bo, the river takes upon itself the character of the higher reaches of the Congo, widening itself out among sandbanks and islands into lake-like expansions of from two to five miles wide, and five to fifteen miles long.

‘It was after journeying about fifty miles, and passing the second of these expansions, that we came in sight of Nga Nkabi’s town of Mushie, the capital of the Wabuma country. It is a series of hamlets, extending some two or three miles along the north bank. As we lay at anchor at Mushie, we often had as many as thirty canoes alongside, each one containing somebody anxious to sell something. Besides being good traders, they are good handicraftsmen, making not only their own canoes, but a considerable number for sale. We saw between one and two hundred canoes along their beach, and several new ones in course of being finished. They are roughly made in the forest, and are then brought home to have the final touches put upon them. There is always hope for people who do not think it beneath their dignity to labour. Our Bateke neighbours cannot carry their own brass rods when they go to make a small purchase, or their fowls or eggs, if they have them to sell. They must

have a boy or two dangling at their heels. We were prepared for a favourable impression of the Wabuma people, from our experience of them at Kintambu, where there is a settlement of their traders. They come down, and sometimes stay for months, and we thus have time to become intimate with them. Many of these people recognized and welcomed us. A very noticeable feature among them is the number of bright-eyed little folk they have, both in their towns and trading camps, contrasting forcibly in that matter with their Bayansi neighbours, and speaking not only in their favour socially, but to those who know the details, very forcibly in their favour morally.

‘Altogether Nga Nkabi’s town was the most promising position we saw for a mission station; and we trust our numbers will soon be sufficiently augmented to allow of our occupying this point, where we are assured of a welcome¹.

‘After leaving the two or three miles of hamlets constituting Mushie, the river trends south by east for about thirty miles to its junction with the Kwangu, which comes from the south-south-west, and is a fine stream of 400 to 500 yards wide, with an average depth of two fathoms and a mean current of a mile and a half per hour. Livingstone speaks of it as very swift, and 150 yards wide, at a point 500 miles south of where we saw it. We had to be content with going a mile or two up the Kwangu. Here we noticed that instead of the hitherto universal four-walled houses, the natives built round ones, which denoted pretty plainly that we had reached the borderland of a distinct people. Unfortunately, we were unable to open communication with these people, as they were too nervous to reply to our questions, or respond to our salutations. They simply ran along the bank, spear in hand, dodging behind the trees, as though afraid of harm which we might possibly do them.

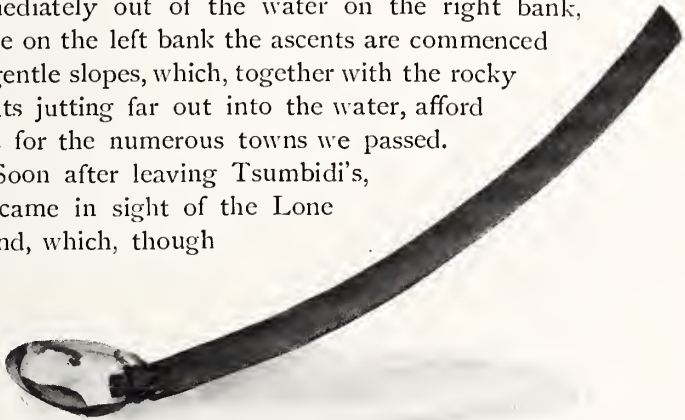
‘Having just had a look at the Kwangu, we set out upon

¹ The Kasai, which is really the main river of the Kwa, was later on adopted as the field of the Presbyterian Mission of the Southern States of America; to avoid overlapping, and leave a clear field for those brethren, we did not occupy Mushie after all, but established ourselves elsewhere.

our return to the point of our departure, calling at our friend Nga Nkabi's, and spending an hour or two on the way. We occupied in coming down a little more than a day and a half, in covering a distance that had required five days for the ascent.

'About four miles beyond Tsumbidi's, we saw a remarkable stony hill, common enough in the cataract region, but conspicuous here, where all the hills, on both sides for the previous 100 miles, had the smoothly-rounded contours peculiar to the sandy ranges of this part of the continent. These hills, of from 200 to 700 feet in height, for the most part rise immediately out of the water on the right bank, while on the left bank the ascents are commenced by gentle slopes, which, together with the rocky points jutting far out into the water, afford sites for the numerous towns we passed.

'Soon after leaving Tsumbidi's, we came in sight of the Lone Island, which, though



A CONGO SPOON

apparently standing all by itself, as we proceed we discover to be only the first of the countless islands, which are the ever-present feature of the river from this point to Stanley Falls. Hereabouts, too, we exchange the deep water and the dangerous reefs of rocks for shallows and sandbanks so numerous and channels so intricate that we often lose sight of the mainland, and have to rely upon our compass for the course. The current certainly tells us whether we are going up or down, but when the channel is two miles wide, to "go up" or "down" is not always sufficient. It is important to steer a straight course, and hit the right bank,

and not to wander about in a maze at haphazard, and find oneself on the wrong one. After thirty miles or so among these islands and sandbanks, the hills once more approach the river, and on the slope of these hills on the eastern bank, ranging for about a couple of miles, we find the Bolobo towns, of which Ibaka is the supreme chief. On the quarter of a mile or so of debatable land which lies beyond these towns, and before reaching the Moye district, we find the Bolobo station of the International Association.

‘In Bolobo, as in Tsumbidi, we find the Bayansi, or, as they call themselves, the Bobangi people. In adjacent Moye we find Banunu people, the Banunu being probably the indigenous race. Inland are said to be the Batende. Bolobo has, as we have said above, about two miles of villages composing its town. Moye, rather bigger than Bolobo, and its villages, each under its separate chieftain, extend further back from the river and higher up the sides of the 100 feet hill which backs them. Between Bolobo and Moye there is generally enmity, and one can generally reckon too on internal dissensions in each district, one chief of Bolobo frequently not being “on speaking terms” with his fellow chief. Although Ibaka is the special, and perhaps biggest chief of Bolobo (being the white man’s chief or friend), he is not by any means the only one. There are in all eighty chiefs! The chief characteristics of Bolobo people appear to be drunkenness, immorality, and cruelty, out of each of which vices spring actions almost too fearful to describe. In hearing of these, one living out here almost gets to feel like calling the people terrible brutes and wretches, rather than poor miserable heathen. The light of their consciences must condemn them in most of their sins.

‘On the afternoon of our arrival, accompanied by Lieut. Liebrecht, of the Association Internationale, we walked through all the towns of Bolobo and Moye. In Bolobo it was a great day, a gala day indeed. The wife of one of the chiefs had died somewhere away, and, of course, there must be four or five days and nights of orgies—any amount of dirty sugar-cane-beer swilling, unbridled licence in every

species of sensuality, and a grand finale of four human sacrifices, each victim being a poor wretch of a slave bought for the purpose! Drums beating briskly, circles of "fine" women, wearing the great heavy brass collar (25 to 30 lb.!), dancing and clapping rhythmically, and plenty of people about in all the streets. The victims were tied up somewhere; of course, they would not tell us where; they were said to be apathetically and stolidly awaiting their fate—bowstring or knife—both being Bobangi ways of killing. Remonstrances and pleadings on behalf of these poor victims were all in vain.

'Of course, in walking through these towns, we tried to make friends with the people as much as possible. We know scarcely any of their language, and can do very little with them more than make friends on these first short prospecting visits. But we have said a great deal about the Bolobo-Moye district, because here we are desirous of having one of our stations; in fact, have provisionally decided so to do, the population being dense, and the people appearing as friendly as anywhere—save Nga Nkabi's on the Bochini river.

'From Bolobo we steamed on past some very pretty hill scenery, passing Moye Nkunu and Sakamimbe, charmingly situated on spurs of rocky tree-clad hills, and prettily embowered in trees. These people seem to have picked all the best sites. For the whole of the distance, 100 miles, we saw absolutely nothing of the opposite bank of the great river we were ascending; but, keeping somewhere near the eastern shore, and a general north-east direction, we passed among the islands in channels of from 150 to 1,500 yards wide, in generally shallow water. Towns were very few. As we approached Lukolela on the third day, we found the current much stronger; and at last, the first time for 120 miles, we saw the opposite shore. Just above Lukolela the river narrows from its hitherto unknown width, to a mile and a half.

'Lukolela was fixed upon as the site for our first new mission station. The whole of Lukolela and its vicinity is the densest forest. From the water's edge the ground gently slopes to a height of about sixty feet. Giants of trees abound—cotton trees, African teak, &c.—with a girth that

takes the edge off your axe almost at sight of it. Our staff being so few in number that while we were away, only six brethren were distributed over our five stations; there was no one, of course, to take charge of our new Lukolela station; it will probably wait for Bentley; but although so short-handed, we have actually commenced our new station. Three men from Victoria and Bimbia (of our Cameroons Mission) are placed there, with three months' stores of food, a great cross-cut saw, and six good axes, and, after clearing a little ground in the great forest, they will build a temporary house. Our station there, as at Stanley Pool, will adjoin that of the Association.

'The villages of Lukolela are smaller and somewhat more scattered than those of Bolobo and other Bobangi towns below, although Lukolela people too belong to the same enterprising tribe. They differ very much, however, from their more wealthy fellow tribesmen at Bolobo and Tsumbidi, and are much milder and more pleasant in disposition. The chiefs are three in number, two of whom have the name of Yuka, and the other—apparently the principal—Mangaba.

'At Lukolela we stayed two days, fixing our site, "wooding up" for the steamer, and making good friends with the people. They seemed all very glad to hear that we were coming to live amongst them, and to teach them, and the chief, Mangaba, with whom we made special friendship, promised to go on with us to Bangala, to introduce us to the chiefs there.

'Leaving Lukolela on July 23, we slept just below Ngombe, which we reached early the following morning. Here the river narrows again, having expanded, as usual, between the two places. Opposite Ngombe, a little above, is the Mobangi river, evidently a considerable body of water of a light *café-au-lait* colour; contrasting strongly, and for many miles refusing to mix with the dark brown water of the main river. The two bodies of water flow side by side, always with a great deal of commotion and splashing waves at their edges of contact, as if jostling with each other on their way down. The same is very noticeable, too, at the Lulongo river much higher up,

the water of which, flowing alongside that of the big river, is inky black.

‘About twelve miles further on we came to a splendid set of towns, viz. Butunu, Boshende, and Ilebo. In this set of towns, especially the last two, which are separated from each other by a stretch of country of about a mile in length, we have probably the densest population yet seen by us on the Congo, not excluding Bangala towns. The people literally swarmed, the crowd coming to one point of beach numbering about 500 people. Here, as at Ngombe, and in fact almost all towns further on as far as Liboko, there are isolated stretches of rocky banks where the overlying soil seems particularly fertile, and where the people have built. Sometimes this rocky bank, washed by the current, assumes the form of a squared and artificially constructed quay for distances of twenty to fifty yards. The towns, especially the Ilebo ones, go extensively back, away from the river, an unusual thing, as if the suitable building land along the river front was not sufficient for the people.

‘We anchored off Boshende, and went ashore; we walked to the chief’s house, and he in turn paid us a return visit on board, bringing a present of a goat, &c. At Ilebo we slept, after going on shore to make friends with the people. The principal chiefs are Ipaka, Mbeka, Makwala, and Mangombo; we made special friends with Ipaka, an old man. We walked about the towns, and found each chief sitting on his stool outside his house, ready to give us a welcoming shake of the hands. Talking to the people of Ilebo and Boshende was very difficult, whether on shore or when they came to see us on board the Peace. There was always a deafening din of voices. Mayango, chief of Boshende, and Ipaka of Ilebo, as well as almost every friendly disposed man of importance, from Tsumbidi up to Liboko, were very desirous to seal friendship by the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, which, among the Ilebo, Bobangi, and Bangala people, is very, very common; but the rite is so meaningless and empty, and appears to have no binding force, that up to the present we have always refused to drink blood with any one; and our arms, unlike those of a few upper

river travellers, and notably the arms of all Ilebo and Bangala chiefs, are not covered with a lot of marks, the scars of blood-brotherhood.

‘Ilebo, or Ilebo-Boshende, is the third fresh site we have chosen for one of our future stations ¹.

‘The Congo equatorial towns are divided up into districts as follows:—Bojungi, Mbongo, Inganda, and Bwangata. The population is very scattered, and many of the villages, specially in Lower Inganda, consist of only a few tumble-down lopsided houses. In the Bwangata section, however, the villages were better. At Mbongo below, the people seemed very rudely bold and troublesome, and it seemed almost as if they wanted to fight us because we would not stop and go ashore at their rocky beaches. Inganda was especially interesting to us, because our Livingstone Inland Mission brethren are going to build there. They have a fair sphere above the Bwangata towns, but a small diocese below. These people about the great Ruki river are the most primitive of the people we have hitherto met. They are the only people we met who use the bow and arrow. Here, too, we first saw an African shield, and found most men walking about with bow and arrows and shield, or spears and shield, or else a murderous knife.

‘That they are cruel, curiously and ingeniously cruel, we know from the description given us by Lieut. Vangele, the chief of Equatorville Station, of the methods of execution obtaining amongst them. Certain victims die by the knife, and others have to afford to the bloodthirsty spectators the pleasures of the chase. These last are given a certain start across country, and then are pursued in full cry by all the people armed with spears and bows and arrows. An obstinate victim who will not run well causes disappointment, but others are said to make a “fine run” before they fall, pierced with arrows and spears. The death by beheadal “in the chair” has already been described.

‘Interior Congo is one of the “dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty.” We have been told that

¹ Ilebo has since been occupied by the American Baptist Missionary Union, so our plans for Ilebo were never carried out.

among the Bobangi, on the death of a chief, scores of victims are sacrificed.

'The Ruki river we found to be just the magnificent affluent Stanley has described it, quite 1,000 yards wide, and with several islands at its *embouchure*. Up above the Ruki river we found Bangala towns, stretching right away to $1^{\circ} 50' N$. (our furthest point) to Liboko, where Stanley had his great battle in 1877. We went, however, forty-five miles above Equatorville before we arrived at Lulanga, the first Bangala town on the eastern bank. After leaving the Ruki river, until we arrived at Lulanga, we really saw no point on the eastern shore where a town could be built: all was so low and muddy.

'At Lulanga we had our first real introduction to Bangala people, and we found them out and out the most boisterous, wild, noisy, troublesome, worrying lot of people either of us has ever met. We were introduced by our friend Mangaba, of Lukolela, who all the journey had made himself very interesting to us, although we have said nothing about him. Like all Bobangi people, Mangaba was very superstitious, and carried his fetishes with him on board. His toilet was never complete without the application of his face powder and rouge—not used, however, to improve the complexion, but to make mysterious red and white (pipe-clay) marks about his body, in which his boy assisted him. A white line up his back, from hip to left shoulder, to the left of the median line, was carried down thence along the outer part of the arm to the hand. Red and white lines were drawn on the left foot, ditto across his forehead, but all drawn with the most religious care.

'To converse with these people was very difficult, but we sometimes tried it when, in the evening, we had prayer, and gathered round us our boys to sing our Congo hymn. "God hears us when we speak to Him," we said to Mangaba. "Indeed!" said he, not much surprised. "Yes, He is our Father, and He is very very good, and loves us all very much," said we. But to this Mangaba objected. "God was not good. Why was He always killing people" (by death).

And then we had to try and explain the resurrection, and the home in heaven ; but it was difficult to remove his sceptical objections.

‘ We found just above Lulanga a considerable river. It is called the Lulongo river, and is about 600 yards wide ; the water being inky black.

‘ From here to Liboko-Bangala is eighty miles.

‘ Mangaba informed us that Bangala was divided into five districts : Lulanga and Bolombo on the left, and Mungundu, Bukolela, and Liboko on the right bank.

‘ About twelve miles above the Lulongo river we crossed over to the other side of the river, thus obtaining an idea of its width at this place, although we crossed very obliquely. We passed three Bukolela towns—Lobengo, Monsembe, and Bombimba, each one built on one of the few raised plots here and there obtaining on the banks. These banks were of clay, and from four to six feet above the water. Along the beach were broad double ladders, a sort of landing-steps reaching down into the river. The people here seemed quieter and milder, and quite ready to welcome us.

‘ At last, on August 1, we reached Liboko, and after steaming along seven miles of towns, more or less close to each other, we came to that of the great chief Mata-mayiki (i.e. plenty of guns), where the International Association has built a fine house¹.

‘ At Liboko we were halfway to Stanley Falls. On setting out from Arthington we had given ourselves five weeks, and, had this time been sufficient, there was nothing to prevent us going the whole distance of 1,000 miles. There was nothing to obstruct ; the road was open and most inviting ; the Peace working well ; the only thing which made any lengthening of our journey impossible was the fact that we had left Mrs. Grenfell alone at Arthington, and one of us was overdue to go down to the coast and home to England. Our gang of

¹ Liboko (or Iboko) is the proper name of the district, Bangala was the name of the section of the town which was ceded to the International Association by Mata Bwiki. It has now become the name of the district, while the State Settlement is known as Nouvelle-Anvers.

Loangos, too, were due to go home. So we had, albeit most reluctantly, to start back.'

When Grenfell returned from his first trip on the Upper Congo (January 28-March 4), a letter was sent urging that Mr. A. H. Baynes, the General Secretary of our Society, should go to Brussels, to obtain from the International Association a definite grant of land for a mission station at Lukolela. The Home Committee requested Mr. Baynes to visit Brussels with that intent. He was honoured by a prolonged interview with His Majesty the King. As the result of these negotiations with His Majesty, and the chief officers of the International Association, two important agreements were entered into between the Society and the International Association, by which perpetual tenure of our land at Stanley Pool was secured, instead of only a seven years' lease. The desired site at Lukolela was also secured at a nominal rental in perpetuity. The news of this had not reached Comber and Grenfell when they started up river, but Sir Francis de Winton had accorded provisional permission; it was necessary and reasonable, however, that such a matter should be referred to the central authority. In such matters we have always been accorded a kindly consideration; there is now a proper office and an excellent system for the registration of land, and when the State Government was properly established, new agreements were drawn out *pro forma*, conveying to us our land at the various stations for the nominal sum of five francs per station; giving us absolute and unconditional possession. Our title-deeds are thus placed beyond dispute.

On their return to the Pool, Comber and Grenfell learned of the arrival of Darling and Cruickshank, two new colleagues. The former was associated with Dr. Sidney Comber at Wathen; the latter came on to Stanley Pool on September 14, to help in the work there.

Thomas Comber spent a month in arranging affairs, and about September 18, started for England to take his furlough. Arrived at Wathen, he found there an engineer named Mims, who had come out to assist in the construction and working of the Peace. He was ill of fever of a persistent

character. Mims had travelled up country with Darling, and on arriving at Wathen he had to wait for some of his effects which were behind. While waiting he went to a town four and a half hours distant to get some more carriers, and came back fatigued and over-heated; the fever ensued. In spite of all the care and treatment of Thomas and Dr. Comber, the fever was persistent, and on September 27 he died. Mims had been engaged in engineering work in Cuba, and was thus used to a tropical climate. It is strange and very sad that the other two engineers should have died at the old Wathen station at Manyanga, and that now the third engineer should die at the new Wathen, Ngombe, not one of them



G. R. R. CAMERON

living to reach Stanley Pool. Thomas Comber called at Victoria, Cameroons, on his way home to see his sister, who was working there, and reached England January 10, 1885. Further help came to the Congo Mission in 1884. In September Whitley was so thoroughly restored to health and strength that he was able to return to the Congo, and joined Cruickshank at Stanley Pool; he was accompanied on the voyage out by a new colleague, George Cameron, who went to San Salvador. Weeks had been alone for eight months, and was glad to welcome him; forty-five scholars were in attendance at the school there. Donald McMillan, another new missionary, sailed for the Congo in November, and was located at Underhill.

The tale of our losses in 1884 was not yet complete. Dr. Sidney Comber had won a great name in the Wathen district by his medical skill, and had made good progress with the language; but his career was soon cut short. In December he had a mild attack of fever, which soon became serious, and he died, after a week's illness, on December 24. Splendidly qualified, and well prepared for his work, his death, after just a year, came as a great shock to us all. His brother had been in England a month when the sad news

reached home; he had seen him alive, and well, and happy in his work so recently, that the news of his death was all the more distressing. It did not, however, make him dissuade his brother Percy from giving himself to the work on the Congo; he gladly took Percy with him when he returned the following August.

Early in 1884 the Home Committee felt that the time had come to make some definite plans for the upper river work. The news came that Grenfell was hard at work reconstructing the Peace, and that she would soon be afloat. What, then, was to follow? The account of Grenfell's journey to the Equator was to hand, and I was at home at the time, and gave other needed information. A definite plan was prepared to lay before the General Committee, which met on July 16. The matter received long and careful consideration. It was felt that the blessing of God had been upon the mission in a very remarkable manner, and the first resolution of the Committee was 'a devout and thankful recognition of the striking way in which the road had been made ready, and the path made straight.

'Second—That the proposed establishment of ten stations, with two missionaries at each, between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls, as suggested by the Congo Mission brethren, is generally approved.

'Third—That in view of the great importance of immediate action in this matter, the proposal to occupy Lukolela at once is cordially approved, and leave is given for the establishment of at least two additional up-river stations during the current year, or as early as practicable.

'Fourth—That further reinforcements, to the extent of at least six additional brethren, are sanctioned; such brethren to be sent out as funds permit during the current year, should suitable candidates for the work be found.'

The Committee were strengthened in their determination to 'attempt great things' by a letter received a few weeks previously from our generous friend, Mr. Robert Arthington, urging them to a vigorous forward policy; it was accompanied by a cheque for £2,000 to aid them in carrying it out.

The year 1884 will always be famous as the year of the scramble for Africa on the part of European Powers. Until then tropical Africa was not considered worth having. The Gold Coast had been possessed from ancient times, and the French held an unprogressive territory about the Gaboon and Ogowe rivers. Portugal retained her old penal colony of Angola, and attributed to her king the obsolete title of Lord of Guinea. From time to time she claimed sovereign rights over the region about the mouth of the Congo—a claim which Great Britain refused absolutely to allow. The explorations of de Brazza, and his boasted annexation of the hinterland of the Gaboon and part of the Congo basin to France, roused the Portuguese from their apathy. In November, 1882, in a lengthy communication, the old Portuguese claims were once more revived, and our Government was requested definitely to recognize the rights of the Portuguese. Correspondence ensued, and the matter was favourably entertained.

On February 26, 1884, Lord Granville signed a treaty between our Government and Portugal, by which the Portuguese sovereignty was recognized over the long-debated territory situated between 8° and $5^{\circ} 12'$ of south latitude. By this treaty the mouth of the Congo river was handed over to Portugal, and the future of our Congo Mission greatly imperilled. Had everything been thus placed into the hands of Portugal, *as she then was*, we should have been hampered and thwarted at every turn, our expenses indefinitely increased, while restrictions, interference, and constant annoyance would have hindered the prosecution of our work. We should, if possible, have been in a worse position than our American brethren in the French territory of the Gaboon were at that very time.

It is true that a clause granting religious liberty was with great difficulty wrung from the Portuguese Ambassador; but the great reluctance with which it was granted, and the past experience of Portuguese treaties, gave us no hope that this stipulation would be fulfilled, any more than many such fair but fragile promises made in the past.

On April 25 our Society presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the Congo treaty be not ratified. Our Government, however, had so far committed itself in signing the treaty that it was most reluctant to refuse the ratification. Trade interests, however, were at stake. The Chambers of Commerce throughout the country strongly opposed the measure, and when it was found that the other European Powers were in no way inclined to recognize the dual arrangement between England and Portugal, the Government was obliged to abandon the treaty. The announcement was made in the House that the Congo treaty would not be ratified.

In August, the news came that Germany was annexing the independent territories on the West Coast, and had acquired the Cameroons river, where our Society had so long been working. Complications arose in consequence of this action; also in reference to Angra Pequena, the south-east coast, the Niger, and between the French Government and the International Association. An uneasy feeling was awakened by the passion for annexation which had arisen. It became necessary to call a Conference of the European Powers to consider African affairs. After a preliminary interchange of views between Germany and France, an invitation was issued, and the Conference held its first sitting at Berlin, November 15.

While preparations were maturing, the International Association began to declare its policy. The King of the Belgians had expressed the desire that the whole of the basin of the Congo should be thrown open to trade and civilization. Had the people been left to themselves, or to the European Powers having possessions on the coast, we might have waited indefinitely for the opening of the country. The French and Portuguese Governments so hampered trade with heavy dues and restrictions, that nothing could be done at any long distance from the coast. King Leopold propounded the great idea that, if the basin of the Congo could be placed under a Government that was really anxious for the development of the country, and a railway laid to connect the upper

with the lower river, the whole country might be speedily opened, and its vast resources placed within the reach of Europe. If a simple trading company attempted this, it would soon be ruined by the greed and false economy of France or Portugal. A railway would be too tempting a bait for avarice. The only possible thing would be to establish an independent State, founded on enlightened principles. Quietly, but energetically, the Expedition acquired sovereign rights in the country, until France and Portugal threatened its existence by annexation of all the littoral.



STATE COURT OF JUSTICE, BANANA

When the Conference commenced to sit, Portugal had large claims; while France demanded immense territories on the north bank, and, later on, 'discovered' rights to further districts on the south bank.

It seemed likely that King Leopold's lofty plans would be all frustrated, the immense sacrifices of his Expedition, both in treasure and life, utterly wasted, and all hope for the future of the Free State taken away. Without a port and free communications, the State could not exist. So great, however, was the jealousy between the Powers, that questions

of sovereignty had to be rigorously excluded from the Conference. The International Association had therefore to fight its own battles. The United States had recognized the new State, and now negotiations were opened with the other Powers. France presented the greatest opposition. In the Conference attempts were made to limit the time during which any regulations should remain in force, and to restrict the area of incidence; while large demands were made for territory belonging to the new State. European jealousies prevailed, however, to thwart this greed. The other Powers saw no advantage in allowing either France or Portugal to annex, and keep for herself, this newly-found continent.

At length terms were arranged. France was to have all the coast from its colony of Gaboon down to 5° south latitude; thence the line should include the valley of the Niadi Kwilu, following the line of the Chiloango river to its northernmost source; then, striking the Congo above Manyanga, the middle line of the river to the Equator, including the valley of the Likona; the first degree of north latitude being the French northern boundary.

Portugal was very obstinate, and an identic note from England, Germany, and France was necessary before she would abate her pretensions. Finally she accepted the extension of her Angola frontier to the south bank of the river for the first ninety-five miles (about), as far as the Portuguese factory at Wanga Wanga. Thence the boundary runs south for about half a mile, and a line drawn on the latitude of Noki, as far as the Kwangu river, bounds the Portuguese possessions to the north, and the Kwangu river on the east. A further concession to Portuguese susceptibilities was necessary, in the shape of a strip of coast line from Masabe (5° S. lat.) to a little below Kabinda.

The Free State thus obtained thirty-seven kilomètres ($23\frac{3}{8}$ miles) of coast line, including Banana, the port of the Congo, and a strip of north bank about sixty miles wide as far as Manyanga. Thence the river is the western boundary of the State. Its north and south frontiers were undetermined,

being in what was then unexplored country, and extended from 4° N. lat. to 6° S. lat.; and in part of the country to the sources of the Zambeze in 12° S. lat. The thirtieth degree of east longitude is roughly its eastern boundary. The State had the recognition of all the Powers, and the railway past the cataract region was to be commenced at once. We can but regard with the highest admiration the master mind which first planned such a scheme, the consummate skill with which the various stages were slowly and surely elaborated, and the high ability with which diplomatic arrangements of great difficulty were conducted and brought to a successful issue, in spite of such jealousies and forces.

It was gratifying to us that all our stations, with the exception of San Salvador, were in the territory over which King Leopold had accepted the sovereignty; and we regarded this with unbounded satisfaction.

The founding of the Free State of the Congo was the chief though indirect work of the Berlin Conference. Other important ends were attained:—The final *Acte Général*, which was signed by the European Powers and the United States, occupied itself first with a delimitation of the territory concerned. Commencing on the Atlantic, it extends to the Indian Ocean. Its northern boundary is delimited by the crests of the watersheds of the Niari, Ogowe, Shari, and the Nile; reaching the Indian Ocean in the fifth degree of north latitude. On the south, commencing in the mouth of the Zambeze, it follows the course of that river until five miles above the mouth of the Shire, and continues by the line separating the waters flowing towards Lake Nyasa, from the tributaries of the Zambeze; thence, following the crest of the northern watershed of the Zambeze, and on to the western watershed of the Kwangu river as far as the River Loje, when, following the course of that stream to the Atlantic Ocean, the delimitation is complete. Throughout these vast regions there was to be absolute freedom of trade; no import dues were to be levied for a period of twenty years, when the Powers would decide whether that clause should be maintained; no privileges or monopolies should

be conferred by any power exercising jurisdiction in this territory. Article VI secures absolute religious liberty: guaranteeing the suppression of slavery, it provides special favour and protection, without distinction of nationality or form of worship, to all religious, scientific, and charitable



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S HOUSE, BOMA

enterprises, to all Christian missionaries, to scientists and explorers, their escorts and collections. Freedom of conscience and religious tolerance is guaranteed to the natives. The free and public exercise of all forms of worship (*tous les cultes*), the right to erect edifices for religious purposes, and

to organize missions belonging to all creeds, shall be submitted to no restriction or impediment. The *Acte* further regarded matters connected with postal service and navigation, the slave trade, neutrality of the region, with matters connected with the Niger river, and the formalities of annexation. This received the signatures of all the Powers on February 26, 1885. We might well hope that, after these arrangements, jealousies and scheming would cease, and that we could look forward to better and brighter days.

As to our mission at San Salvador, which is in the hands of the Portuguese, but within the territory influenced by the stipulations of the Berlin Conference, we have no reason to anticipate any difficulties. The Portuguese have now a clear definition of their territories, and the jealousies and susceptibilities of the long period of uncertainty should be at rest. Our influence can no longer be feared in the country thus recognized by the Powers. We have reason also to believe that there is a feeling at Lisbon that the past policy was a mistake, and that Portugal must win the esteem of Europe by more enlightened measures.

It is indeed only due to the Portuguese authorities to state that they have always pursued an enlightened policy toward us, and have shown us every consideration; they have not in any way hampered our work, and our relations with the officials have always been most pleasant.

The close of 1884 was marked by another journey of the Peace, far wider afield than before. On his return Grenfell wrote a graphic account, and we will give some portions of his story in his own words:

‘Before I recount the voyage I must mention something which happened to one of our men, four days before we started. On the evening of October 9, after a busy day’s work on board the steamer getting her ready, James Showers, Shaw, and Bob, the fireman, were enjoying the luxury of a swim. The two former having finished their bath, entered the small boat, and were being followed by Bob, who was just reaching forward to grasp the gunwale, when he cried out, “Hold me; a crocodile has got my hand.” James imme-

diately caught hold of him, and, together with Shaw, tried to pull him on board ; but the crocodile would not let go, and dragged his intended prey right out of sight, and the would-be rescuers nearly into the water. James and Shaw then sat down in the boat, with their feet firmly planted on the gunwale, keeping a firm grip of Bob's free hand and arm, and shouted for further help. Then commenced a struggle as to who could pull the harder—those in the boat or the crocodile in the water. The advantage was sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other ; but, after about five minutes' struggle, and a final unavailing effort with a lot of swishing of the tail, the crocodile gave it up, and went away disappointed, leaving his intended victim sadly exhausted by loss of blood, with a terribly lacerated hand, and with wounds on the face and leg. Dr. Sims, of the American Mission, very kindly did everything that was needful for our patient, and he soon got well. The first intimation that something special had happened I gathered from Shaw's bursting into my room with the exclamation, "God is merciful!" And indeed we all felt that God was merciful, when we consider how narrowly we escaped a serious disaster ; for had Bob been a few inches farther from the boat, and beyond the reach of those in it, he would certainly have been kept under water until drowned, and then easily dragged away and devoured. It has made a deep impression on all our boys. We only wish and pray that they could as easily recognize the danger to their souls from sin, as they do the danger to their bodies from crocodiles.

' We set out on October 13, 1884, my wife and I and little one, accompanied by Dr. Sims, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, who very kindly helped me for some two-thirds of the voyage. In addition to our usual crew, we took six of our schoolboys, and, besides these, two little girls to help "mamma" mind our baby, nearly a year old. The first day's steam took us some distance beyond Stanley Pool. Early on the third day we began to leave the more sparsely populated district behind us, reaching first the friendly town of Ngo-ibila, with whom we stayed awhile,

and afterwards crossing to his neighbour Nga-ntsu, and calling at the French station which adjoins the town.

‘The following morning we started in good time, and after proceeding some fourteen miles along the right bank of the main stream, we came to the Lefini, or White river, and decided to go up it, to see whether or not it afforded a better means of approach to Mbe (Makoko’s capital) than the road which comes down to the ferry opposite Ngo-ibila’s town. For about twenty miles beyond the White river, the Congo continues comparatively narrow—say from one to two miles, but after passing Lone Island the left shore was lost in the distance, or hidden by the numberless islands which studded the five to eight miles which intervened from bank to bank.

‘After thirty miles or so of this expansion, the river contracted again, and we were able to descry Bolobo on the eastern side, and steered straight for it. Here we were glad to meet Capt. Hansens, who very kindly ratified his promise of a piece of land, by measuring off and making an agreement for a plot between the Association land and Mboka Ngoi, the southernmost of the Moye towns. This piece, though not large, is capable of future extension at the back by arrangement with the natives, and is certainly one of the best sites for mission work on the Congo.

‘After about sixteen miles or so of north-easterly journeying beyond Bolobo, following the opposite bank, we came to the Nkie or Nkenye river, upon which we spent five days. The district through which this river flows we did not find to be a populous one; though populous and hostile enough to nearly put us in a fix, by not allowing us at two places in succession to cut firewood. At one of these places Dr. Sims, who went ashore with the wooding party, barely escaped a spear-thrust, and our boys had to retreat before the natives’ guns.

‘By cautious progress, we were enabled to make our way for seventy miles or so along the very swift and tortuous stream. The natives never seemed to use this river as a waterway, on account of its long detours and strong water,

that rendered an overland journey an easier task—and perhaps a safer one too, considering the great number of crocodiles which we saw. The people were Bangulu-ngulu, a branch of the Bateke family. Their largest town we found on the flat top of a very considerable hill, about 150 feet high, near the extreme limit of navigable water. Here they were fairly friendly, though they would sell us scarcely any food; this resulted perhaps from their fear of us, and I think they were greatly relieved when they saw us turn to go down stream again.

‘ Going up a narrow, crooked river is far easier than coming down, and it was only by the most careful steering that we were enabled to get our little craft safely round the sudden bends, where the current sometimes ran from three to four miles an hour. Reaching the Congo once more, we came to the large town, Makutumpuku, some two miles or so further up stream, where we found, as is usual at large towns, great difficulty in getting supplies of food; even after much palavering, and the payment of high prices, we were only able to get enough for half a day.

‘ We were not long dropping down to Yumbi, where half a day sufficed for securing both fuel and food, as well as for a visit to a couple of towns. The next day we were among the plenty of Lukolela once more. Here we received a warm welcome from Mr. Glave, whom we were sorry to find alone in charge of the Association station, his colleague having been killed since our last visit while buffalo hunting. Our men, left on the previous journey to prepare our site for occupation, had made a very perceptible impression upon the giant forest; they had cleared a fine piece of ground, quite large enough to allow of our building there, as soon as we are ready to commence. As one of our poor fellows died within a month of his being left at Lukolela, the progress made was not so marked as it would otherwise have been.

‘ Pursuing our journey once more along the right bank, we found that after leaving Mbunga there was no village for thirty miles or so. Then we came to one situated on a rocky point opposite the Ngonbe towns; here the river commenced

to widen out again, till we gradually lost sight of the eastern bank.

‘We now commenced to look out for the mouth of the Mobangi river, but as we maintained a course of N. by E. and NNE., which corresponded with that of the Congo, we thought that “Mai ma Bobangi” was just a name given, as in other places, to a particular portion of the main stream, and that we were still on the Congo itself. It was not until we had journeyed nearly 130 miles up the Mobangi, that we made sure of its independence.

‘At one town we were greeted from behind the stockade with shouts of *Bidimo! bidimo!* (“spirits”). One of their countrymen, whom we found at Lukolela, and brought with us, assured them that we were not spirits, and that we went to bed and slept like ordinary people (of course, spirits never sleep); but we could not overcome their prejudice. Short of food as we were, we had to go empty away. It now remained to see if the people on the left bank were more tractable; but on our crossing the river, and approaching the first town, the people all fled. We could see plenty of food about, and as it was imperative that we should get something to eat, we were not prepared to give up our quest at the first rebuff. Three of our people volunteered to go ashore, and try to talk to the people, who evidently had not gone far. We therefore put the steamer close into the beach, and landed our ambassadors; they took a good supply of cloth, beads, and brass wire wherewith to open negotiations.

‘We had not to wait long before they came running back, retreating before an angry crowd. They had received the spokesman with a spear-thrust, which he marvellously escaped. This was serious for hungry folk, but we were not yet willing to give up, so we steamed off to a short distance, beyond spear-throw, and waited awhile. We thought that perhaps when the people returned, and found their cooking-pots still on the fire, and their corn and plaintain still standing, they would be convinced of our good intentions. As we steamed off they came slowly to the beach, and we took the opportunity of displaying our bells and looking-glasses, and the

trinkets which the natives delight in, all with the hope of subduing them into friendliness. After a while, thinking that we might venture again to make overtures, we turned round and came in a little closer. The warriors all began to get into their awkward, sleeveless jackets of elephant and buffalo skin, to get behind their shields, and make ready their bundles of spears. As we came still closer, they got up a war-dance, and with a terrible yell they made a charge as though they intended to come through the water to get at us. It was evident that we must wait yet a little longer, and in another hour or so we tried again; but, though they were not so demonstrative (they only stood ready, and did not dance this



A FLOATING ISLAND ON THE UPPER CONGO

time), we felt that we could not do more than just steam slowly by, so that they might the better see what manner of people we were.

'Another day's voyaging took us nearly into the Congo again; but we had yet another experience before we were clear of the Mobangi. It was about eleven o'clock at night when I was awakened by the anchors dragging. The strength of current and the numerous floating islands induced us to put down an extra anchor when we moored in the evening. I immediately ran forward to see what was the matter. It was as I feared: a large floating island across our bows. Yesterday two men were carried over the Ntamo Falls in

sight of us all on one of these floating islands. I immediately gave orders to get up steam, and called all hands to try and push the island on one side, that it might float by us; but all our efforts were of no avail—we were being steadily dragged down all the while. It was bad enough to feel the steamer quivering from stem to stern with the strain, but it would be far worse to be dragged under the overhanging trees, across some great snag, or jammed on to the end of one of the many islands which stud this part of the river, for even when we got steam up, “full speed ahead” did not prevent us from being carried along by the flood-borne mass of vegetation.

‘If, as we tried to do, we could not push on one side this thousand square yards of floating grass and herbage, whose roots extended three feet or so into the water, we must cut it in two, and so allow the halves to float by on either side. We served out a dozen wood-cutting hatchets, and sent the crew on to the island to try and chop through it. They worked with a will, but made but very little impression on the tangled mass, which never ceased to carry us on. Something better must be done; hatchets would not get through by daylight, so we tried sharp knives, but with no better result. Then a happy idea struck me, “Try the hand saws,” and in about ten minutes a couple of them ran through the tough roots and stems, and we were free from our unwelcome companion that had dragged us a couple of miles. anchors and steam notwithstanding.

· In the morning a couple of hours’ steaming took us out into the Congo, and soon afterwards we came to Bokunji, and later to Lokoto, Lotumbi, and Mpumba, all friendly. We went on as far as Mokanga, which we discovered, by altitude of the sun at noon, was five miles north of the Equator.

‘We were, therefore, to the north of Equatorville, whither for the present we were bound, and so had to turn back, and make our way across the river, which is here some five or six miles wide. Finding our way among the islands was no easy task, for they overlap each other in such confusion, and the channels are so intricate, that it took us fully three

hours to get to the other side. Here we spent three days, and laid in a good stock of food, taking care that some of it was of a kind that would not spoil by keeping, so that we might not again be in such straits for something to eat. Plaintain and cassava puddings will keep all right for a week, though by that time they are a bit stale; but cassava roots dried and smoked will keep indefinitely, so long as they are not allowed to become damp.

‘We had started once more and proceeded some three or four miles when we reached the mouth of the Uluki river.

the combined waters of the Juapa and Bosira. We looked longingly in the direction whence its inky waters came, but were afraid to undertake a “big journey” of the length which its mighty torrent promised; we chose rather to investigate the Ikèlebà, the smaller river which debouches a mile or so further



TYPE OF THE ULUKI RIVER

north, whence come large supplies of knives and spears, and which was reported as very populous.

‘We visited Danda, one of the exclusively Ngombe towns, about a mile from the river; it was quite different from anything we had previously seen, being entirely surrounded by a ditch, twelve feet wide, and six deep, and on the inner side of this ditch by a tall barricade of split logs, twelve feet high. There were three entrances into the town, each approached by a single log bridge; the narrow breaks in the barricade were provided with slabs of wood, in readiness to

close them, should the need arise. Dr. Sims and Eyambi were the first to enter this town, and the people were so much startled by the white man's advent, that one of them jumped up and let fly an arrow at the unannounced visitors, very narrowly missing the doctor, and going through Eyambi's cloth. The people scarcely appeared to understand why we did not declare war at once, and regarded our attempts at friendly intercourse with such evident suspicion, that neither party were much at their ease till they were farther apart.

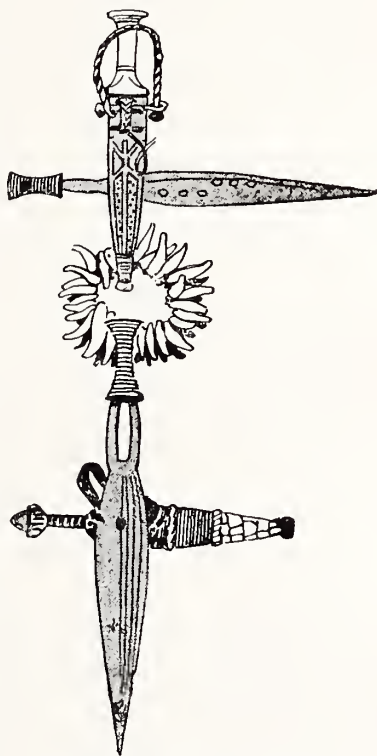
'These people ornament themselves in a frightful way, by making raised cicatrices on their faces, covering them entirely, in some cases even the lips, with lumps as big as peas. Sometimes a man will have a row all down his nose as close as they can stick, others will be content with three or four, while others again will have a big one just on the lip, suggestive of a budding rhinoceros horn. Some will have rows of these "blebs" all round the eyes and along the cheeks, till they meet at the chin, resulting in a horrid similarity to the outline of a "death's head." One girl whom we saw had a lump as large as a pigeon's egg on each side of her nose, and so close to her eyes that they must have been a great trouble, for when she wished to look at any one, she had to bow her head and look over these "beauty marks." The Ikèlèmbà is not destined to rank among the important affluents, although it has a goodly number of inhabitants, and its manufacture of knives and spears means a good deal of trade. Its course rather surprised me, being only a point or so north of east.

'Returning once more to the Congo, and crossing its stream to reach the right bank, we pursued our way up river, calling at the important town of Bungata, which is about twenty-two miles north of the Equator. Here we readily made friends with Nanu, the chief, and were able to purchase very cheaply stores of food and firewood. It was November 18, and while anchored off this place we encountered the first of a series of tornadoes, which made navigation at this season somewhat dangerous and very uncomfortable; but the Peace rode it out admirably, and we were none the worse, except in the matter

of one or two awning-curtains. At noon of the following day we passed the site of the deserted town of Boberi, whose people had been driven away by the Inganda (Equator) men; they have now settled on a narrow creek which, during the high-water season, communicates with the Mobangi, going right across the narrow peninsula which separates that river from the Congo. Another day took us past the twelve or thirteen villages of Bungundu and Bokomela, where we were very well received by the people, and especially by the chiefs, Mbangi and Buia.

‘Passing another creek—Basungu—which communicated with the Mobangi, we came to Lobengo. The chief carried on his net-mending in his “palace,” or *ngumba* house, which was simply a large roof 60 or 70 ft. long by 20 or 25 ft. wide, supported on posts, and without any walls, the king-posts being finely wrought with a species of carving which added greatly to their appearance, and evidenced both considerable skill and patience. This *ngumba-house* is a general apartment (each of

the wives occupying a separate building). Here food was cooked and eaten, and the business of the day transacted, palavers talked, and pipes smoked. From the roof hung a very miscellaneous collection of African gear-nets of all kinds, with meshes from the size of a finger to a span long, for catching everything, from little fish in the water to large



CONGO KNIVES AND NECKLACE
OF LEOPARDS' TEETH

deer on land ; also rat-traps made after the manner of the toy known as the Siamese link, into which if a rat once enters, the more he struggles the tighter he is held. Pipes, too, both long and short, figured prominently among the furnishing of this roof ; the chief's wives smoked the short ones, for they smoked at the work in the farms ; but the chief, having leisure to smoke, rejoiced in pipes with stems from six to eight feet long. Then there were spears and spear-rests, shields and knives, and all the apparatus for taking life, as well as stores of medicines or charms, to save that of the fortunate possessor, and to ward off all the ills that flesh is heir to, the which, if infallible, would be as good as the elixir of life. Stools, dishes, a spare bed or two, fly-whisks, a kind of backgammon board, sundry trophies of the chase, and odds and ends too numerous to catalogue were also found stowed away in this capacious roof.

‘The following day, when about thirty miles south of Bangala, we had friendly receptions at Monsembe and Bumbimba, though at the former place there was a great deal of excitement which we could not account for. This afterwards transpired to result from the expectation of being invaded by their Bangala neighbours. There were scarcely any women and children to be seen, the majority being away in the safety of the forest. The men left were evidently prepared for a fight, and their big canoes with spear-rests fixed already launched. As we continued our journey we passed the sites of several deserted towns, it being the policy of the Bangalas, as of all large peoples in these parts, to harry outlying communities till they either go right away or draw closer and join their confederacy.

‘Our arrival at Bangala was the occasion for none of the stir which characterized our previous visit. The next morning was Sunday, and we were greatly distressed by coming almost face to face with an instance of cannibalism. At the time I commenced this journey I could scarcely bring myself to believe the terrible stories which reached me from time to time. Since coming first to the Congo, the further I travelled the further cannibalism seemed to recede ; everybody

had it to say that their neighbours on beyond were bad, that they "eat men," till I began to grow sceptical; but here at Bangala I absolutely caught up with it, and was obliged to allow what I had hoped to be able to maintain as "not proven." I will not sicken you with the details of the preparations, as some of our boys gave them when they came to tell me, in the hope that I should be able to interfere, but before they reached the steamer the big drum's dum-dum announced the final act. The natives could not, or at least appeared not to understand why the white man and his people should take exception to their proceedings. "Why," said they to one of our boys, "do you interfere with us? We don't trouble you when you kill your goats. We buy our *nyama* (meat) and kill it; it is not your affair." From this point on, the evidences of cannibalism were continually recurring, though the reluctant manner in which at some places the people acknowledged being "men-eaters," leads us to hope that a sentiment against it already exists.

'For the first mile or two above the Bangala, the villages, like those of the previous six or eight miles, were finely situated on rising ground; beyond this, the ground was often flooded at high water; but it did not prevent the inhabitants of the Mbinga, Bokunji, and Losengo districts from occupying the next thirty miles with their villages. On beyond again extended some twenty miles of still lower land, with only one or two available building sites; and then we came to the mouth of the Mongala, on the left bank of which, six miles up stream, we came to the important town of Mobeka, which is strong enough to exist as the hereditary enemy of Bangala. At the time of our visit there was scarcely a square yard of dry ground in the whole town, and everything looked wretchedly swampy and unhealthy. The formal reception being over, and presents having been interchanged, we were not sorry to get beyond the stockade and on board once more; and to leave the chief and his people to the mutual admiration of themselves and their necklaces of human teeth, and the contemplation of the hideous rows of skulls with which they marked out the pathway in their fortified swamp.

Four or five miles beyond where the Mongala joins the Congo, we came to a very important town—Likunungu—whose friendly chief and people contrasted very favourably with our acquaintances at Mobeka. Here we were able to buy food and firewood, and after half a day spent in friendly intercourse with old and young, we were enabled to leave with good supplies, to carry us beyond the hundred-mile stretch of low-lying land, without towns and people, and feeling assured of a welcome whenever we might return.

‘On December 1 we reached Mpesa, the low situation of which appeared to furnish a very uncomfortable sort of site for its three or four thousand inhabitants. An hour or so before reaching Mpesa, we met a fleet of twenty or thirty canoes bound down river to the quiet little creeks which communicated with the long stretch of waterway we had passed, and which during the falling water constituted splendid fishing-grounds. Three miles beyond Mpesa we came to Bokale, a still larger town, and were here privileged to get a glimpse of the other bank, which we had not been able to see during the previous 200 miles. On rounding a point which divided Bokale from the next town, Bokuli, we suddenly came in sight of a long straggling reef of rocks just ahead, and stretching at right angles for a quarter of a mile or so right out into the stream.

‘Five miles more, and we were at Bopoto, a busy place, where much blacksmith’s work is done, and where axes and hoes are made to supply the needs of all the surrounding district. Here it became needful for us to exchange our beads, wire, and cloth for axes, so that we might be furnished with this very acceptable currency, as we went further afield. Two brass rods, reckoned at twopence each, bought one axe, and one axe we found would in some places buy a goat.

‘At the small towns on the fringe of the high land just beyond the hills the people were all very friendly, and we got on very well; but these were soon passed, and we entered upon another low and uninhabited stretch of about fifty miles, till we came to the Mbumba district. Here for some reason the people were very timid, and we did not fairly succeed in

overcoming their suspicions of us. They appeared to be very different from those lower down, their hair not being so fancifully dressed, nor their teeth filed, though they indulge in strangely painting their bodies; elaborate patterns in red and black, and sometimes an entire coat of these pigments, doing service as a suit of clothes. The grass houses, to which we have been so long accustomed, here give place to those of mud.

‘From Stanley Pool our course was steadily northwards, till the Mongala was reached; there it commenced to run due east; and now at Mbumba we, for the first time, commence to trend south. Just in the bend of the river, after passing the Yambinga towns, we entered upon another of the northern affluents—the Lubi river, better known among the natives as the Loika or Itimbiri. It is a considerable stream of 150 to 300 yards wide, and we were enabled to follow it for nearly 100 miles ENE., till we came to a fall which barred our way. Near its confluence with the Congo its towns are large, and the people tractable; as we went further up they became more timid, and we had difficulty in communicating with them.

‘The first towns were those on the right bank, occupied by the Yankoi; further up, on the opposite bank, were the towns of Mosaku and Mambuta. It was market-day when we arrived, and we counted more than a hundred canoes on the Mosaku beach. The chief was very friendly, and made us a small present, venturing on board to do so. He was evidently greatly impressed by the white man’s fine canoe; when one of our men, not thinking what the result would be, suddenly opened one of the steam valves, this impression was so profoundly deepened, that his kingship and all his satellites jumped overboard, as well as the occupants of some twenty or thirty canoes alongside, and swam ashore. Such a scramble, such a splashing, and, happily, such fun when they found it was about nothing. Their equanimity was soon restored, and all went well again; we were able to lay in a good stock of the market produce, buying among other things some fine yams, which were very acceptable.

‘The next series of villages belonged to the Bakusu, who also ran away, though we just managed to catch a glimpse of the hindermost ones, women mostly, with children in their arms, and a few plantain hurriedly slung round their necks. Hereabouts we found that the river makes its way through a channel cut across small ranges of hills running north-west—the cuttings through the hills showing us small cliffs of from thirty to a hundred feet high—the valleys between the hills were mostly low and swampy. At the next town, Bonganga, we found the people all burning the marsh grass, and small floating plants to make salt; although they were a bit nervous at first, we were able to visit their town, and to enter upon very satisfactory relationship during the afternoon and morning we spent there. Our stay in the morning was due to the weather, it being, as it often is at that season, too foggy to allow of our going ahead. Ten miles further, and we came to the Momenge villages, which extend four or five miles along the left bank. These were charmingly situated, and in the midst of extremely fertile ground; the houses were all well built of clay, and had rounded ends, and, to add to their already neat appearance, were either whitewashed or coloured a brilliant red.

‘From the following six or eight small villages everybody ran away; then we came to larger towns, all fenced in, where the people were hostile, and shot their arrows at us, and we had to pass on. By the time we reached the first Mobele town, we were in want of both food and firewood, and we had to “lay siege” to it for two or three hours before we managed to make friends; we did not succeed in doing so until we had convinced them of our peaceful intentions, by only replying to their flights of arrows with peaceful overtures; even after one of our boys had been slightly wounded, and we had had a lot of narrow escapes. Fortunately, one of the little girls we had on board came from this part of the country, and was able, after awhile, to make herself heard on shore; she made them understand that we only wanted food, and that we were ready to give very fine things in return.

‘The next day we passed a very hostile town on the peninsula formed by the junction of a small river with the Loika, and by nine o’clock we reached the Lubi cataract in $2^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude. This cataract we found was quite impassable, and after taking a few observations, and wooding up on an island remarkable for its orchids, we set out on our return to the Congo once more. Everything was quiet enough going down river; it was only at one or two of the places that the people ran away, while at many of the villages that were tenantless as we passed up, we were able to enter into communications, and have a laugh with the people for being so foolish as to run away from harmless folk like ourselves. At one place, especially, where, on our way up, we went ashore to get some firewood, and where, in return for the fright we gave them, which made them run away, and also for their trees which we cut down, we left a fathom or two of cloth on the ground, they were very cordial. That we had given them something, and left everything untouched, was indisputable evidence of our being “good.” The chief of Mosaku, who made such an undignified retreat when startled by the steam, also gave us a welcome, and more yams. Happy it was for us that the people were so friendly, and food so plentiful; for after a good reception by the chief Monanga, whose town was on the Congo, near the mouth of the Loika, it was a long while before we were among friends again.

‘At Monungeri, which is about thirty miles beyond the Loika, we were greatly surprised at the unfriendly attitude of the people. We were again surprised when we reached Yasaka, another thirty miles further on, to find the people behaving in the same inhospitable way; but we did not venture in their town, and were soon on our way once more.

‘I scarcely thought of this matter again till we were steaming into Basoko (where the great Aruvimi attack on Stanley took place in 1877), and could not see the expected Expedition flag. This, together with the fact that a hundred or more canoes, all laden with children and food, were running away, that all the beach was lined with fetishes, and that the men

were all armed and quite ready for a fight, convinced me that something serious had happened, and that it behoved us to move with all caution. Steering for the chief's place, but keeping well out of spear-throw, we went along the beach



THE CHIEF OF BASOKO

inquiring for the white man's children. No one vouchsafed a word till we reached the head-man's place, and then they told us that they were afraid we were enemies, and so had tied these men up as hostages for our good behaviour. We then replied, "Very well; bring one of the men to the beach that we may see him, and we will at once go away." Off they started as though to bring one of them, but no one came. In fact, the whole business wore such a very suspicious air that we did not for a moment be-

lieve in it. However, no one coming, we were justified in asking reproachfully that they should keep their promise and bring the man. Then followed a lot of verbal wriggling of a most unsatisfactory kind, and the statement that the men were not there, but at the next town up river. (Basoko was

at the mouth of the Mbinga, or Arawimi river.) Upon our reaching the indicated place, we were told that the Hausas were at a village on the other side, and there we were referred back again to Basoko. Here we made further inquiries at the chief's place, but the result only strengthened our fears that the men were dead. We afterwards learned for certain that two had been killed *and caten*, and that the third, who is now at Bangala, only escaped because he was too thin for their immediate purpose, and thus enjoyed a respite which gave him an opportunity to escape. In the light of the fact of the white man's men having been killed, our bad reception at Monungeri and Yasaka was understandable; the people thought we knew all about what had happened, and feared that we should make reprisals.

'It was not with very pleasant feelings that we camped that evening, some four miles away, being compelled to cut firewood, especially as we were followed by a couple of canoes, which kept up constant communications with their base by means of the big drums they carried. What with our anxiety not to contribute personally to the food supply of our neighbours, our watchfulness for fear of a night attack, and the horridly threatening din kept up by the big drums, our sleep was none of the soundest; we were up betimes in the morning, ready to be off as soon as there was light enough.

'During that day we saw no towns; we therefore promised ourselves a quiet night. Late in the afternoon we saw what we took to be the light of the salt-makers' fires ahead; we therefore anchored rather earlier than usual, that we might be out of range of the drumming which we should have to endure, did we but venture within earshot. Shortly after midnight we learned that what we had taken to be the light of the salt-makers' fires, had been the flames of a burning town. A long line of canoes came dropping down stream close in shore, running away from a band of Arab raiders in pursuit of slaves and ivory. While talking with these poor people, wreckage of all kinds commenced floating by, and for nearly three hours afterwards a continuous stream of house-roofs, beds, stools, calabashes, fishing-nets, ropes, and all

the floatable gear that had been thrown into the river, partly from the town, and partly out of the canoes by those run-aways who found themselves hardly pressed, or out of those captured by the Arabs, who would not be bothered with such plunder. In the morning, after a short run of eight or ten miles, and passing some hundreds of canoes with homeless families afloat in them, we reached the smoking ruins of Yambuli, a town of three or four thousand inhabitants.

‘A little further on we came to a small town which had been quite destroyed, but from among the still smoking ruins one of the men who had ventured back hailed us, and holding out his open hands before him, said: “See, we have nothing left, nothing!” Then pointing to the charred post, “See what has happened: our houses burnt, plantations destroyed, our wives and children all gone.” Then, pointing across the islands to the other side of the river, he said: “The men who did it all are over there.” The utterly woe-begone appearance the poor fellow presented, surrounded as he was with such evidences of ruin, made up a picture of desolation which once seen is never forgotten. Nor shall we forget his appeals for help. He seemed to think it would be an easy thing for the white man to go and fight the Betamba-tamba, or, if he would not fight, he could easily ransom their wives and children. If we once commenced to redeem these fruits of the Arab raids, we should only be setting a premium upon raiding.

‘Crossing the river, and passing more burning ruins, we came to the Arab camp at the mouth of the Boloko (Lomami). Here we found them making ready to repel an expected attack, by posting bodies of men in the tall grass commanding the approaches. However, they seemed to recognize very soon that we were not fighting men, and sent off a canoe to us. We then learned that they were seven hundred strong, under the command of Munya Mani, a vassal of the famous Hamed bin Mohammed, better known as Tipu-tib.

‘After two more days’ journeying, we reached our turning-point, Stanley Falls. These were two days full of sad interest, in the which we passed thousands of fugitives, and a score of

villages, whose occupants were ready to fly at a moment's notice, having their goods and food supplies in their canoes, and everything prepared. Most of the people seemed to sleep in their canoes, in case of a night surprise; during the day they lived ashore, keeping a canoe or two continually on the watch, in the best positions for observing. The poor women and children looked upon it as a very bad piece of business to live under such difficulties, but the men seemed cheerful enough.

'With the country in such a state, it will be easily imagined



CONGO STATE FORT AT BASOKO
(Built to check the advance of the Arabs.)

that there was no food to be bought. As we had been able to purchase little or nothing since leaving Loika a week before, we were running short again, and were greatly disappointed when the hoped-for plenty of the Falls failed us—especially as it was Christmas time.'

On Christmas Eve we paid a visit to Tipu-tib, who received us very hospitably, and asked if he might be of service in forwarding letters to Ujiji or the East Coast, to which places he sent dispatches every fortnight *via* Nyangwe.

‘Opening, as the Congo does, such vast opportunities for slave-raiding along its thousands of miles of banks, common humanity claims that steps should be taken against a scourge, the bitterness of which it is impossible to overdraw.

‘It will be no easy task to stem the current of this Arab invasion, which has been extending westward year after year, till now it has passed the median line of the continent. We found natives fifty miles west of Stanley Falls who could talk Swahili, a language that will carry the traveller from that point to the East Coast. The way is open for canoes, either up or down from Nyangwe to Leopoldville, a distance of 1,400 miles. How far this Arab conquest is to push itself towards the Atlantic depends upon where European force steps in. The natives certainly cannot stem the current of invasion.’

From Stanley Falls, Grenfell dropped back to the mouth of the Lomami, and ascended that river. The river was very tortuous, and the natives in many places very hostile. Under cover of the arrow-guards, he made his way in safety. He also ascended the ‘great Mobangi, the mouth of which he had previously discovered. He made his way up it as far as the Zongo Cataract. He was there just at the time of high water, and with difficulty was able to pass the obstacle. It was not safe to go further, for a slight fall of the river might have left him unable to return. Accordingly he turned back to Stanley Pool, with his stores of barter quite exhausted.

Grenfell’s discoveries during the five months of the second voyage of the Peace widened the possibilities of the work on the upper river, and quickened the interest of the friends of the Congo Mission. But further losses were to make the Congo yet more dear to the Churches of the home country, and to deepen still more the interest in the work.

Donald Macmillan reached Underhill on December 24, 1884. Born on Colonsay, a small island to the south of the Inner Hebrides, a tender-hearted, deeply earnest man, he found the necessarily slow process of the acquirement of the Congo language very hard to bear. He longed intensely to declare the love of Jesus to the people. His diary evidenced the chafing of his spirit under the enforced delay. Scarcely

had he begun to make headway in the language, when the call to higher service came to him. After a few days of fever, he passed away, on March 9, 1885.

Andrew Cruickshank was with Whitley at Stanley Pool, when the news came of the death of Dr. Sidney Comber. He hurried down at once to help Darling at Wathen, and remained there until March, 1885. After four days of hæmoglobinuric fever, he died on March 27. He was a man of great promise and ability, bright and full of energy; his manner had an indescribable charm which none could resist.

Alexander Cowe was another man of whom great things were expected. He had evidenced much spiritual power in evangelistic work in the neighbourhood of Berwick before he offered for Africa, and we all hoped that he would be the means of leading many of the Congo people to the Saviour. Only once, however, did he speak to them. He reached Banana on April 13, 1885, and San Salvador on May 1. Twelve days later he was attacked by fever. A German exploring party was at San Salvador at the time, endeavouring to get into the interior thence. Dr. Wolff, a member of that expedition, was good enough to attend Cowe in his sickness; but all efforts were unavailing; from the second day he was mostly delirious, and on May 21 he died.

David Charters and W. F. Cottingham reached Banana on May 11. Charters had come to serve as missionary-engineer of the Peace, and passed up country. He stayed a while at Bayneston to take charge of the station, before he could be released to go on to Stanley Pool for the steamer work. Cottingham had to stay at Underhill, to take the place of Macmillan. On the eighth day after his arrival there, he went down with a fever which lasted a week. Six days later, the fever returned in a mild form, and the next day, June 6, the temperature suddenly rose high. Dr. Wolff happened to be there, and he did his best; but in the evening Cottingham died. He was singularly well qualified for the work, clear-headed, and very devoted; his earnest, gentle ways would have soon endeared him to the natives, but the Master called him.

This rapid succession of losses—four men in three months—

came as a great shock to us on the field, and to the friends at home. The deaths were regarded as solemn and sacred appeals for more whole-hearted consecration, and the personal devotion of health and strength to the blessed enterprise. The Secretary of our Society received many letters urging that the places rendered vacant should be promptly filled, and the work prosecuted with energy. Numerous offers for mission service on the Congo came in, which were in many cases impelled by the recent losses. Here and there voices were raised protesting at the 'waste' of life, but they were happily few. It was felt that although the work on the Congo was a very serious undertaking, it was work to which God was calling us; and those who offered for it must count the cost; but having counted it, they should go prepared for all that might come.

When Gordon was shut up in Khartoum, there was a rush of volunteers ready to go to his relief. Whenever there is an expedition, fraught with danger, to be organized, men are ready to take part in it. Men are ready to face these dangers in the interests of commerce and geographical science, and for military glory. Should the Christian Church then stand back, because there are danger and difficulty in carrying out her Lord's command to go into *all* the world, and make disciples of *all* the nations? He made no exception of tropical Africa, neither indeed could we, when all Europe was scrambling for it, and occupying it too. There could be no hanging back; but every effort should be made to prevent *unnecessary* waste of life. Better houses, better food, more comfort, more help—these things were possible, and should be provided; the Committee were resolved to provide them as soon as possible. Dr. Prosser James, a warm friend of the mission, wrote Thomas Comber a series of letters on *Health on the Congo*, which were printed and published by the Society. Dr. Frederick Roberts, the medical adviser of the Society, also wrote a manual, *A Guide to Hygiene and Medical Treatment for the Congo*, which the Society also published. Mr. Charles Townsend, of Bristol, presented to each station a large dispensing cabinet, well supplied with drugs. Everything possible was done to obviate the loss of life.

Thomas Comber had been in England only seven months to recruit his health; seven months with little of rest in them, for he was in great request all over the country, so many were anxious to hear the story of his work from his own lips. When the news of the losses came, he felt that he must return at once to the Congo, and sailed from Liverpool on August 19. He was accompanied by his brother Percy and four other colleagues, J. E. Biggs, Philip Davies, B.A., J. Maynard, and Michael Richards.

On April 13 Comber had read a paper of great interest before the Royal Geographical Society, giving an account of his journey up the Congo with Grenfell as far as Bangala the previous year.

The negotiations with the European Powers and the United States of America necessary to the founding of the Congo Free State were completed; the King of the Belgians received the authorization of his Chambers to assume the sovereignty of the State on April 28. On July 1, 1885, the *État Indépendant du Congo* was proclaimed at Banana, with all due ceremony, by Sir Francis de Winton. On the same day the General Secretary of our Society, Mr. A. H. Baynes, had a special audience of H.M. the King of the Belgians, at the palace at Ostend, and presented an address of congratulation to His Majesty, upon the establishment of the new Congo Free State, from the Committee and officers of the Baptist Missionary Society. His Majesty very graciously received Mr. Baynes, and expressed his high satisfaction at the terms of the address, and at the visit of the Secretary; the king assured him of his personal anxiety to do all within his power to further all efforts put forth for the benefit and upraising of the millions of down-trodden Africa.

In August, 1885, Grenfell started on another voyage of exploration in the Peace. Just above the Equator a river of black water poured into the Congo on the left bank, the Uluki, and forty miles further north the Lulongo flowed in on the same bank. Grenfell's intention was to explore these rivers, and to ascertain the possibilities of mission work on them. It is best to let Grenfell tell the story.

‘We started on August 8. Our ship’s company was much the same as on our previous voyage, for the crew was but little changed, and I had my wife and child and eight of the same school-children on board. I need not recount how in due time we reached Mswata, Kwa Mouth, and the other principal points.

‘We had passed Lukolela, and were steaming along almost under the trees at Ilebo, when we were startled by finding ourselves within a few feet of the corpse of a woman, which hung over the water from one of the branches. It is not at all infrequent that one, in the course of his wanderings, comes across the remains of men exhibited as warnings to evildoers, but this was the first time I came across those of a woman. In fact, for such an offence as that for which this poor woman suffered, I have never heard of such extreme measures being resorted to. It seems that her townspeople had got it into their heads that by charging the white man only double what they charged among themselves for chickens and eggs, and such like things, that they were neglecting an opportunity for the making of extra profits; so they made a law, attaching the death penalty to the breaking of it, to meet the case—an absurd law, which only prevented the white man from buying. This poor woman thought it better to be content with a good profit, than to insist upon a big one and get nothing, but in getting her profit she lost her life. These Ilebo people were evidently terribly in earnest concerning their “law,” for women have always a marketable value, and are generally sold away as a punishment for their offences.

‘The following day, after a total of eighty hours’ steaming, we reached Equatorville, where we stayed a few days, laying in a stock of food and firewood.

‘A fortnight after leaving Arthington found us on our way from Equator Station to the Lulongo river, which falls into the Congo about forty-five miles north of the line. Although the Lulongo is by no means one of the largest tributaries of the Congo, it is, if the value of its ivory and slave trade be accepted as the measure, its most important.

‘At the confluence, this river gives no adequate promise of its real value as a waterway, for it has only a width of 600 yards or so; however, its depth and current made up for what it lacks in breadth, and after ascending its course for a few miles, we found it occupying a channel of from half to three-quarters of a mile in width.

‘Shortly before noon on our first day, we reached the very friendly town of Bolongo, and anchored in the rocky baylet under the little cliff on which the town was perched, from which the people looked down wonderingly upon us as we took our lunch, and at the same time carried on a small provision trade with our people, by the aid of long forked sticks.

‘Twelve miles further on we came to the first of the important Lulongo towns, a place of perhaps eight or ten thousand inhabitants. Ten miles further brought us to another of these towns of nearly equal size. These places, though built on the best available sites, are badly situated on islands and the adjacent land, and must all be liable at certain seasons to be flooded. Just as we got close to Boina, we almost dropped into the middle of one of their palavers. We were greatly surprised, on suddenly rounding a point, to find ourselves within a boat’s length of a fleet of a dozen canoes full of armed men, hideous in paint and feathers, and evidently bent on mischief. We thought at first that they might be out as a demonstration against ourselves, but they were friendly enough; still, we could not understand their movements, for as we came up alongshore they dodged behind us, and at times kept us between themselves and the mainland. But coming at last to a small water point where we shot ahead of them, we had it all explained. No sooner were they uncovered by the steamer, than we were startled by the report of a gun from the shore, and when we saw the crew of one of the canoes floundering in the water, and heard the return fire from another canoe, we were selfish enough to feel relieved by this evidence that the hostility was not directed against ourselves. However, nothing serious seemed to come of it, for the crew got into the canoe again, and the fleet

moved off in a disappointed sort of way, apparently in no very good humour with itself.

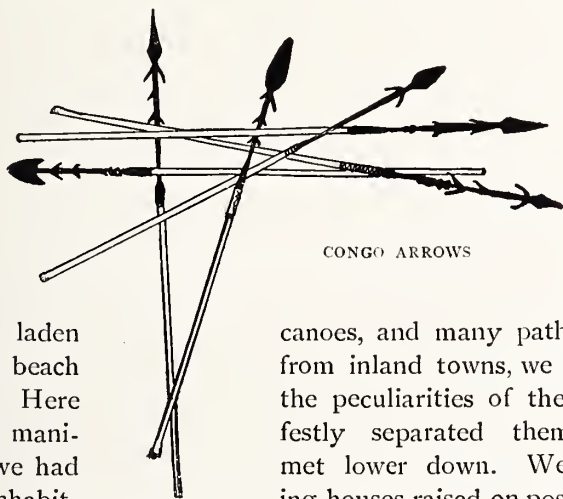
‘The next day we reached Inwambala, a town built partly on an island, and partly on the mainland—an arrangement which allowed of safe retreat, whether attacked from the river or from the interior. Slaves are too much in demand to allow of much security at so short a distance from Lulongo. The next town we came to was evidently the home of people of a different tribe. Hitherto the inhabitants have been riverine in their habits, and as much at home on water as on land: here they were evidently landmen.

‘In the next hundred miles between Masumba and Maringa we only found the small town of Lungunda; but as soon as Maringa was reached, we entered upon a very populous district. Although we were travelling through such a cheerless range of country, we knew by the number of trading canoes we encountered, that we were coming to an important district. Some of these canoes passed fearlessly enough; the crews of others disembarked as soon as they caught sight of us, and took their cargo away into the bush. We counted ten tusks of ivory hurried off in one case. Among the canoes we met, one had several tusks and six slaves; another contained ten or twelve tusks and two slaves; we did not get close enough to the others to make out what cargoes they had.

‘At Maringa we had some little difficulty to convince the people of our friendly intentions; and it was not till more than an hour had been spent in diplomacy, that we came into actual contact with them; they had not sufficient confidence in us then to come without their spears, or to allow their women and children to come down to the beach. They feared lest we should follow the policy of the native traders who come from lower down the river, and who, if they think themselves strong enough, seek a quarrel, and having found it, make it a pretext for catching some one whom they can sell as a slave. However, the three or four hundred armed men were all eager to sell food and firewood, and we were soon enabled to load up and go ahead once more.

‘An hour and a half brought us to a small friendly town.

which we reached when it was nearly dark. In approaching it we unfortunately sank our small boat, and lost most of the fine load of firewood it contained. The natives were good enough to help us save what we could, and in the morning assisted us to raise our sunken boat, a task that occupied us nearly four hours. After getting under way once more, an hour brought us to a large market ; half an hour further on we came to a town ; and in two hours more, after passing many



CONGO ARROWS

food - laden
to the beach
Ditabi. Here
very mani-
those we had
them inhabit-

canoes, and many paths down from inland towns, we reached the peculiarities of the people festly separated them from met lower down. We found ing houses raised on posts some four or five feet above the ground, though there appeared to be no reason why, in the position they occupied, they should fear a flood. Their tribal marks, too, were very distinctly different ; for here we found them with a row of lumps as big as peas right down their noses, and with their bodies covered with bean-sized cicatrices about an inch apart. Instead of their being armed with spears and sheathed knives, they carried bows and arrows, and wore naked-bladed knives upon their thighs. Here at Ditabi the people were evidently industrious, for we saw several blacksmiths fresh from their forges, and were able to buy specimens of their newly smelted iron. The people were very anxious to purchase the beads we offered for firewood ; so anxious, indeed, that after having exhausted their wood-piles, they brought the live sticks from their fires, and

when these were done, cut up their wooden beds into suitable lengths and sold them. After starting once more, four miles brought us to Bauru, another four to Bepula, and then on to Diloko. At this last, and at all the towns beyond, the reason for the houses being raised on posts was very apparent; a rise of four or five inches of water would have inundated the whole district.

‘Passing several more low towns, we came to an important market, but saw no exchange of European goods, nor were there any but the slightest signs of communication with civilization; these were found in a little brass beaten into ornaments, and a few beads and cowries. But if there was nothing which a trader would count as commerce, there was no lack of barter; for the people on the low banks of the river catch fish and crocodiles, and exchange them for the fruits of the soil brought down by the people from the interior. Cloth we found to be of little or no value; an empty biscuit-tin, or a thimbleful of beads, went further than a fathom of print.

‘After passing seven more villages in as many miles, we saw no more, though we went on for a hundred miles beyond. We passed several abandoned sites, and many paths coming down to the water from towns in the distance; here and there we saw a few people in canoes, but these were all. We had pushed on in the hope of reaching other towns; but at a point nearly 400 miles from the Congo, we found that the river became unnavigable, and were compelled to turn back. To return with the current in our favour was an easy task, for we descended in less than a week, what it had taken us more than a fortnight to ascend.

‘Upon our reaching the Congo once more, our interpreters wanted to go home without more ado; they were greatly disappointed when, after going south for six hours, we turned eastward once more, to ascend Mr. Stanley’s Black river, the Uruki. Towards evening we came to an important town on the summit of a small rocky cliff, and though we were not welcomed very heartily at first, we were after a while enabled to come to an understanding, and to enter upon friendly relationships.

‘The news of our having made friends at Ikembo reached Ikua, two miles further on, before we did, and secured for us a welcome; but as it was nearly dark, we anchored off a sandbank opposite the town, and promised to pay another visit in the morning. Two miles further on we came to Isenge; another two miles and we were at Bokomo, where we had again a pleasant hour with the people. Here, however, we left the circle of friends we made when we overcame the prejudices of the Ikembo people, and had to commence afresh some thirty miles beyond, at a point about twelve miles up the Bosira, which by that time we had entered. This was too far for a good report concerning us to have spread, and it cost us three hours and a lot of manœuvring before we were allowed to take the Peace close inshore. We did not buy all the food they brought; we had to “draw the line” somewhere, so we drew it at smoked snakes and caterpillars—they seemed to think us over-particular. Notwithstanding our being able to accomplish so much, we were unable to elicit the name of the town; they were afraid we should work some charm to their detriment, did we but possess it. As we got beyond the range of our first “peace-making,” so we also got beyond that of our second; and at a point forty miles beyond, at Ebundi Njoki, we had to go through it all again. But, having succeeded, the people at the next town, Mumbembe, were easily reconciled, and we were able to spend three or four hours there before going on again.

‘Upon leaving Mumbembe, we found the aspect of the country greatly changed. Instead of rocky promontories here and there, with towns built on them, the country was reduced to one monotonous level near the water-mark; sometimes just a little above, but by far the greater proportion of that bordering the river was a foot or two below. We found in the eighty miles or so for which the river was further navigable, no more towns on the banks, but we came across the inhabitants of Tako, Bunginji, and Mburi, who came down to the river-side at different points.

‘On the morning of the following day we encountered the natives of Mburi, and managed to appease them after but

very short overtures ; those of Eyile, however, received us at once with a flight of arrows, and then wanted us to come in close and sell beads, as we had done to the Bunginji and Mburi people. I did not mind stopping to talk to them, so long as we kept out of the range of their arrows ; we had often been shot at from the towns and open spaces, where we could see what was being done, but it was a different thing going in alongside the bush, which had hidden those who had only made their presence known by their hostility. A little further on we were surprised by more arrows out of the forest, and I began to think it time to turn back, and determined to do so before noon ; but at 11.23 we found ourselves at the end of the navigable portion of the river, and unable to go further.

‘ Arrived at the point where the Bosira and Juapa unite, we turned eastward once more, and were gratified to find that good news concerning us had travelled overland, across the narrow peninsula which separates the lower reaches of these two rivers. This good report secured us friendly receptions at all the towns for the first fifty miles or so ; but during the following forty they were suspicious, though not hostile. At Bumbimbe, which is about one hundred and fifty miles east of Equator Station on the Congo, we found one of the prettiest stretches of country we saw during the whole of our journey. Here, after a while, we managed to induce the people to allow us to go close in shore ; and again, after a while, they became cordial. We always succeeded in getting friendly, if they would only allow us to get close enough for them to have a good look at us. In fact, so cordial did our Bumbimbe friends become, that they wanted us to stop and build, or to come again and do so.

‘ About twenty-five miles on beyond, we reached Eyombe, where a very hostile demonstration was made. It was very evident that it was only a section of the people who made the disturbance, for we saw two of the most violent demonstrators, who wanted to shoot, get a good thrashing from their more sober-minded comrades for their pains.

‘ By nine o’clock the next day we knew, by the terrible din

of several big drums, that we were approaching a large town. We were not long before we came in sight of from two to three hundred armed men, painted red and black and white, dancing frantically. We felt sure, from the appearance of things, and from the persistency with which they sent flights of arrows at us, that it would be a waste of time to lay a prolonged "siege," so we took up anchor again and got well behind our arrow-guards, and very much startled the warriors by going in comparatively close. We then proceeded to tell them that they were treating us very badly to fight us in that way ; but that, to show them we had only friendly intentions, we would throw them a present of a few beads tied up in a fathom cloth, and then go away. However, our present was all in vain, for we found them just as fierce when we returned ; we counted our failure on going up, as the reason why we should try all the more persistently on our return ; and this was the only place where we set ourselves to the task, and did not eventually succeed.

'Fifteen miles or so on beyond, we got among the Lokuku people, and for a couple of days our progress was among friends ; then once more we were among timid folk, but soon passed them to reach our Lusaka acquaintances, among whom we spent a very satisfactory couple of days. As soon, however, as we had passed their limits, we found ourselves among determined enemies, who laid an ambush at a narrow pass ; they succeeded in very much astonishing us with an unexpected flight of arrows, one of which stuck into the woodwork just between my wife and myself ; another struck the awning, and came a foot through its thin planking ; another went through the galley window, right amongst the pots and pans ; several very narrowly missed one or other of our party. But before we were recovered from our surprise, we had, with God's good favour, safely run the gauntlet, and were away into wide water again, where we could not be reached from either shore. This was the first time during the journey that we had been attacked with poisoned arrows, and as there is a great deal of difference between a clean-cut wound and a poisoned one, the risk appealed to us very forcibly ; so forcibly, indeed, that

when, towards evening, we were met with a similar reception, we just turned round, and started homeward, after having journeyed more than 400 miles up the Juapa, and over nearly 1,000 miles of new waterway.'

The Peace arrived back at the Pool in October, 1885; she had then to be docked. Before that was finished a tornado of unusual violence came. It overturned one of the workmen's houses, one of the stores in which Comber's personal goods were being kept, and nearly wrecked the steamer workshop. All this gave the men work at high pressure for eighteen days.

When this was done the news came that Comber and his party had reached Banana on October 6. After all the loss of life and trouble, Comber was most anxious to see the new colleagues who had come out with him safely and comfortably settled on their stations. He therefore accompanied them himself on the journey up country, leaving Maynard and Philip Davies at Banana for a month. As soon as possible he started with the other three; his brother Percy and Richards were settled at Wathen, which was to be his own home. He felt that from there he could more conveniently attend to the affairs of the mission, and hoped to do the work of translating the New Testament. Grenfell and I were to be on the upper river, and our experience would aid the new missionaries who would come out for the forward work. Such were the plans and hopes at this time.

Having seen his brother Percy and Richards safe in their new home, Comber went on to Stanley Pool with Biggs, reaching there on November 13. There was a hearty greeting from Grenfell and Whitley, much to talk over, and many plans to make. He stayed there a week or two, and returned to Wathen. There he received the distressing news of the death of his sister Carrie, Mrs. Wright Hay, at Victoria, Cameroons, on November 28. The steamer by which he came out had touched at Victoria, so he had seen her well and strong in the end of September; now came the news of her death. It was a very sore trial to him.

On January 21, 1886, Comber was back again at Underhill, accompanied on the road by Darling, who was to be located

there with Moolenaar. Davies had gone up to San Salvador. Maynard had a mild attack of fever for the first time the day before Comber's arrival. The fever was rather troublesome; but it was hoped that with the careful nursing and attention which he was receiving, it would pass off as usual. On the sixth day he became very weak, although he had been taking plenty of nourishment, and on January 28 John Maynard passed away. He had been brought up in Spurgeon's Orphanage, and as he had lived for some time at the Cape, it was hoped that this would, in a measure, prove a preparation to his Congo life. He had written a month before: 'I am perfectly happy in my work, far more so than I could ever have anticipated. This Congo Mission is indeed a noble enterprise. I thank God for the honour which He has put upon me in permitting me to engage in it. My great wonder is that hundreds of young men at home do not offer themselves for it. I would not exchange my present work for any other in the world.' He left behind him the sweet savour of an unassuming character and a gentle disposition.



A. E. SCRIVENER

The loss was rendered the more distressing by the fact that Miss Pitt, the lady to whom he was to be married, was actually on the way out. Weeks was returning with his wife, and brought with him Miss Pitt, A. E. Scrivener, and Samuel Silvey. Silvey had been engaged in school work in the Cameroons until we were obliged to transfer our mission there to the Basle Missionary Society, in consequence of the annexation of the Cameroons by Germany. Comber went down to Banana to meet them, and Miss Pitt returned by the steamer which brought her out. When the Weeks arrived, Comber was so anxious that Mrs. Weeks should safely reach her new home at San Salvador, that he determined to conduct the party himself. It was felt that Silvey's school work

in the Cameroons would make him specially useful at San Salvador, so he was located there, and formed one of the party. Comber wrote:—

‘The journey from Underhill to San Salvador lasts usually six or seven days, and is sometimes accomplished in four. We took eleven days over it, travelling in very easy stages for the sake of Mrs. Weeks’s health and comfort. The result, viz. the whole party arriving in good health, was worth the extra time taken over the journey.

‘The day of our arrival was Saturday, and I was very glad to have the opportunity of speaking to the people on the Sunday. The services are held in a large schoolroom, instead of under the old tree. This schoolroom was well filled with people, and I had a quiet and attentive congregation, speaking to them from the Parable of the Fig-tree, spered in the hope that it might yet bear fruit. I am glad to say that we found the work at San Salvador in a hopeful condition. Fifty-seven boys are in the school, thirty of whom are residents with us. Our old staunch friends, D. Manoel Mantengo, D. Miguel Nedelengani, Matoko, D. Alvaro Mpanzu Baku, were still staunch and true.

‘As to the poor old king, I could find out little about him, being only a few days there, and very, very busy all the time. I think he is getting more and more involved in the complication of his position, and he is beroyaled more than ever before. He was actually too royal to give us an audience the day of arrival. He has “gone in for” a new and special wife, who has a position above all the rest, being called queen, wearing very fine clothes, silks and velvets, and sitting in a chair by his side while he receives visitors. With all this, the old man was un-get-at-able. He was very glad to see Weeks back, and a lady with him to teach the girls, who swarm in the place, and was also very glad to see his old friend, Vianga-Vianga (Comber). He also kindly welcomed Silvey. Presents were naturally interchanged, the occasion being special.

‘On the Monday morning, March 29, as I notified to the people on the Sunday, we proceeded to the nearest pool—

a mile away—to carry out, for the first time in Congo, the ordinance of believers' baptism, the subject being my boy William Mantu Parkinson. He has been a consistent Christian for two years or more, and was very glad when I proposed that he should confess Christ by being baptized. I had been hoping that there would be three candidates on this occasion ; but one—Mr. Bentley's boy, Nlemvo, who is also a disciple of Jesus—was still in England, and the other, one of Weeks's boys, has had a charge made against him, which we believe to be false, but which has to be thoroughly sifted and disproved before we can admit him to the Church. We have good ground for believing, however, that this boy also is a true Christian. Had a suitable piece of water been found nearer, and longer and exacter notice given, we should doubtless have had a large crowd of people to witness the baptism ; as it was, we only had our school-boys, several of the principal men in the town, and a few women. It was an impressive service ; several hymns were sung, and a few words spoken on the subject of following and serving Christ.

‘One thing struck me very much in my visit to the capital this time, and that was the strong party-feeling of our friends and followers in San Salvador. There is a great deal of loyalty to us and to our religion, and a strong feeling against the mummery of the Portuguese priests, with their images, crucifixes, and saints. This of course is on the part of our followers, who generally speak of them contemptuously as worshippers of graven images. From what I hear, I should think the support of the people is pretty equally divided, numerically, between the priests and ourselves, but with much more *esprit de corps* on the part of our followers. This degree of loyalty to us is all the more noteworthy, because the priests are constantly giving little presents to the people, to draw them on to their side. This is never done by us. Their presents to the king are also very far in excess of ours. As to the special men I have mentioned above, the Doms or noblemen of Congo, there is no doubt, I think, that if their attachment and support were to be bought, the priests would buy it. They are true to us, and have been so all along,

partly, I think, from friendship's sake, and partly because they believe in the truth of our religion. My heart has often yearned for them that they may be saved. Oh that there may be a glorious harvest from this our first Congo mission-field!

'I only had four days in San Salvador, leaving there on the Thursday morning. I am very anxious to settle down to work at Wathen Station, and want to get there as soon as possible. Up and down the line, and visiting all our stations, takes up much time, and makes one tired of travelling.'

The long journey back to Underhill and then to Wathen (200 miles) was made in the worst of weather. The heavy rain was frequent; rivers everywhere were swollen; native bridges had many of them been swept away, others were some feet beneath the water; low-lying places had become swamps, and the valleys were flooded. If the journey to San Salvador was the pleasantest, the walk back was the most disagreeable he ever made. At some rivers he had to wait two or three days, because no canoe-man would venture to cross them. At one place he had to make a suspension bridge of creepers, with a span of sixty-five feet over a rushing torrent. Sometimes he had to feel his way carefully over a tree bridging a small stream or gully, walking barefoot, up to his waist, or even his neck, in the water, steadying himself by a liana rope. He had a donkey with him, but the roads were often too slippery to permit of either donkey or hammock riding. At the Luvu river six men had to swim across, dragging the donkey by a rope. The men were splendid swimmers, but they were carried so far down stream that Comber feared for their lives. Such a burst of rain as this may generally be expected in the cataract region about May 10. Sometimes there are three days of almost incessant downpour; then the rain stops, and the dry season suddenly sets in. So it happened on this journey; the rain suddenly stopped, and the rest of the way was dry. It is best to avoid travelling in the last three weeks of the rainy season, if possible.

After the station at Manyanga was transferred to Ngombe,

and the river was no longer used, Bayneston Station was not necessary to us for transport purposes. It was off the direct road to Wathen, Ngombe, and so long as it existed, the transport had to be made in three stages: Underhill to Bayneston, Bayneston to Wathen, and Wathen to the Pool. It was decided to abandon Bayneston, and to work the transport in two stages only, thus to lessen the number of the lower river stations. This was accomplished early in 1886.

The roads were open and quiet, so that there was no thought of danger in travelling; but on April 1, 1886, a Loango man was sent up to Wathen with the mails, and when at Kinzinga, only three and a half hours west of Wathen, two men of the district waylaid him, and murdered him, to discourage the white men's people from passing near their town. The natives sent in the gun which the courier carried, and offered to pay two men for the man killed. They thought that this would be gladly accepted by us, for with them slaves are only slaves; if one was killed, his owner would be enriched rather than wronged, if two men were put in his place. We told them that we could not in any way compound the matter; we should refer the matter to the State, and they would decide it, and punish the guilty. The State, all in due course, demanded the murderers, and they were given up, and executed for their crime. The mail was nearly all lost.

The Peace did not lie idle; on February 24 Grenfell started for a run to the Equator. A letter of his from a lone sandbank above the Pool tells the story of the first few days of this trip:—

‘It may be a surprise to find me dating from a “sandbank.” The fact is, it is an exceptional sandbank, never known to us before, and not one of the crowd which we have previously made acquaintance with. We have been on it just a week!

‘We started up river on the 24th of last February. We camped in the evening near Dover Cliffs, and by noon the next day were within six or seven miles of our present position. I was not well when I started, and did not get

better as I went further ; I had begun to feel that I must lie down. However, I held on till 12.50, and then lay down on the top of the cabin. But it seemed to me that I had no sooner dozed off than I was awakened by a terrific crash, and a series of biting, scrunching leaps worse than a nightmare.

‘I found that we had pulled up on a reef of rock, and in three minutes—it was 1.25 when we struck—the whole of the forepart of the steamer, as far as the engine-room, was full of water up to the level of the river outside ; for all three of the water-tight compartments were “bilged” by a series of holes not far from the keel. The first boat took off my wife and child, and two or three of our school-children ; the second took instruments, bedding, and our already soaked clothing. Another boat-load took our food stores ; a couple of tons of firewood we threw overboard, and so lightened the steamer—her port gunwale forward being at the water’s edge, her starboard propeller aft was out of the water—that she righted a bit, and swung round broadside ; but, unfortunately, she “jammed” between two great hidden spurs of rock, and remained immovable, notwithstanding that we ran out a couple of anchors and pulled our hardest.

‘A tornado was looming in the distance, and a sorry fate awaited the poor Peace, if we failed to get her off her hard bed. Happily, we had a couple of boats with us, and we determined to try to turn them to account by throwing the weight of the forward part of the steamer on to them by means of ropes. We made the ropes fast round the boats, and passing them under the keel of the steamer and hauling them tight, we found that we were gradually able to raise the bows of the Peace off the rocks ; and, after half an hour’s hard pulling, we were quite free, and floating down river. The signal, “Go ahead, full speed!” was soon responded to ; and a few minutes later we were safely ashore at a point some three hundred yards below. Happily for us, our engine-room was clear of water, and we were able to keep steam up ; if the last hole had been two feet nearer the stern, we should indeed have been in a sorry plight. We had not been ashore

five minutes before the wind came sweeping down between the hills which bound the gorge, through which the Congo runs for the last hundred miles before reaching the Pool; and then the rain—such rain, and such torrents of it! But we did not mind the wind or rain; we were off the rocks and safe ashore, and great was our gratitude.

‘The next morning we carefully stopped the holes with cloth and cotton waste, and then baled out the water. We then proceeded to get up steam, and to run the steamer ashore. Our second attempt was so successful that the last hole, twenty-four feet from the stern, and only three inches from the keel, was high and dry, with an inch or two of working space between it and the sand, which we soon increased by digging out. Three days later the eleven patches, some of them two feet long, were riveted up, and we were water-tight again once more. Tuesday morning came, and the order was given to load up the boats, and make ready for a start. Surely, we thought, we shall be able to put the Peace in the water again, and be ready for a start by noon. But noon came, and we had not moved an inch; night came, and we were still in the same place. We had pushed and pulled with all our might, and we had tried to dig the sand away from under the steamer and let her down into the water, and all without success; but seeing that we only had one fire shovel and a couple of dozen tin plates to dig with, it is not very surprising that we failed to dig her out. There was nothing for it but to send to Arthington for shovels and help.

‘Happily, the Henry Reed, of the American Baptist Mission, and our brethren, Billington and Glenesk, were on the spot, and ready to come to our assistance; and bringing Whitley and Biggs with them, by seven o’clock this morning they were in sight. Now, of course, there can be no difficulty, we thought. We shall soon be off. But the rope, though it was six inches in circumference, broke as the Henry Reed tried to pull the Peace into the water. We tried again, and yet again; and, after all, had to give up the idea of towing her off, and revert to the old plan of digging her out. We had

a dozen shovels now, and many more men; by noon we had a channel dug alongside, and a few minutes later we had pushed her sideways into it, and she was afloat again. It needed only an hour to make it just a week since we struck.'

After the run to the Equator, Grenfell returned to Kwa Mouth without notable incident. His letters were there, and there was no reason to run down to Stanley Pool. The Kasai was the only great river system which now remained to be explored by Grenfell, and he had been waiting for an opportunity to complete the explorations, which were necessary before our plans for work were finally formed. This was just the opportunity he wished for. At the same time Lieutenant Wissmann, a German explorer, at that time in the service of the State, begged for a passage to Luebo; this was granted.

Grenfell continues the account of the voyage:—

'You will remember, perhaps, that in the account of the first journey of the Peace sent home by Comber and myself, we told you something of the character of the first hundred miles of the Kwa—that is, as far as the junction of the Kwangu with the Kasai, which latter we then mistook for the Lake Leopold river. It now appears that on crossing the river from Mushie we missed, by reason of the many low islands, the Lake Leopold river, and journeyed up the Kasai without knowing it. Beyond the Kwangu, the Kasai loses its wide lacustrine character, and is content with a channel of half a mile or so, instead of one of two or three miles, where it disports itself among numberless islands and sandbanks, for some forty miles beyond Mushie. Grass-covered hills bound the river, both right and left, for about a hundred miles beyond the Kwangu. During this hundred miles, too, the villages are very small and poor, though the people are friendly. Beyond the Poggeberg the only signs of hostility we encountered were manifested by a couple of men who drew their bows at us; but who, in this case, cowered away before a shaken finger. These Bakutu are the warriors of the river, and have hitherto sufficed to stop

all communication between its upper and lower stretches. However, we were not long before we had passed the forty or fifty miles they inhabit, and among the friendly Bangodi, whose towns are on the hills a little distance from the river. These people have no canoes. They are afraid of their Bakutu neighbours, from whom, in disposition, they are very different. In the morning time we found them decent folk enough, but by the afternoon they had partaken so freely of the ever-abundant palm-wine as to have become, I am sorry to say, noisy drunken people. I may also say that this is not peculiarly the case of the Bangodi. It is a very far-reaching evil. By the time we had entered upon our fourth hundred miles from the Congo, we had reached the Badinga country, and were able to buy food and firewood very cheaply and in great plenty.

‘Just previous to entering upon the fifth hundred miles we came to the junction of the Sankuru, and made our way up its stream for a couple of hours or so before continuing our journey up the Kasai. The people, Baileo, were very friendly ; though here, as elsewhere (excepting between the Congo and the Kwangu), we could only communicate by signs, and the information thus gained was, necessarily, of the scantiest. At the point where the course of the Kasai changes from the north to north-west, and about thirty miles before we came to the end of our voyage, it receives the Lulua, up which stream we proceeded as far as its junction with the Luebo.

‘From facts that came to my knowledge at Luebo Station, I have no doubt that the Kasai system of waterways will prove of more immediate importance to the State than even the Congo river itself ; for it has a ready-made commerce waiting for an outlet. Of the 5,000 miles of navigable waterway accessible from Stanley Pool, the Peace has now traversed 3,400. Of the remaining 1,600, the Sankuru and other streams which flow into the Kasai furnish fully 1,000, leaving a balance of about 600 for the Congo affluents, which as yet we have not visited.’

At Kwa Mouth Grenfell found his mails, but no accessions

to our staff which warranted the occupation of Lukolela Station. The stores for the station, which were already lying in the store-houses at Stanley Pool, had still to lie there. Grenfell turned up river from Kwa Mouth, bound for the Stanley Falls. He continues his narrative by saying :

‘The hostility which we encountered at so many points on our first voyage to Stanley Falls stands out in remarkable contrast to our four months’ experience during this last journey. At the Aruwimi, where then four hundred armed men came out to give chase to us, we were now able to go ashore and buy food, and also to get some of the natives to help our crew in wooding-up. The improved relationships with the natives made the constant work of wooding-up a much simpler matter than on our first voyage. We were also relieved from all trouble about food supplies, for at Bokumbi, a few miles beyond Bangala, on the other side of the river, we were able, in a few hours, to lay in such a stock of smoked cassava as not only sufficed to last us till we reached the Falls, but it held out till we had quite completed our voyage.

‘Another pleasing matter was the discovery that some of the long reaches, which we previously thought were uninhabited and uninhabitable, were in reality fairly well peopled, and afforded many opportunities for future development. What we took to be nothing but a great swamp, turns out to be in some places but a narrow fringe of low-lying country, which separates the river from the good land a little distance at the back.

‘On our previous visit to the Falls Station we found the place dominated by the Arabs, and the State establishment only existing by their sufferance. The natives, recognizing the Arabs to be the stronger, were, of course, loyal to them, and disloyal to the State ; but just as the strong measures resorted to by the authorities on the river have resulted in the peaceful attitude of the people, so the show of force and of independence at the Falls has secured the allegiance of many of the disaffected. The Arabs themselves can scarcely be afraid of the force which might be opposed to them, but

they are evidently restrained from dealing in the same high-handed manner as before—we suppose, by diplomatic action at Zanzibar.

‘The matter of the languages spoken on the banks of the river is one of the most important to which we can direct our attention in these early voyages. During this journey a collection of fifteen hundred new words was made. At present there is no native of the Pool district who knows enough of English, or even of Kongo, to act as our interpreter up river ; so that our means of communication are of the slightest. There is much sheer hard work at the languages to be done, before we can hope to do much direct mission work among the people. We are only just beginning to understand where the language divisions occur ; but we hope that it will not be long before we have such a general idea as will plainly indicate the best lines upon which to work.’

There was a little journey of further exploration of the Kwangu river made in the end of 1886, but the exploratory stage of the work was now practically at an end. Some of our friends thought that there had been too much of exploration, not realizing how very important it was that we should thoroughly know the district in which we were to work, before we decided where our stations were to be placed. We had first to find where the people were, and then to take the Gospel to them. People were found at Lukolela, and it was early decided to build there, as well as at one or two other places ; but the men to do the work were not forthcoming.

During the delay in occupation thus enforced, Grenfell kept in touch with these places by occasional visits, and completed the explorations. He carefully charted the whole river, and the navigable reaches of its affluents. Even the network of channels between the islands of the great river was traced out during the many journeys, until all are known and figure on the charts. Grenfell’s great chart of the river from Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, to the Stanley Falls is on the scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to 100 yards (practically a mile to the inch). The sheets of the chart when laid out are 125 feet long, and this of the main river only. Hour after hour of

those long journeys Grenfell stood behind his prismatic compass, taking the bearings of point after point as they appeared; estimating from time to time the speed of the steamer, and correcting all the work, as occasion offered, by astronomical observations. When the steamer was running, his food had to be brought to him; unless in some straighter run towards a more distant point, he could slip away to the table for a few minutes. The result of it all is the series of careful charts of the whole wide region, which form the basis of the cartography of the Congo basin. When Grenfell reached home in 1887, the Royal Geographical Society awarded to him their gold medal for the year, for his great exploratory work, and the additions which he had made to the knowledge of the geography of Africa.



A FETISH

CHAPTER III

NEW STATIONS ON THE UPPER RIVER: 1886-90.

‘In this blessed enterprise we must, of course, expect trials, disappointments, sickness, and death. No great enterprise is ever accomplished without such experiences. Let Christians at home clearly understand this, and instead of wringing their hands and growing faint-hearted when they hear of death, and what they often call disaster, let them regard all such providences as fresh calls to duty, and fresh inspiration to more unselfish service.’—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

IN preparation for the forward work on the upper river, stores and goods for the establishment of three new stations were sent out to the Congo in 1885. Everything necessary to build the houses was provided, tools, nails, window-sashes, barter, everything, down to slates and slate-pencils for the schools. All these stores were worked up country, and in June, 1886, they had safely reached our Arthington station at Stanley Pool.

When we built our station at Leopoldville, we were thankful indeed for the site given to us by Mr. Stanley. It was the best, indeed the only, spot on which we could have built in those wild early days. The position had its advantages, but also its difficulties. The station was 200 feet above the river; it was very far to fetch the water; and a long weary climb in the hot sun, whenever there was occasion to descend to the steamer, or to inspect the plantation work in the gardens along the shore. The loose dry sand on the top of the hill could not be utilized for garden ground. We could but feel too that we were in the way of the Government Station. Mr. Stanley had acted very generously towards us in giving us the site, but the Govern-

ment were at this time wishing to build some houses on the hill beside us. Nothing was said to us to the effect that we were in the way ; the land had been given, and they accepted the situation of affairs, but we could not fail to see that our presence, where we were, was a difficulty.

This and other considerations made us wish to find some more convenient site. About a mile and a half beyond Kallina Point and a mile from Kinshasa was the highest point on the south-western shore of the Pool. This site was finally selected, and the State authorities were willing to exchange it for the ground that Stanley had accorded to us. The grass houses which we had built would soon require to be re-roofed, and as we had erected no permanent buildings, the transfer was a simple matter. Accordingly the new buildings were commenced, and when the Peace went up river in February, Biggs took charge of the building operations. A house for Grenfell was erected, and other buildings and stores.

The dry season of 1886 had well set in by the middle of June, and for a fortnight the men had been busy clearing away the long grass from around the station at Leopoldville. This work was complete, with the exception of a small patch on the north side of the station. Mr. Glenesk, of the American Baptist Mission, very kindly lent their steamer the Henry Reed to carry up several loads of building material to the new Arthington station. On June 24 Mr. Glenesk was taking his steamer round to Kinshasa to cut grass for thatching the houses which he was building, and offered to take up another load for us. Whitley loaded her with iron sheets, wooden doors and windows, and a few of Grenfell's boxes, and went up with them, taking with him six men to unload the steamer. He left the station in charge of Shaw, the Sierra Leone carpenter, an intelligent and trustworthy man. Four men and two boys remained with him.

While Whitley was away with the loads, some native boys fired the grass far away to the west of the station ; the jungle burnt fiercely, and the fire swept along to the north

side of the station, and burnt the patch of jungle which had been left, threatening a fowl-house. Shaw called the men who were left, and with branches of the bushes they managed to beat out the advanced edge of the fire. When that danger was over, they turned to go away, and found that sparks from the burning jungle had fallen on one of the stores. They called for assistance, and began to drag out the contents of the store. The Zanzibaris of the Government saw the fire, and ran up to help. Baron von Nimptsch, the Administrator General, rendered all the help in his power, and sent 140 Kaffirs who had recently arrived. The fire swept from store to store, until only the two dwelling-houses on the top of the hill were saved. Measures were at once taken to stop the fire, which was advancing toward the Government Station; these were successful.

The loss was very great. All the stores accumulated in readiness for the three new upper river stations were destroyed, as well as the Arthington Station stores, duplicate parts of the Peace, and her stores of oil, paint, &c., and most of the personal belongings of Grenfell, Whitley, Charters, Biggs, Davies, and myself. It was estimated that the loss would not be covered for less than £3,000; further careful consideration showed that £4,000 was necessary to replace all that had been consumed. The news was telegraphed home, and letters giving the details were published in the September *Herald*, with an appeal for help to replace the burnt stores. Our friends nobly responded to the appeal; in less than two months more than four thousand pounds were sent in to the Mission House, with letters expressing deep sympathy, and urging the Society to push forward the work with all energy. The total sum which was raised in response to the appeal was £5,943! Our mission had indeed taken a deep hold on the hearts of our friends throughout the country. We knew it before, but now we realized it fully, and were not a little encouraged. We regarded this ready generosity as a magnificent vote of confidence.

Grenfell returned from the upper river the day after the fire, to learn that we were thrown terribly back. The trans-

port had been running well, so the goods ordered were promptly to hand. All the oil for the engines was burnt; a good stock was out, and none was even on order. For nearly a year the engines had to be run with palm oil. This oil is a most unsuitable lubricant, for it is rich in acids and resin; it eats the brasses, and makes a bright green froth in a short time. Later on it was found that an excellent oil is made from the nuts of a species of raphia palm, and much is used now for machinery. In 1886 that discovery had not been made, and there was nothing but the ordinary Elais palm oil.

Everything from the ruins which was of any use was shifted by steamer to the new station at Kinshasa, and now the only trace of our station at Leopoldville is a large tree on the top of the hill, which was once one of the posts of the porch of one of the dwelling-houses. The clumps of bamboo which are now so common at Stanley Pool were derived from our old garden, from a slip which I brought from Loango in 1882. There were no bamboos on the upper river before that.

In June, 1886, Miss Spearing arrived to join our staff, and undertook the school work at Stanley Pool. Dr. Seright came out at the same time as a medical officer to the mission; but he suffered so much from fever that in three months he returned to England. The Society was desirous of securing another medical man in Dr. Seright's place, but was unable to do so.

The transport service of the mission was giving trouble at this time. The natives in the neighbourhood of Wathen Station could not be induced, in any numbers, to carry from Underhill to Wathen. They would carry from Wathen to the Pool, but they would not face the stony hills toward Underhill. The difficulty was solved by our building a transport post on some ground belonging to the American Mission at Lukungu. After some months of personal superintendence by Silvey, Thomas Comber's personal boy, William Mantu Parkinson, was placed in charge of the recruitment of carriers for the mission, and rendered very good service for ten years.

His baptism, in March, 1886, has been already referred to. The transport was always a great difficulty, owing to the competition of the State, the trading houses, and the other missions. The demand for carriers was much greater than the supply; and although the supply was eventually largely increased, the demand increased also. The railway has now made an end to the difficulty in the Congo State; but until that happy solution was effected the trouble was acute.

In September, 1886, the *Peace* started with Davies and Richards to found the new station at Lukolela. Whitley and Charters were in charge of the steamer. They took with them such tools and nails as had been found in the ruins of the fire, and very scanty stores. On their way up they ascended the Kwa river, and visited Lake Leopold, but found the natives very wild. Davies became ill of fever, and as they returned to the Congo, became worse. They all felt that he was not fit to be left at a new station, so returned with him to the Pool. Biggs took his place on the steamer, and they started once more on November 1. At Kwa Mouth there were two Roman Catholic missions established, one on either bank of the river at its mouth. On the south side was the station of the Scheut Fathers, and on the north that of the Algerian White Fathers. The White Fathers have now another field allotted to them, and the Scheut Fathers occupy the site which once belonged to the White Fathers. Food was very scarce, and much difficulty was experienced in victualling the crew. The river, too, was very high, and in consequence it was often difficult to find wood for the steamer.

On November 13, 1886, they reached Lukolela. The State Station had been abandoned as quite unnecessary. The natives were very glad to see their missionaries, and accorded them a hearty welcome. They doubtless recognized that their advent opened to them a source of cotton cloth, looking-glasses, knives, and brass wire, practically inexhaustible. Before nightfall a clearing had been made, and the troop of monkeys who had been in possession ran off into the forest.

Next morning, old Mangaba the chief came. He was very friendly, and made large promises of help and food; he seemed to be very glad that at last we had come. He sold two native huts, which were soon pulled down, transported, and re-erected on our site. Two men and a boy engaged themselves to serve on the steamer. After staying five clear days at Lukolela, the steamer returned, and left Richards and Biggs to their struggle with the first difficulties.

On September 26 I arrived at Banana with my wife and four new colleagues: Graham and Phillips, who were to be



W. HOLMAN BENTLEY AND MRS. BENTLEY

stationed at San Salvador; Shindler, who was to stay at Underhill; and Darby, who was to go to Lukolela to release Biggs, so that he might return to Arthington, his station. With us came also Miss Seed, who was to be married in about three months to Darling, who was in charge at Underhill. Miss Seed went to stay at the American Mission at Mpalabala. I had prepared the Congo Dictionary for the press; the English-Kongo section was all printed, and I brought out a few advance copies of it bound. Only part of the Kongo-English section was printed; proofs of the rest

were to be sent after me by the next mail. The Grammar was not written.

We stayed a week or two at Underhill, and as soon as carriers came, my wife and I started up country with Darby. We had to stay some time at Wathen with the Combers, because food was so scarce at Arthington, that until some cases of food came our advent would mean starvation all round. The transport was running very badly, and the fire had made such havoc that it was impossible to supply the station wants.

The station buildings at Wathen in 1887 have all disappeared now. Comber was busy making bricks, and the foundations of a large brick house were laid. A school of twenty boys lived on the station. The station house was of clay (wattle and daub), and so were the stores. Thomas Comber had always a good audience when he went into the town of Ngombe, which was ten minutes distant, and the people were very friendly. When we had been there a fortnight, Philip Davies came from Stanley Pool to Wathen, to make that station his home.

After a while we were able to move on to Stanley Pool, and reached Arthington on November 25. A fortnight after Grenfell and I started in the Peace to explore the Kwangu river. My wife came with us, and Darby, and Dr. Mense, a German doctor in the service of the State, who had been very kind to us. We hoped to find the Kwangu navigable to the latitude of San Salvador, and perhaps extend our operations in that direction later on.

We ascended the Congo to Kwa Mouth, then up the Kwa. As far as the mouth of the Kasai the natives were friendly, but as soon as we entered unexplored water we had to exercise care. Presently we reached the country of the Bangulu-ngulu, and the known languages failed. We had with us a bright Teke boy from the Pool, but he could not understand the people. At most places those people were inclined to be hostile; they came down to their 'beaches' fully armed, and would not allow us to go near to them. We had to lower the arrow-guards, and keep a sharp look-out.

At one or two places they were friendly, and sold us food. After several days, towards sundown we saw some fishermen, and shouted to them in the known languages. To our joy, they replied in Kongo, *Mbazi mene!* ('to-morrow'). In the morning we found that the people understood Kongo, and spoke like the San Salvador people.

Next afternoon we found a 'beach,' and a number of the Bakundi, who speak Kongo. They said that their towns were on the hills, so we started off with some of the local natives to visit the towns. The people were very friendly; we had some interesting talks with them, and passed through several towns. When the sun was low we returned, and on reaching the steamer the natives bade us good night and went away, promising to return in the morning early, before we started. We had our evening meal, and at eight o'clock called the boys for evening prayer. I had brought with me a collapsible harmonium which packed very snugly; this was set up, and we commenced to sing a hymn. Before we had sung through the first verse the bank was thronged with armed natives. We had no idea that there was any one about, for they had all gone up to their towns. They had evidently been suspicious of us, and had returned fully armed, and hidden in the scrub which lined the banks. For fear of leopards, and because there was no sandbank to sleep upon, all our boys were on board the steamer or the Plymouth, which she towed full of wood, so no one discovered that we were ambushed. Without knowing it, we had been closely watched. There was no cleaning of guns on the steamer, nor any signs of a night raid on the towns, so their suspicions were partly set at rest, and the hymn-singing brought them out. They were perfectly silent; we could see that, whatever had been intended, it was then only curiosity and amazement, so we continued our hymn as if nothing had happened. We followed it with two or three more, then a portion of Scripture, a few appropriate remarks, a prayer, and two more hymns. A hundred silent heads watched and listened. They could hear and understand all, and the little service was adapted to the circumstances.

When all was finished it was nearly nine o'clock ; so we sent the boys to bed, or rather to their mats, and bade the natives 'good night'—*Nda leki kiambote*—'sleep well.' They replied, and went away to their towns satisfied that we were strange, but harmless beings. In the morning they were down, a few of them, to see us again before we started. This was their first contact with white men.

On a steamer, wood is the great daily anxiety. From four o'clock in the afternoon, the banks are eagerly scanned for a large dead tree. When at length one is found, it is of a suitable quality if the small twigs at the very top of the tree have been blown away. Two or three men land, and examine it. If the report is satisfactory, the steamer is moored, the fires are drawn, and the steam blown off. All the crew land ; the scrub round is cleared, and the tree is cut down with a cross-cut saw. Care must be taken that it does not fall over the steamer or into the river ; but there is not often a chance of that. The tree being felled, the scrub is cleared, to allow of work along the tree. Several cross-cut saws are brought, and the tree cut into sections of about two feet. The sections are brought to the bank, and riven with large axes and steel wedges. The tree should be in size like some great elm, so there is plenty of work to do ; it may be two or three o'clock in the morning before it is all cut up, riven into suitable chunks for the furnace, and stowed on the steamer.

Great care must be taken on the part of the look-out, for entire trees sometimes drift down river, and ground, the underpart of the branches lying buried in the sand. Much of the wood which grows beside the Congo is too heavy to float, it sinks like iron. Sometimes even in a deep channel one of the sunken grounded trees lies fixed, with strong sharp branches near the surface of the water ; there may not be even a ripple to mark its presence, but if the steamer were to touch one of the branches, it would penetrate her plates at once. Palm trees sometimes drift down, and the root part gets grounded ; the head of the palm slopes away down stream, under the water. Such palms are very

strong, and they would either lift the steamer out of the water as she ran upon it, or go through her plates, and stick up in the penetrated section.

The river was very broad and shallow in some places—wide wastes of water—but over the greater part of that portion which we were able to explore the river flowed in a gorge, the banks in some places being 1,000 feet high. We saw elephants once in a grassy glade; footmarks of buffaloes, antelopes, and hogs, were often seen; hippos were very common. As we were the first comers, they were not at all shy; we killed and landed two hippos and cut them up. In some places we found banks of large empty oyster shells, some eight inches across. The river wound about, making great doubles upon itself, and often a day's steaming brought us very little further south. In 1880 Major von Mechow put an iron boat on the Kwangu, at a point 100 miles south of the latitude of San Salvador, and descended northward for nearly 200 miles, as far as the rapids of Kingunzi, which he considered to be passable at high water. It was high water when we were there, and we hoped that we should be able to pass the barrier. In that case we might have put a station on the river, and transported most of our loads for the upper river to the Kwangu, and so to the upper river, instead of by the usual caravan route, which at that time had practically failed.

Von Mechow had ascertained the height of the Kwangu at Kingunzi, and as there was a difference of some 300 feet between that and the level of the water at Stanley Pool, we feared that we should find a great fall somewhere on the way, and anxiously glanced along the reaches as we rounded point after point. The whole distance from Stanley Pool to Kingunzi proved to be 400 miles—150 miles from the confluence with the Kasai. After many days Grenfell took an observation of the height of the river above the sea, at the point which we had reached, and found that we were well on towards von Mechow's level.

On the seventeenth day out, December 26, we reached Kingunzi. A low reef ran across the river, making only a small fall, but we could not make our way up it. The

Government is now engaged in making a passage past this obstacle, which will give access to another 200 miles of waterway on the Kwangu. There is already a small steamer on the upper reach. On our way up we passed two large affluents coming in on the right bank, the Kwilu and the Wambu.

At one place an attempt was made to levy blackmail. We stopped one afternoon to fell and work up a dead tree for fuel. Just about sundown two men came in a canoe to demand toll. We told them that they were making a mistake ; white men and steamers do not pay toll, but if the chief liked to pay us a friendly visit we should be glad to see him. We endeavoured to make friends with them, but they had very inflated ideas as to themselves, and the rapidly growing darkness made them leave with threats that they would come and take their blackmail in the morning. We started early as usual, and expected that we had seen the last of the blusterers ; but as we rounded a point 100 yards above our anchorage a canoe put out with four men armed with guns. They demanded blackmail, and lay across our bows. The two whistles of the *Peace* shrieked their loudest, and the pet cocks puffed clouds of steam. There was an instant collapse in the canoe ; guns were dropped and paddles were seized and plied to their utmost, driving the canoe back stern first in their hurried flight. The *Peace* manœuvred towards them, the canoe was beached, the warriors jumped ashore almost one on the top of the other, and disappeared in the grass. Every one shrieked with laughter, and our crew chaffed their would-be assailants in an unsparing manner. It was a very droll escapade. Nothing of the kind was attempted on our return. We stayed a few hours at the Kingunzi rapids, and then started back to Stanley Pool, which we reached in a week. Grenfell left on January 5, 1887, to return to England ; and the *Peace* took up Darby and further supplies to Lukolela.

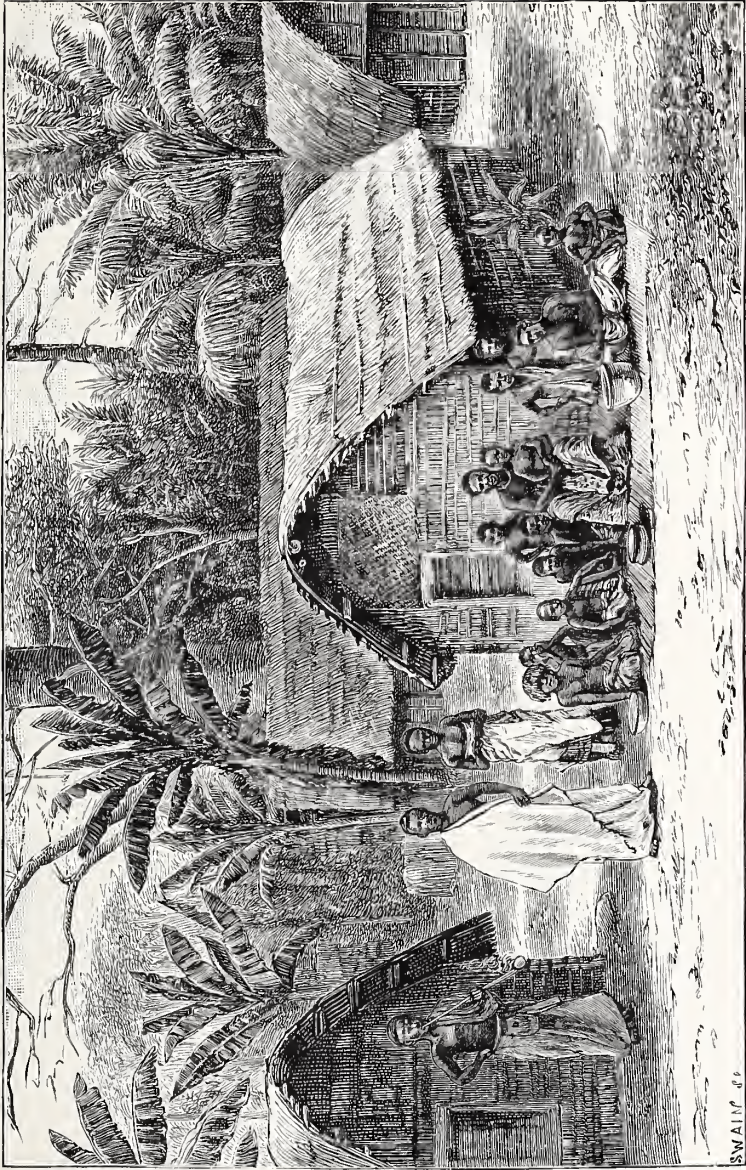
Food was a great difficulty at Stanley Pool during the first half of 1887, our own stores were practically exhausted ; we had only three or four tins of preserved provisions, and some

tins of brown cheesy condensed milk. Fowls and goats were very scarce and dear, so that we seldom could buy them. Occasionally we could buy fresh fish, but the staple food for the mission staff was smoked fish. They were caught and dried on skewers up river, and sold at the Pool by the Bayansi. They were very dry and black when we bought them, and very uninviting in appearance. They were often infested with great maggots, the pupae of some kind of beetle; these had to be knocked out, and the fish broken up and soaked; it could then be stewed. The bread stuff was cassava pudding, called by the Kongo-speaking natives *kwanga*. This we ate fried or roast before the fire. It was hard fare for ladies, but my wife and Miss Spearing bravely faced the difficulties.

I was busy writing the Grammar of the Kongo language, but I had to do this when I could. The evening was the best time, but the mosquitoes were terrible. Often I have seen the walls of the room covered so thickly with resting mosquitoes, that a sharp blow with the hand would crush four or five anywhere, beside all those that were flying in the room. Their bite too was exceptionally painful. My wife made a curtain for a mosquito-proof room six feet by nine feet, and seven feet high; this covered my table, and if let down at four o'clock in the afternoon made writing at night no difficulty.

Arrangements were made for the starting of a school in the town of Kinshasa. Some boys said that they would come if it was held in the town, and old Nchulu, the chief, had no objection to raise. The town was twenty-five minutes' walk from the station; but we had two canoes and plenty of paddles so we decided to go by water every morning with the children of the station. The two canoes were lashed together, three feet apart, and Miss Spearing and the children came up with me. Twenty or thirty of the townsfolk promised to attend regularly, and the school commenced in a most encouraging manner in old Nchulu's courtyard.

We made up three classes, and many of the townsfolk and Bayansi strangers came to look on and listen. We were



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really teaching more than the pupils in the classes, for the onlookers, many of them, learned the letters themselves ; and when a pupil forgot a letter, some one outside the circle of learners would suggest it to him. My knowledge of Kiteke—the town language—was not great, but I was beginning to make headway in it. I taught the scholars and listeners the Lord's Prayer, and explained it before school. The numbers kept up very well, and good progress was made. Every day when our twin canoes arrived, there was a rush of willing helpers to carry up the chairs. Miss Spearing learned to steer, and enjoyed the daily water trip as much as the rest of us.

For a month the school went on swimmingly and happily, until one morning the scholars struck for pay. They said that they were not going to work unless they were paid for it. We asked them what work they meant. 'School, we are not coming to school any more unless you pay us!' We told them that we certainly should not pay any one to come to school ; we thought that it was but a passing whim, and that soon they would continue to come to us. On inquiring further as to the obstinate refusal to learn, they told us that they would not be outwitted by us. We were paid to teach them, and would get a large bonus per head as well if we could report a large school ; there was no reason why they should not share the bonus with us ; it was given us for the purpose, and we were defrauding them. We were astonished at the story they told, which quite accounted for their obstinacy. We inquired further as to who put such an idea into their heads, for it was no native notion, evidently ; we learned that a white engineer working in the service of a trading house near by had told the people this falsehood, and they thoroughly believed it.

We tried for several days to revive the school, but greedy old Nchulu had the idea fixed in his head, and there was no moving him. So the school which had given us such hopes was destroyed. School work in the town was resumed a year or so afterwards, but when a grass school-house had been put up, the State decided to build at Kinshasa, and our

school-house was built upon the fixed site. It could have been shifted, but the natives themselves left Kinshasa, and crossed to Impila, on the French side of the river, as the Kintambu people had done. In this way the Bateke returned to their own side of the river, and the State was disembarassed. They were very numerous, and did not produce nearly sufficient food for themselves, thus rendering it the more difficult to the State officers to get food for their soldiers and workpeople. It was a great disappointment to us to have so many natives leave the neighbourhood of our station. Now great plantations of coffee and tobacco mark the sites of what were once two great townships.

The food difficulty was very serious; almost our whole supply was derived from the north bank of the river. The French officer in charge at Brazzaville bought all the *kwanga* that was brought to his market, and very kindly allowed us to send over and buy from him as much as he could spare. At the end of March the Peace returned with Biggs, who was to remain at Arthington. The steamer had been up to Bangala, but they only brought back food for a day or two with them. The Peace required to be docked, for she needed paint, and the palm oil had done much mischief to her engines. She was put on her old slipway at Leopoldville, and while Charters worked at the engine fittings, Whitley attended to the painting and repairing of the hull.

On April 3 Charters and Whitley brought us over letters conveying the distressing news that Darling and Shindler had both died at Underhill within an hour of each other on March 9, 1887. Thomas Comber was there at the time, and had done his best to nurse them, but his efforts were unavailing. Shindler had caught a fever through exposure to the sun while attending to the unloading of a steamer, and was ill only three days. Darling was married to Miss Seed on January 14. On March 5, he had a fever which proved very obstinate; this was soon complicated with pyaemia, which brought about the fatal termination. Shindler had arrived with me only six months previously. Mrs. Darling (also my fellow passenger in coming out) after two months of happy

wedded life had to return to England a widow. Comber was greatly grieved and depressed at this double loss at the same time and place ; he was already overdone by the anxieties of the nursing. He wrote : ‘As to our loss, what can we say? At times I have felt like crying out with Gideon, “O my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?” But He has sent us to this work, and has promised us, “Certainly I will be with you.” We can but bow our heads to this blow, and say, “It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good. His way is in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known.”’ Comber escorted Mrs. Darling to the coast, and commended her to the captain of the home-going steamer. He then found a Portuguese steamer going to Mosamedes, so he took a sea-trip there and back of eighteen days. He wrote to his father :— ‘I am a little run down bodily and mentally, and need this little rest. What has happened has quite unhinged me.’

It was on Sunday, April 3, that Whitley and Charters brought us this sad news ; they found us in great anxiety. Miss Spearing had been very seriously ill for five days with hæmoglobinuric fever. The worst symptom had disappeared, and we were hoping that she would rally. This fever leaves the patient in a very weak and critical state ; for a fortnight at least great care is needed. We did not venture to tell her of the sad news which we had received ; she was in too weak a condition. She had taken a good amount of nourishment during her illness, but was very prostrate ; in the evening she passed away. Gentle, devoted, brave, and true, Grenfell well wrote of her :— ‘Through all her life and work there was ever manifest that devotion to duty, that quiet patience, that loving trust in Him who is over all, and that closeness of communion with the Divine, which deeply impressed all who knew her with the eminent and special saintliness of her character ; of a truth it may be said, “She walked with God.”’ In her last letter to Mr. Baynes, she wrote : ‘The work out here is very blessed. I love it intensely. Workers may die, but, thank God, the work will go on, and I cannot believe He will permit it to languish

or go back. Do not, I pray you, dear Mr. Baynes, be discouraged. There is a bright and blessed future for the Congo Mission. I am quite confident of this.'

News reached us that Mr. Stanley had arrived at Banana in command of a great expedition for the relief of Emin Bey; he had with him 700 men and several white officers. About April 18, 1887, we received a letter from him, announcing his approach with a large number of men. In view of the great difficulty that there would be in finding food for them all, he expressed the hope that we would lend him the Peace, and help him to get away up river as soon as possible. The Peace had only taken up scanty supplies to Lukolela in January; we knew that Richards and Darby were badly in need of further supplies: at the same time the departure of Stanley was a matter of the highest importance to all at the Pool. We were on the verge of starvation as it was; what would happen with 700 more mouths to fill we did not know. There was great point in his urgency, and in consultation with my colleagues we felt that we had better lend the steamer. In writing Stanley to this effect, we told him of the grave difficulty which we felt in making the loan; we feared that something might happen to prejudice the character of the Peace, and we sought an assurance that he would see that the Peace was in no way mixed up in fighting or in punitive acts. He replied, giving his word of honour that this stipulation of ours should be faithfully observed.

On April 19 Stanley reached Leopoldville, and early next morning I went to see him. When he learned the state in which the Peace then was, he was very annoyed. He was suspicious that we had pulled the engines to pieces, so as to unfit her for service, and thus avoid the loan of her. I assured him that there was no such idea in our minds, and told him of the fire, and its disastrous results. I told him to send his own engineers to examine and report. We believed that the Peace would be ready in ten days; but if she could be made ready earlier by any help that he could accord, we should be very glad. He was very vexed at this, and asked what his 700 men were to live on for ten days.

We could only regret that facts were as they were. The engineers reported that our estimate was a very fair one. An hour later Stanley said that if any disaster befell the expedition through the delay, it would be laid to the account of the Baptist Missionary Society.

Shortly after starting, the *Peace* met with a serious accident. Stanley was on board of her; she was towing a large and heavy lighter. Just in front of Kinshasa there are two rocky islands, between which a very strong current flows. The *Peace* had nearly struggled with her lighter through the strong water, when she began to fail. The current almost swept her on to the rocky point at the head of the lower island. Whitley promptly let go the anchor, which held, and made her swing clear of the rocks. When she had finished swinging, the drag of the chain was so great in the strong current, that it nearly pulled her bow under the water. Whitley ordered full speed ahead, and in the nick of time cut the chain with an axe. The helm was put hard over, but it snapped in two, and the steamer was no longer governable. She swung round, and headed for the shore, and the great peril was passed. On examination of the fracture, it was found that if two strong plates were bolted on either side, the rudder might yet serve until a new one could arrive out. Charters and Whitley hurried over to Leopoldville, and, working all day and night, they were back at Kinshasa before dawn with the rudder mended. Next day the *Peace* was lightened by making the crowd of people, who were on her and on the lighter, walk beyond the two islands, and she was able to pass through the strong water. Stanley and his men then went on board, and so the expedition started off again. The *Peace* did not travel well for some distance, until Charters managed to arrange something in the steam-chest; then she went much better. He also rendered signal assistance to the expedition, when the largest steamer ran upon a snag, which penetrated the plates, and stuck up inside. The snag was cut away, and a new plate riveted over the hole. Stanley kept his promise, and there was nothing whatever to prejudice the *Peace's* character.

Tipu-tib was away from Stanley Falls when the fighting occurred between the Arabs and the State. Stanley, before returning to the Congo this time, went round to Zanzibar, and induced Tipu-tib to go back to Stanley Falls by way of the west coast, and to serve the State as District Commissioner at the Falls; thus restoring the State's influence and authority without further bloodshed. Tipu-tib called on us when in camp near Arthington. His interpreter informed us that 'Mr. Tipu-tib, he been a very bad man, wicked too much; but he has changed, and become religious; he is getting old. If a man does not turn religious at fifty years of age, when will he?' We all felt that it was high time. There are many men who might take 'Mr. Tipu-tib's' advice in this matter. May some who have been uninfluenced by other voices for fifty years weigh the question propounded by the Mohammedan slaver!

I finished the writing of the *Kongo Grammar* three weeks before Stanley came; when his expedition had gone up river, I was free for an itineration which I had long wanted to make. I was feeling out of sorts, and needed a change, so I started on June 4 on a missionary tour south and east of Stanley Pool.

Before I went home on furlough such a trip would not have been possible. Since my return there had been so much change and hard work at Arthington, and when the Peace was away only one was at the station, so the itineration was not practicable. These difficulties were then removed, and the people had become used to hearing of white men, so a fitting time had arrived.

The first town visited was Lemba, where resided Makoko, one of the most important chiefs of the neighbourhood. Makoko was very cordial, and wanted to know why it had been so long before we paid him a visit. I soon explained that, however. I had been very curious as to what sort of man this great chief might be, and the town of which I had so often heard. Rounding the side of a house, I came in sight of a man sitting on a mat on the ground, a log of wood before him. The guide told me that he was Makoko. We smiled

and shook hands. I sat down in the shade near to him, and managed the first compliments. The hair of his head had been clean shaved four or five days previously, and had slightly grown since. On his head was a small, dirty skull-cap, of pineapple fibre, edged with a strip of red list. His face had been anointed a day or two before with palm oil, then sprinkled with powdered cam-wood, and after this splashed with water. He appeared as if his face had been greased and then exposed to charcoal dust from the funnel of an engine. His dark blue loin-cloth was very dusty. Altogether, royalty was not very impressive. He did not know that I was coming.

For the last half-hour I had been feeling very unwell ; my eyes burning, and slight headache warned me of fever. Very seldom have I been ill on a journey. Only four or five times can I recall a fever when travelling. All necessary medicines were with me. I lay down for an hour in the house lent to me, but the people wanted to see me, and grumbled at my seclusion. Although I felt unwell, I got up and walked round the town with the chief's son and some other lads. It was large for an African town, and was composed of a number of clusters of houses, separated by a few yards of jungle. The chief's enclosure, for instance, consisted of twelve or thirteen houses radiating from the centre of a clear circular court about forty yards across, one house being larger than the rest. He used to have fifteen wives, but three were dead ; he, however, seriously thought of bringing up the establishment to the original number. His children had been sixteen sons and two daughters.

The town was composed of such clusters, ranging from four to eight houses each. I passed through a great number of these groups of houses. In one of the first, the people felt awkward, and did not know what to do or say. A little boy was very frightened, so I sat down near to his father to soothe these fears, and we were soon chatting together as best we could. The people were Bambunu, and their language differed a good deal from Kongo ; but many Congo

traders had been to the town, so that simple matters were fairly understood. After a little we resumed our tour of the town. As we neared one compound, the head of the household called out that he knew nothing of my business, so the boys who were piloting me about said, 'Let us go away, he does not want you.' Some conservative souls think that the advent of white men is an unmixed evil. Without a word, I followed the boys elsewhere. No one else was in any way discourteous; most were very pleased at the visit.

While wandering in the town a boy came smiling up, 'Do not know me, Ngèleze (English).' I could see some familiar features in the face, but it was fully three years since I had seen him. 'I remember you, but what is your name?' 'Manjele. Do you not remember, I used to teach you Kiteke at Kintambu?' Then I recollected the boy who used to hobble up the hill with his bejiggered toes, and give me words. Manjele joined my pilots, and soon an old mate was coming towards us. 'Mpeo!' shouted Manjele, 'here's Bendele.' Mpeo asked if I knew him. I remembered the face, and of course knew his name, for it had just been mentioned. He was delighted at the recognition. The old friendships with such boys are not forgotten by them, and always give us a special influence over them.

On returning we found that three fowls had been bought. We had tried in the town, but prices were too high; they were not satisfactory either in the case of those bought. The chief's son interfered and got back three brass rods, and gave one to the seller of one fowl which was too cheaply sold. Such interference indicated a very kindly and just feeling.

I was now in a fairly high fever, so was glad to get into the house, and lie down again. My fevers run such a simple course, that I did not fear any evil result from walking into the town.

Very soon after I lay down, the chief came in to see me, bringing a calabash of palm-wine, and a lot of friends and retainers who filled the house. I declined to drink, but it was all with such good intent that I would not ask them to go. They honoured me in what is considered a most proper

style. Had I cleared them out, they would have considered me proud and ungracious, and much harm would have been done.

Makoko made quite a state ceremony of drinking palm wine. First, he rubbed his finger on the ground, and made a dusty line round his waist, then from his throat to the line ; he took off his girdle to which his knife was attached (a wise precaution before incurring any risk of drunkenness). As he raised the cup to his lips, a man sang an ode fitting to the occasion, Makoko occasionally suggesting themes to be brought into the song. Each time he partook of the wine, which was rather frequently, some one sang a song.

Mrs. Makoko was by his side, and when her turn came to drink no one paid much attention, so Makoko asked whether they did not sing whilst his wife was drinking. At once a song was started. The calabash contained a good quantity, and we chatted between times, Makoko resting his back against my travelling bed. Sometimes he felt my hot hand, to see if the fire in my body was lessening. He suggested that when he was gone I should have a wash in cold water to cool me. When they did go, I found that my temperature was going down, so I took a good dose of quinine, and arranged things for the night. The next morning there was no fever, but I felt just a little bit shaky. Makoko was glad to find my hand cool.

There was no arranging any preaching. The people had never heard of such a thing as massing themselves to listen to God's palaver ; I did not even try. Anything like that takes time, and much greater intimacy than one journey could bring about. Instead, I tried to find opportunities for talk, and five or six times during the day I talked to Makoko and those who were about. Most of the talk in broken Kongo, interspersed with Kiteke ; and when that failed, I appealed to the interpreter. I was thus able to give Makoko a good idea of our errand and the blessed message we brought. He hoped that we should soon come again, and I told him to expect my colleagues before long, and many visits. I was going up the river, but should not like to have gone without visiting him.

Makoko had visited San Salvador, and stayed with the king a long time ago.

The interpreter and guide was Masanda, a Muteke from Kinshasa, who had been for some time in the employment of our friend and neighbour, Mr. A. Greshoff, of the Dutch Trading Company. He willingly lent me his man, who knew the country well, and spoke good Kongo. Masanda persuaded me to extend my journey, and to visit Nga Nkari, a great chief of the Bamfunu, who lived east of Stanley Pool. Their tattoo is like that of the Bateke, the face being scored with fine cicatrices about one-eighth of an inch apart. He assured me that the town would not be more than two good days from Lemba.

Accordingly, I sent a message to Arthington, and started again on the extended journey. Going down a long steady slope, and across the plain eastward, we came to the Jidi river. Beside it was the town of Jidi, Ngwa Lulala's. A number of Bayansi traders from the upper river ascended the river so far to trade with the Lemba people, and the Bakongo came there to buy from them. We did not enter the town, but passed on to two Bayansi colonies, a little lower down. The first people were agreeable, but the second asked us not to go on to them. Bakuti, the chief, was a huge fellow, over six feet high, and thick-set even out of proportion to his height, his face marked with small-pox. I had often seen him at Kinshasa. The river was fifty yards wide, and four feet deep, with a swift current and sandy bottom. We must have been four or five miles from its mouth. Some of the men waded, but I crossed by canoe. Two miles further on we crossed a very small stream, and entered Kimbangu. This little stream, a yard or two wide, affords a navigable waterway from Stanley Pool to Kimbangu, a distance of about three miles.

The Bayansi were in the habit of pushing their canoes along through the papyrus and grass, which almost meets over them, and they mustered in good numbers at Kimbangu. The chief, Mongadi, was a Mumbunu; he was pleased to be thus visited, and was very agreeable. I took

lunch in the town, and walked about to see the people. There were swarms of children, many of whom were slaves. It was a large town, but I did not feel sure as to the distance to be traversed, so pushed on five and a half miles further to Mikunga. The chief was away selling ivory, and no one knew what to do, or cared to talk, so I took up the last *Baptist Magazine* and read. Two or three wanted to see the book, so I showed them the portrait of Dr. Maclaren. They were greatly astonished ; it looked like a real face, but yet it was a book. Others came, and we very soon were on a pleasanter footing. There were a good number of the Bayansi there. The houses of their colony crowded together at the head of a little creek, which affords another waterway through the grass from Stanley Pool.

These Bayansi came down in such numbers from the upper river that they became a very important factor in the population of all the Pool-side towns. Keen traders, brave, hardy, and enterprising, they might soon have become masters of the situation about there, if the white men had not come.

Mikunga was a large township. We stayed at the Mbanza, or chief town, and secured the chief of one of the suburbs as guide for the next stage.

Our road led us inland eastward. After two hours we came to a place to which, our guide told us, Nga Nkari, the chief of the Bamfunu, came every three years to receive tribute from all the towns on that side of the Jidi, including Kimbangu and Mikunga and some distance inland. A little further on we came to the first town of the Bamfunu. Here the people, language, houses, and style of life had all changed ; they were quiet folk living in small villages scattered widely apart among the hills.

Halting at noon, we had to fetch our water from Mpieme, half an hour distant. Presently some Bamfunu came down the hill. They were coming from Nga Nkari's, and were conducting a man whose neck was fast in a forked stick, the end of which was attached to the wrist of his leader. It was the first time I had seen the 'fork' used. I first felt sick

at the sight, then angry, then asked, 'Why, what were they going to do with the man?' They said that some people in one of the quiet little towns recently passed had captured one of Nga Nkari's people. They retaliated by catching another man of that town, and now they were going to exchange captives, and so settle the palaver. It was not so bad, then, after all.

Climbing the hill next morning, we crossed the plateau for two and a half hours without a sight of water, or a likely



A PRISONER OF WAR

place for it even, the level of underground springs being 500 feet at least below us. From the point reached we could see Bwende, and our guide indicated the road to the spring whence the townfolk obtained water—nearly an hour's walk each way! After crossing a deep valley we reached Bwende, a small village in a dense forest. From Bwende the road wound about on the edge of the forest for a while, then we entered it and descended a strange ridge, on either side very steep and densely wooded; the ridge down which our path

lay was often not more than ten feet wide, sometimes less. Forest everywhere; what we could be coming to, it was impossible to tell. The ridge led us up a little to the summit of another descent. Trees had fallen across the path, and sometimes the men had to put their loads on the ground, crawl under a tree and drag their load after them, the undergrowth being too thick to allow us to pass round the obstacle. Presently we came to daylight, and emerged on a narrow ridge. On one side a steep forest slope, on the other a grand sight—a gorge, 900 feet deep, and half a mile wide, extending far into the plateau; the blackest forest everywhere in it, and on its sides, except a cliff of gleaming white sand of about 200 feet in height, commencing from about 500 feet up. In front lay the beautiful valley of the Ntsele, flanked on either side by the plateau, 1,100 feet above the river. On the opposite plateau was Nga Nkari's; much forest everywhere. Behind we saw Bwende village perched on the edge of a precipice almost perpendicularly over the cañon.

The Ntsele valley is about five miles wide, 1,100 feet deep. The river, a swift stream, about thirty yards wide, no sounding at six feet. The bridge consisted of a rope of liana from one side to an overhanging tree; two others were suspended one above the other, and connected with the undermost by a web of lianas. To cross it the passenger faced the web and clung to it, progressing sideways. When I crossed I was knee-deep in the swift water, feeling my way carefully along the rope.

The ascent to the opposite plateau occupied an hour and a quarter—a very steep climb. The slopes on both sides were cleared in many places, plantations of Indian corn and manioc of hundreds of acres. The plateau near Nga Nkari's is not broken by gorges, and stretches eastward far away beyond the horizon. After flanking the valley for an hour, we drew near to the town. It was a fine old town; there were many great trees, and broad, clean paths. Soon we came to an avenue, midway in which sat a man on leopard skins with a number of people before him engaged in some palaver. We passed him and went on to his compound without speaking.



THE NTSELE VALLEY

Nga Nkari soon rose from the palaver and came near us. His two beautiful leopard skins were spread, every one sat on the ground, and when all was still, Nga Nkari sat down. Then a long awkward pause. Some one came and shook hands. Others followed suit; and then the heir-apparent; he had a broad stripe of yellow ochre down his forehead. Then Nga Nkari rose and came forward, and I stood up to shake hands with him. He was a little nervous, his hands trembled. After this we took our seats and examined each other. He was a tall, well-made man; he had a long face, grey hair, and was wearing a good cloth edged with red list; his bearing was dignified; a more chief-like man was not often met with.

After arranging about a house, he came to chat, and again after dinner. For the last two days we were in country where no white man had ever been, so that everything about me was wonderful. They were astonished at matches, the stick which took fire when it was rubbed; a candle, the fire that burnt and burnt without consuming its fuel. 'What oil? what is it?' they asked. 'Palm oil.' They looked at each other, as much as to say, 'He does not like to tell us, and so says that it is palm oil; we know it cannot be that. Perhaps it is human fat. Who knows what these dreadful white men do!' We are believed to be cannibals by many folk. They would watch a candle burning by the hour together; to them it was a miracle of nature. My compass, watch, boots, clothes, blankets, in fact everything, was marvellous. The next day I walked about the town, but could not talk to the people, or they understand me, except by interpreter. I learned that they had communications with the Kwangu river, and with the Bakundi people. The road was that by which I entered the town. The people had no markets, and there was not much trade and inter-communication in consequence; due also, I fear, to mutual distrust and greed. I should think, though, that these Bamfunu are the material for a fine people in the future.

I could not do much talking, for the interpreter only spoke Kiteke. I tried several times to get them to understand

something more fully about us and our message; but the uninterested look and inattention showed that little was fully understood. However, we made friends, and liked each other. They showed their town, explained the weaving of mats and their own wonders to me. Nga Nkari wanted me to stop, for there was no beer ready. I did not want beer, nor could I stay. They evidently intended to have their beer notwithstanding, for they fetched a great basket of malted maize from the house, and in the afternoon ten women ranged themselves beside a long trough, and pounded it with pestles six feet long, laughing and chatting, singing and dancing; some with the baby tied behind them, shaken and shocked by every blow of the pestle; none the worse for it, though. Two women sifted the malt meal by pouring it in a heap, and taking away the large pieces which rolled furthest away from the centre. Next day they would brew, and then a carousal.

Most people had something to do: basket making, mat weaving, cane splitting, house repairs, hoe handles, hair trimming, gun cleaning, or a baby to nurse; the boys were rat hunting, making and setting traps, and making string; girls were helping their mothers. A very quiet, simple life; but still, like other men, underneath the peaceful exterior the hard, cruel, selfish heart; the unrenewed nature; the same need of a Saviour.

In the evening, when all was quiet, Nga Nkari and two of his wives paid me a visit. He was very anxious that all the great presents which I would surely make, should not be given in public: every one would want a share in the spoil. He had given a goat, and would actually be out of pocket. I explained that we had other aims and duties beside the distribution of untold quantities of cloth, and did not like the secret business he asked for. Would I let him see the present, and he would know what to suggest? I strongly objected to this; but he was most urgent, and spoke of his difficulties and dangers. The interpreter pleaded, and I sent the chief out. Alone with Masanda I discussed the imprudence of so doing, but he urged me strongly, and I yielded. Nga Nkari

was pleased, but he wanted more. wished one piece reserved, and there was much talk.

In the morning the goat had been changed, and a small, wretched little beast stood in its place. I called Masanda, and told him that I should return his goat, and the fine capons too, and should not give a present. The chief explained that the man from whom he obtained the goat was demanding an exorbitant price, since it was going to a white man. He had given, therefore, a goat of his own. I pitied him in his difficulty, but persisted in refusing the small goat. He then exchanged it for a fine goat.

Then the presentation. He wished all the cloth to be given together; after all, wanted more, and begged. The dignity and propriety were gone when greed was aroused. I had to remember those who would come after me; so, seeing that I had done what was fair and generous, I suggested that he would not like me to tell the white men at the Pool all about Nga Nkari's meanness, and what he wanted in return for his goat. This appeal to his *amour propre* succeeded at once, and he was content, and wished me to speak well of him; so we parted good friends, he hoping to receive another visit soon.

The road descended at once from the plateau into the Ntsele valley, and a march of about nineteen miles north-west by north brought us to Kimpoko. At Kimpoko the brethren of the American Episcopal Mission received me very kindly. Bishop Taylor had obtained an old outpost from the State; the missionaries lived in the old house, planted sweet potatoes, &c., and supported themselves by hunting the hippos which were then so common.

From Kimpoko I took a canoe home, having been absent eight days. I had travelled overland about sixty miles.

By this journey we obtained a much better idea of our surroundings at Stanley Pool. The north bank we knew was peopled by Bateke. There was a considerable difference between the language of the Bateke and that of the Bamfunu, for the interpreter, Masanda, could not properly understand them. Had he not taken with him a friend from Mikunga,

he would have been unable to communicate. I spoke to Masanda in Kongo, and he spoke to his friend in Kiteke, and the friend spoke Kimfunu. The Bamfunu are known to the Kongo-speaking people as Bamfuninga.

In November, 1886, there had been evidence of an increased interest in spiritual things on the part of many of the people of San Salvador. The good seed had long been sown in the hearts of the people, and in some it was springing up. Cameron, Silvey, Graham, and Phillips were on the station, but they could only work through interpreters, and felt much the need of some one more conversant with the language to deal with those who were seeking the Saviour. Weeks was away at Madeira invalided. When Comber heard of the encouraging state of things at San Salvador, he started off to render assistance there himself.

On his way down country Comber passed through Manteke, a station of the American Mission. There also had commenced a great spiritual awakening, and some forty people had been baptized. At Underhill Comber found Weeks just returned from Madeira in greatly improved health. They went up to San Salvador together, taking Scrivener with them. On his way back from San Salvador he wrote:—

‘I found, that since my visit last year, a large and really pretty chapel had been built, capable of holding some 500 people, in which the meetings were held. We arrived on the Friday, and looked forward with glad anticipation to the Sunday’s services. We were very disappointed on Sunday morning to see a steady, small rain falling; it was chilly and miserable, and so misty that everything a hundred yards away was obscured. As it did not clear up by the time the meeting was to have commenced, we decided to give up the morning service, for the tall, drenched grass would give most a severe wetting. One of our principal men came in, however, and urged us to ring the bell, and have our meeting. Five minutes after its being rung, the people were swarming into the chapel, the clanking of the women’s heavy anklets, as they passed the house, showing us that they did not mind being wetted. Some 350 people, of whom nearly half were

women, came to that service, in spite of the bad weather. To me it was a thrilling sensation to stand up to speak to such a large number of our own Congo people, and as they joined in singing the opening hymn my heart went up in earnest gratitude to God for the encouraging answer to our prayers He had given us. The people listened, too, in a way I had not noticed before, and as if, in many cases, their own experience was at one with much that was said. Part of John iii was translated, read, and explained, and a half-hour's sermon preached on the words, "Old things are passed away; behold, they are become new," all the time the people listening quietly and with great attention. Sunday school, Bible class, and an evening service, attended in the same way as in the morning, completed the services of the day. A general service was held on the Wednesday.

'Although it is three months since these week-evening services were commenced, the attendance has never yet been small, from 200 to 300 being present. Many an English pastor would be gladdened, I trow, to find a rush of 200 to 300 people to his week-evening services. The people always seem as if they had been waiting round the corner for the bell to ring, so immediately do they come at the sound of the bell. Often one of the most hopeful is asked to engage in prayer, and sometimes to say a few words to the people; and it is a delightful thing to hear them urging God's truth on their fellow countrymen. As we might have expected, the most hopeful of these professing Christians are those who have been longest instructed, and who have been our sturdiest friends throughout. I have more than once mentioned Matoko, our oldest and best friend; D. Miguel Ndelengani (the blacksmith); D. Manoel Mantengo; and D. Alvaro Mpanzu: these have come out firmly and hopefully, especially the first three. Mantengo, the king's eldest son, is probably the most influential man in San Salvador, next to the king.

'Some of the king's wives make profession. But how about the old king himself? I deeply grieve to say that his heart, in the past so easy to reach and move, seems quite encrusted over with greed, pride, fear, and new superstition, the result

of the influence brought to bear upon him by the Portuguese padres. Many talks I had with him; I seemed unable to touch any of the old chords. As, in consequence of the large numbers coming to our meetings, very few go to the padres, they have brought every lever to bear upon the old king to make him work against us, and he has made laws that his people shall divide into two parts, half to go to the Portuguese services, and half to attend ours. But for the most part his people simply refuse obedience. This has made him very angry—angry with us, and angry with his people. The Romish priests, who are representatives officially of the Portuguese Government, have threatened to withdraw from Congo, if the king cannot make his people attend their mass, and this threat has frightened the king. Our following, however, is such an influential one that it does as it likes, in spite of king and priests.

‘The king thought that at least he could rule his own household, and accordingly ordered his wives not to attend our meetings. On Wednesday evening last seven of them came against his orders, and he forbade their return, seeing that they had disobeyed him. Persuaded by his councillors, however, he relented, and they were taken back. The following evening they again disobeyed, and the poor old man was furious. He took gun and sword, and in spite of his age and enormous size, which renders it difficult for him to move about, he came to the outside of our gate, and waited in the dark for his wives. Immediately after the meeting, as the people were going to their homes, there was a tremendous clanking of anklets and screaming, as the king was found outside the gate; but no harm came, only one woman being struck with the flat of the king’s sword. His wives, however, were not allowed in his enclosure, and they slept with Matoko’s women.

‘The following day three of them came to see me privately, for a little encouragement and advice in their trouble. They were very strongly determined not to give up attending the meetings, and one of them said, “Never mind if he kill us. We don’t mind dying for Jesus; He died for us.” I promised

to go and see the king about it, and after a few words to them, and a little prayer, in which one of them joined, they went back to Matoko's enclosure, and I went to see the king. I told him that as king he should require obedience in many things, but that it was very wrong to try to force his people in matters of religion, as their souls were at stake. After a long talk he agreed to withdraw his opposition, and to let his wives return to him, but wished the time of the evening meetings to be altered to an earlier hour, so that his wives should be home before dark. This, of course, we acceded to, and hold our services at five instead of seven.

'There was another similar instance of persecution on the same day, and a poor woman came for medicine for bruises caused by the blows of an angry husband, because she would attend the meetings. With tears in her eyes she cried, "I don't care if he kills me, I *will* follow God." This is partly obstinacy, for Congo people can be very obstinate if they like, even to death, rather than give up a point; but it is not all obstinacy, there is some love to Christ in it. Half of those who have given in their names as desirous of being Christians are women, and it is unfortunate that at present we have no lady at San Salvador, for it requires the utmost caution and care in dealing with these women, so as not to lay ourselves open to misconstruction.'

As might be expected, many came to the meetings because others did, rather than from any deep feelings; others were very ignorant as to the sinfulness of their hearts, and as to the work of the Saviour. It was very satisfactory, however, to find that the most definite idea in the minds of these inquirers was that they must give up sin, and live pure, truthful, righteous lives. Often their expressions showed this when they seemed to understand nothing of the salvation of Jesus, and of the life and strength which come from trusting in and loving Him, from taking Him as their Saviour. With some, however, there was the glad assertion, 'He died for me; He is my Saviour; I love Him, pray to Him, and follow Him.'

It was felt that great care was needed in leading these

people. Had there been any inclination to baptize wholesale, 200 would have been easily found who would come forward to receive the ordinance, and others would then be ready to follow suit. Good evidence of the life as well as the lip was needed before any could be admitted to Christian fellowship. For this time was necessary, and time was taken. On December 2, 1887, five were baptized: our staunch friends Matoko and D. Miguel, the blacksmith; also Nlekai, Luzemba, and another. Lewis, in writing home the good news, said, 'Perhaps the friends at home will wonder that we have baptized so few. These are by no means the only people who inquire after the truth. We believe that it is best to be very careful in admitting candidates into Church membership. A little delay will not do harm to those who are real, and it will help us considerably in distinguishing between the true and the false. The Africans, as a rule, like to go in flocks. What one or two will do the others follow, thinking that it is the right thing; and this is our reason for baptizing so few just now. Those I baptized were not new converts, but they have been living consistent Christian lives for some time. I think that it will be our pleasure to baptize many more soon.

'I have been deeply interested in the different ways in which these were brought to the Saviour. One, a personal boy of our late brother Hartland, who can read English well, was touched by reading the Parable of the Ten Virgins. Another evidently was brought to Christ through the instrumentality of our late brother Darling. How these brethren would have rejoiced to have been with us last Sunday evening, as we sat together for the first time at the Lord's Table! They have passed away, but their work is still to be seen in Congo. "One soweth and another reapeth."

On December 4, 1887, a Christian Church was formed of these five converts, and since then more than 200 have been received into fellowship there. Our story until this point has been almost exclusively one of travel, exploration, station building, and transport; a short-handed struggle with great difficulties, and often indeed a story of death. We gladly

welcome another element, the founding of Christian Churches and the salvation of precious souls 'for whom Christ died.'

Comber stayed a fortnight at San Salvador, and then started at the end of February to return to his own station at Wathen. He reached Underhill to find Darling ill; later on Shindler fell sick, and we have already noted how he nursed them until they both died on March 19. Much distressed, and feeling run down mentally and bodily, Comber gladly availed himself of the opportunity offered by the arrival of the Portuguese mail steamer to take a run to Mosamedes and back. On his return he was but little benefited by the change. He was very weary when he started out from England this last time. He really needed a spell of quietness and rest before his return, but it was not possible, and he went out unfit to bear the strain of anxious responsibility which came upon him on his return to the work. He never really recovered from the shock caused by the two deaths, within an hour of each other, of Darling and Shindler. On his return from Mosamedes he learned of the death of Miss Spearing. He remained at Underhill for a month, far from well, but attending to the affairs of his dead colleagues, and to many business matters connected with the mission. His correspondence was very burdensome; there was always so much to direct and arrange.

On June 14, 1887, Comber was attacked by a fever of the worst type. Dr. Small, of the American Mission, very kindly undertook to treat him. The bad haemoglobinuric symptoms disappeared, and it was hoped that with care he would rally, but on June 19 the fever returned with increased power. Next day by means of cold sponging the fever was reduced, although the bad symptom remained. It was felt that the only chance to save his life was to get him away to sea. Lieut. Valcke, President of the Executive Council of the Congo State, placed the little steamer, the Prince Baudouin, at his disposal, and Scrivener accompanied him to Boma. The following day (June 24) a German steamer, the Lulu Bohlen, arrived, and Comber was placed on board in the cool of the evening. One of the owners of the steamer was on board,

and every consideration and attention was shown. The sea-breezes seemed to benefit him, and hopes revived ; but he gradually sank, until on June 27, 1887, while the steamer was at anchor off Loango, Comber passed away. He was conscious to the last, calm, peaceful, and resigned. Though very weak, he was able to speak in a whisper. Next morning the ship put into Mayumba Bay, and there Comber was buried on shore. A monument has been erected to mark his resting-place.

The loss to the mission was very great. Thomas Comber was of a very warm, affectionate disposition. He loved his colleagues, and was most solicitous for their welfare ; he, too, was loved and esteemed by all. The mission was very dear to him ; it was his own upbuilding, and its interests were his own. If it suffered, he suffered ; if it prospered, he rejoiced. He had passed through deep waters in the loss of his wife, and that heavy trial had matured and mellowed him. He was an intensely earnest man, spiritually minded, whole-hearted, and of a most winsome, persuasive manner. He had a wide circle of friends, and enjoyed the pile of correspondence which came by every mail ; his own warm, hearty letters are treasured by many. Comber's native name, *Vianga-Vianga*, 'restless activity,' was well bestowed ; his energy and special abilities marked him as a man sent of God for his great work. His life was one of incessant labour and of almost continuous trial. The sweetness, the gentleness, the fortitude and perseverance of Comber's character were remarkable, and the very memory of such a character is the best legacy he could have left us.

The Peace returned on July 7 from her trip to the Aruwimi with Stanley's expedition. Whitley was ill. He had been very unwell during the greater part of the voyage of sixty-seven days. He was obliged to return at once to England ; we dared not risk any delay. He started down country as soon as he could get ready. The Peace needed some repairs, which were made as soon as possible. The transport service was much improved since a recruiting outpost had been started at Lukungu, and 100 loads of stores



THE COMBER FAMILY

Mr. Comber, Sen.

Sidney Comber

Thomas Comber

Miss Comber

Percy Comber

Mrs. Percy Comber

Mrs. Thomas Comber

for Lukolela Station had come to hand. They were badly wanted, and we made all possible haste in preparation for a voyage up river in the *Peace*, to relieve the necessities of Richards and Darby. On July 23, we received the distressing news of the death of Thomas Comber. This involved correspondence which delayed us a day.

We started on July 26, our party consisting of Charters, my wife, and self, with our baby. We hoped to visit the principal towns between the Pool and the Equator, and perhaps to Liboko (Bangala), including Lake Mantumba.

At Mswata, the first large town on the banks, we were well received. The chief Ngo-ibila had been trading at Nshasa for some months, and we had seen him there. We spent Sunday at Lishiala, a small town below the confluence of the Lefini-Lawson river. The district is called Misongo.

It was the first time that I had seen the Bobangi at home. They built their houses in a style different from anything we had yet seen. Congo houses are detached and scattered about a quadrangle; the Bateke group theirs close together round about a circular court; the Bobangi houses vary from 20 to 100 yards in length, and are arranged along each side of a fairly wide street, stretching on sometimes for several miles. Very often one township is connected with the next by an almost unbroken row of houses. Some streets start off at right angles, and lead to another township. An old dilapidated house may sometimes line one side of the street, and here and there may be a break of fifty yards, or a jungle and narrow path; or a thick tall fence of dracaenas separate one village from another—blocking the road to an enemy. Behind the houses is a forest of plantains and palm-trees. A man of any importance will have a house without walls in the middle of the street, under which he sits at mid-day and chats with his people or traders; perhaps under its shelter is the native forge, and a rare place for gossip is that. Neatly cut chairs and benches are placed conveniently. The latter are composed of the bottom and one side of an old canoe.

The young warriors—or, perhaps, rowdies may be the better term—carry a spear, and seem to have very little to

do or to think about. The women, if not busy at their farms, are making cassava bread, or cooking, or making pottery, grinding cam-wood, hair-dressing; the small boys making arrows for their rough bows, toys, guns, traps, or in some way getting through the long hours; the girls helping their mothers. Sometimes a skull or two are sticking on the roof of the chief's house, or upon the roof of the town hall. Plenty of canoes are plying about to and from the fishing-camps, and on various errands. On the beach are small closely fenced enclosures, in which the women steep their cassava.

Very often the end of the chief's house is open, and there he lounges and receives friends. In such a place we sat on Sunday afternoon at Lishiala. My wife and little one were with me. We could not talk to the people, nor they to us, but we sat down and listened to them chatting together. They looked at us and we at them, and they liked the quiet friendliness of the visit. When it became cooler, we walked to the town of Mankono, about a mile away.

Next day we wooded on the beach of a township of the Bateke, on the north bank. I went up the hill into the towns, but could not buy much food. The Bobangi are far ahead of the Bateke in energy and general ability, travelling far on their trading expeditions, searching every river and creek for ivory, braving many dangers and difficulties. Seeing much of the world, their minds are much more developed. When some of this energy can be brought into the Master's service, we may see things move forward.

We went ashore at Tsumbidi's; although the people were friendly, they had no food to sell unless we waited until night; as we had enough to take us nearly to Bolobo, we would not delay. As we neared Bolobo, we were anxious about food, for the men had gone short the previous night. The people there had been far from gracious of late, and had sold us very little. When we stopped at one of their beaches, there was not much interest displayed until baby was brought out; then a crowd formed. We went ashore, and walked about the town. The women were soon busy making us some *kwanga* (cassava bread).

The Bolobo district was very populous. I had never seen anything like it before. For five miles there was an almost unbroken line of houses along the banks, some towns being divided off by fences. After these five miles there was a break, because the banks were too high and inconvenient. After a mile or two, more towns again, and they stretched on at short intervals for another twenty-five miles or so—towns and people everywhere. The people of the interior are different from the riverine Bobangi. We learned that there was a good population inland—'Batu Be' (plenty of people). Bolobo itself was divided into two districts by a short interspace which the State station occupied at one time. A part of this terrain had been granted to our mission, but had lapsed again to the State through non-occupation on our part.

Above this interspace were the Moye towns. These folk had been very sullen and indifferent. In the afternoon we steamed to the Moye towns. As we neared their beach the people told us to go away, they had no food to sell to us. They were most unfriendly, to say the least. The women disappeared, and they prepared for emergencies.

Baby was taking his bath at the time, but I called for him to be brought up quickly. The moment he appeared, there were shouts of delight, and a crowd assembled. In less than two minutes after we had been told to go away, I had to take baby ashore, and with my wife to go into the town. Such delight, shouting, crowding, all in good spirits, no rowdiness. A great number wanted to hold him for a moment. Was he born like ordinary children? Which was his mother? They could scarcely realize that there were also white women. Some of them who held him for a moment had rubbed themselves with powdered cam-wood, staining his white dress a bright red; one or two were in mourning, and had rubbed themselves with pot black and oil. Baby's general appearance after a visit of this kind may be guessed. Very soon the women were recalled, and were busy cooking food. I strolled through the towns as far as to the site which was once ours, exchanged presents with Ngoi, the chief of the adjoining town, and returned to the Peace.

It was then time to drop down, as we had promised, to the beach of Ibaka, the great chief. He was up river trading at a town opposite to Lukolela; Lingenji was acting for him in the town; we found him drunk, but friendly. He crawled on the ground, placed his forehead on our boots, and behaved in a manner otherwise than he would have done had he been sober. However, he was in a very good humour.

We went away loaded with food for many days; but, better still, had made an advance in our friendship with the Bolobo folk.

Leaving Bolobo we passed the Moye towns, stopping only at a village twenty miles up. We should have liked to have visited more, but our colleagues at Lukolela were short of barter, and our load was very heavy; and there was unnecessary risk in going on to the ironstone beaches when so deep and heavy.

We reached Lukolela, August 6, where we received a hearty welcome from Richards and Darby. It was a great pleasure to find things progressing well. The buildings were as forward as could be expected, for only a few workmen were available, and they had not enough barter stuff to feed or pay native labourers until we arrived. A dense forest surrounded the station, and the felling and clearing away of a sufficient number of trees to render it safe to live in the house had taken much time and energy; and even then some twenty tall trees would have come down, before they could be sure that nothing could fall on them during the wild tornadoes which are so common. A second and larger house was nearly finished; but most satisfactory of all were the relations with the people. The medical work, and the intimacy due to frequent visits to the towns, had won the esteem of the people. They had begun to understand our work better. Good progress had been made in the language, and already our brethren talked, and understood with fair ease. With such progress as this, and well-filled stores, we could reckon Lukolela Station to be fairly established.

On the third day we crossed the river with Richards to pay a visit to Mpuki. Ibaka, the great chief of Bolobo, had been staying with him for some time. He called twice to see us

while we were at Lukolela Station. He had seen and heard much of our work in the Lukolela towns, and asked us to build at Bolobo, to give him medicine when he is sick, and to be his white men. This was just what we wanted, and we promised to visit him on our way down, and talk it over properly at Bolobo. Certain it was that a very good impression was being created all through the country round; indeed, the people of Ngombe (a town in the next district, thirty miles up river) had several times begged us to open a station in their town. There was no earnest desire for the Gospel in this, but they used to go to Lukolela to sell food and to trade. They sold to our brethren, and heard about us in the town, and they would have liked some quiet, pleasant white men to go and live among them too.

We left Lukolela late in the afternoon of the 11th. After winding our way through the channels among the islands, we reached Ngombe the following evening, and visited the town. They were noisy, good-humoured folk, pleased with our visit; but many people were drunk, and too talkative. Next day we steamed past Nkuku and Butunu, and in about two hours reached Boshende, the town of Mayongo, a man very friendly to white men and a very intelligent fellow. We could have settled there without difficulty.

Next day was Sunday; but as we had stayed a whole day at Boshende, we steamed for about half an hour to Ilebo. Before the sun was strong, I walked through about half the towns with my wife and baby, and great was the pleasure of the people. It was too far to go through all the towns, so we returned to the steamer, and then I went to see Ipaka, the chief of the first town.

Ilebo itself was a group of eight or ten towns, separated from each other by fine fences of tall dracaenas. The people were active traders, and there was a good population of riverine folk; while the Lusakani, who live behind, inland, were also very numerous. The towns lined the south bank of the mouth of the river, which flows from Lake Mantumba. Sometimes the water flows from the lake, but just then it was flowing into it.

Mr. Stanley made a tour of the lake in 1883; no one else

had been there since. We passed several towns in the river without stopping, and anchored at nightfall just inside the lake. Three canoes came over from the opposite side, about two and a half miles away; they wanted us to go across to their town at once. We could not, for the fire was drawn, and it was almost dark; but we promised to visit them the next morning. At dawn they came for us again, very friendly, fearless people.

We found Ngeru to be a well-populated township. Just after we anchored, a house near to us caught fire. I went to see how the people managed with one of these long houses. They tore open the roof a little beyond the fire, and when it reached the gap only the walls were left to burn, and they were able to beat out the fire.

The chief wished me to go and see him. His house was within a circular enclosure, and I was requested to take a seat under the palm-trees outside. Presently he appeared: an elderly, dignified individual, with a wonderful hat on his head, something like that worn by the clergy of the Greek Church, or an inverted silk hat. It was a cylinder of knotted string, like plaited straw, about twelve inches high, with a brim at the top. I have since bought one of these hats. It is a fine piece of work.

He wore a fine cloth of native manufacture. In one hand he held his staff, made of several spears bound together, and in the other a magic wand smeared with powdered cam-wood and chewed kola-nut. His name is Monjoi. I told him that we wished to visit him often, and to teach him and his people about God; that we had come on purpose to make friends with the people of the lake. He came back with me to see the steamer, and to receive a return present for the goat and plantain which he had given us. Of course he asked for more; that is the fashion among these folk. If a little more cloth is to be had for the asking, they do not like to be behind-hand. We split wood on his beach, and had some time to see and be seen.

Crossing over to the south bank, we passed across the mouths of two deep bays—in the far end of one was the

township of Mwebi—but we did not enter them. Presently we rounded a point, and followed the shore in a southerly direction, soon losing sight of the northern bank; an hour later we stopped for wood. The first village, next morning, cleared out as soon as they saw us. We had to keep far out (200 yards), for the water was shallow. We sent some Bobangi ashore to parley; one or two people appeared, and assured them that they had no fowls, goats, or any food to sell; although we saw plenty of fowls, goats, and sheep running about. We steamed on, and, in a creek at the far end of the bay, we found the end of the Mwebi township. The people were very agreeable. I walked about a mile along the street, but they said that the town extended very far beyond that. We promised them that they should see more of us.

Steaming along the southern shore of the bay, we found a creek fifty yards wide, and followed it for three miles. On returning we stopped at a 'beach.' The people there were very timid, but we were able to go into the town after a little parley, and presently the chief came to see us. He was terribly excited, and afraid to touch us, and behaved more like a wild animal just trapped; not that he wished to harm us, but the smallest remark to his people was as short and excited as if his house were on fire. He gave us a goat, and in offering it spoke in such a manner that, until his words were interpreted, I thought that he was declaring war to the knife. This was at one end of the long township of Bokoso; and soon a bigger chief from further in the town arrived, an old man, who had lost one eye. He sat down near us at our invitation, and even shook hands with us, examining curiously the hand he had just taken. 'You are not men, you are spirits.' We suggested we were very warm and substantial ones, and that we were in the habit of eating and sleeping as other mortals; indeed, we had just accepted a goat for our dinner from our friend beside him. Did spirits eat and sleep? 'But you are spirits, not men.' I pointed out my wife and baby on the steamer. Had spirits wives and babies? They laughed heartily at the idea; but then thinking, perhaps, why should not spirits have wives and babies?—he continued,

‘ No, you are spirits ; you are not good. Why do you always trouble us ? Our people die, our farms do not produce as they should, our goats and fowls die, sickness and trouble comes, and you are the cause. Why do you do this ? Why do you not let us alone ? ’

We told them that these matters were in the hands of Iyanja (God), and had nothing to do with us or spirits. It was this very business we had in this country, to teach them about Iyanja. Then we went on talking of death, and God’s purposes, telling them that Iyanja was good, and not bad, and that all the good things they had came from Him. After some further talk, we promised to come again some day and teach them more. We steamed out of the creek, and after rounding a rocky point we entered a deep bay, and anchored for the night near to a town which in the morning proved to be the other end of Bokoso.

Mantumba or Ntomba is a shallow lake, separated from Lake Leopold by only twenty-seven miles of low land. The water of both is very dark in colour ; both are characterized by shores of ironstone conglomerate, rocky points, deep shallow bays, and a few small islands. We found that in the bays on the south and east of Lake Mantumba the shores were, for the most part, not more than one or two feet above the water. We wished, if possible, to gain further information as to the supposed water-way between the lakes ; for if it existed it would be easier to carry on missionary work on Lake Leopold through Lake Mantumba, than by ascending the Kwa and Mfini rivers. We therefore carefully skirted the bays.

Leaving Bokoso, we could not do much in the first bay, on account of the shallowness of the water, but at its south-eastern corner we found a large town, Ngili-wumba, where we went ashore for some time. Round the next two points, and in a smaller bay we stopped for a while at another end of the same long township.

The people were very different from the Ilebo folk. Their type of face resembled the Wabuma of the Kwa and Mfini rivers, at the south of Lake Leopold. The cloth they wore, too, was of the kind made in the Kasai region. It is a damask

velvet made of the fibre of the raphia palm. Strips of the ribs of the frondlets were woven into the texture, and then cut out to form a pile, which is therefore formed in the same manner as European velvet. The cloth is a stout texture, and when reddened with powdered cam-wood, and edged with a short thick fringe of palm fibre, has a rich appearance, and must be very durable.

The people were armed with bows and arrows and spears, but very few shields were to be seen. We asked frequently about Lake Leopold, but could get no definite information. They said that we were very knowing, and had better look in our books, and find out. They told us that the Wabuma lived a few days off.

Leaving Ngili-Wumba, a native volunteered to come with us, to introduce us at Ikoko. We entered a deep bay, and as we were then at the southern end of the lake, we expected that if any waterway existed we should soon find it. At the end of the bay we found a creek, fifty yards wide, and the soundings gave three fathoms. Passing an opening from the south, we came to another creek, running north and south. As it was nearly sunset, we turned northwards, and came out again into the lake and anchored for the night. Next morning we retraced this last part of our journey, and followed the southern creek, the shores of which were thickly wooded with good, useful timber, but very low, not more than six inches to one foot above the water, while the watermark on the trees showed a rise of eleven feet (carefully measured). The creek became narrower and narrower until, turning at right angles, we thought that we could go no further, but in half a minute we came into a fine broad creek, which proved to be the first opening, seen the previous night. Turning southwards, we followed it until we were nearly six miles from the lake. The soundings gave three and four fathoms of water, but the creek had narrowed to twenty yards wide, with plenty of snags. Although the water slowly running up assured us that the creek extended much further, we felt that it was too risky to go further in our precious steamer, on account of these snags. We returned to the lake by the broader creek.

A little further along the shore of the bay we came to the township of Ikoko. We landed on the chief's beach, amid a dense crowd of most agreeable people. The old chief, Ntula, was afraid to come till I sent a message to him to fear nothing. All his children were on the beach, surely he would come too. He did so, and wished me to go back to his house; so, with my wife, I went. Conversation was thus carried on. I spoke to an old schoolboy of Mr. Fuller in the Cameroons. He had been so long on the Peace that he knew enough Lo-bobangi to speak to the man who had come with us from Ilebo, Mongongo. He could make himself understood by the Bashienge, as the Mantumba people call themselves.

Ntula very soon began to ask about death and spirits, and we had another interesting talk. We exchanged presents; the old man came on board the steamer, and before we left he said that whenever we liked to visit the town, his beach was at our disposal. He sold me his best royal hat and brush, like that described at Ngeru, and a very fine piece of work it is. In fact, I was quite set up in the insignia of royalty—hat, knife, and fly-brush. It was near sunset when we left, so we only steamed round the promontory, and anchored in the next bay, behind Ntula's town.

In the morning, we wooded early near to Ngubu's town. The beach and ground were composed entirely of copal, leaves, and driftwood. The sand and pebbles being all copal, I saw nothing else, even in the hollows¹. A little further on was another creek leading from the east-south-east. The chief of one of the neighbouring towns was with us for a while. He said that the cloth described above was brought up the creek from the Bankundu. The creek extended for a long distance, but there were no people. Fishing camps were passed; but, after about six miles, it became difficult to get round the corners. The water three fathoms, but the snags and narrowness of the creek compelled us to return. A current of about

¹ Gum copal is the resin which flows from a tree; it is very light, and floats readily in water. The copal, which dropped from the trees round the lake, was floated at flood time, and blown by the wind to this side of the lake; hence this wonderful collection of the gum.

one mile per hour was setting up the creek. The depth of these creeks is due to the scour of the water sometimes flowing up and sometimes down; the current must be fairly strong when the ground is just being bared by the subsiding water. Only in low water would it be safe to enter them as we did. There can be little doubt that the country here is, to a very large extent, inundated in the rainy season; perhaps ten feet of water right away to Lake Leopold, and up to the Bosira river. It is probable that there are low, inhabited hills and ridges. Such is the nature of the country near the Uluki-Bosira.

Next day was Sunday, so, having anchored off Lukangu, we went ashore, and found one of the usual long, broad-street towns, extending very far. I walked for about a mile in one direction, but returned not feeling well. We understood from Stanley's map that another town—Bikulu, or Vikuru—was near by, and started to find it in the afternoon. Not being able to do so, we anchored beside an island. Next day we passed rocky points and deep lowland bays. After an hour's steaming we had to run under the lee of an island; for the water was so rough, and our awning stanchions so weak, that it nearly jerked overboard by the rolling of the steamer. In the afternoon I was too unwell to take much interest in things, so we ran past several towns on the north-east of the lake, and slept off Ngeru, reaching Ilebo next afternoon.

Two days later we were at the Equator Station of the American Baptist Mission, where Messrs. McKittrick and Gerrish heartily welcomed us. Thence we visited the Lulongo river, ascending it one day's steaming to see the big towns as far as Molongo. We were well received. From there we made our way towards Liboko (Bangala).

At Bangala we made friends with one smiling, amiable, mild-looking chief, who had eaten at least seven of his wives, and had somewhat beggared himself in consequence. The last cannibalism in his town was not more than five months previously. They were fine, well-made fellows, not wilder or ruder material than the Kru boys, and far cheaper than any other labour available, their wages being about £2 a year. This brought us in touch with people nearly 800 miles from

the coast. Amid much shouting and cheering we started down late one afternoon with seventy men.

The next day we met the State steamer coming up from the Pool, bearing the news that our brother Whitley had gone to his heavenly home. Three days later we met the Henry Reed, and learned that John Biggs had also been called away to the higher service. Crushing, bewildering



TWO OF THE BANGALA WORKMEN

blow upon blow! What could it all mean? How could this be for the best? Was this intended to hold us back? Was God's time not yet come? Many such thoughts and questions came into our minds.

Two hours later we were at Ilebo, and sitting before Ipaka's house, we were talking about our building there. He said that his mind was still the same; the site was there; we could build as soon as we liked. When would we come?

I told him of the news we had received, and that I would send word home.

Next day we were at Lukolela Station again, and found our brethren well, and that progress had been made. We tried hard to induce twenty of our Bangalas to stop and work on the station and the slipway for the Peace. They were afraid to do so; for they had carried their piracy to such lengths, having murdered traders from the down-river towns so often, that they had palavers everywhere. Time and our service should have made it safe for them to stay, but they dared not. It was a great disappointment to us, but there was no help for it; so leaving every available Loango at Lukolela we started on our down journey. As usual, we found the water very rough in the narrower reaches between the mouth of the Kwa and Stanley Pool. We towed the Plymouth, full of Bangalas, astern, and the small boat alongside the Peace. The waves and wind were so high that the little boat was nearly swamped. We had to stop in mid-channel, and baled her out just in time. It is no uncommon thing for travellers to be seasick during the last 100 miles down.

We had food for all the journey and for the first day at the Pool from the Equator. We found Cameron at Arthington, and sadly missed John Biggs's tall figure and kindly welcome.

We gathered fuller particulars of our late losses. Harry Whitley had started down country, carried in a comfortable hammock slung on a stout bamboo. Six strong men were to bear him, two at a time, taking turns every hour, and he was sheltered from what little sun there might be. It was the dry season, the very best time to travel; cool, with but little sun. He had his two well-trained personal boys with him. At Wathen he was attacked by a fever, and when he was well enough to resume his journey Philip Davies accompanied him. At Lukangu the fever returned. Dr. Small, of the American Mission, treated him, but the fever would not yield, and after eight days, on August 3, 1887, he died.

I had known him from boyhood, but we all loved and esteemed him. Comber had written of him only a few weeks before his death: 'Whitley is such a true-hearted worker—

no show ; real right through, with a brave, gentle spirit and a loving, generous nature. Send us as many like him as the Churches at home can give us, and we shall all thank God for them.' To quote his own words: 'Work for Christ in Africa must be my life work. I desire this work more than all else ; and be my life long or short, I pray that it may be faithful until the end. And who knows how soon the end may come? Life is not always to be measured by years, is it?'

When we went up river in the *Peace* we were obliged to leave John Biggs alone on the station. We were forced to go away when we did, because we could not obtain food for the crew of the steamer. It was arranged, therefore, that Mr. Murphy, of the American Mission, should stay with him. Three weeks after we left, Biggs was attacked by a haemoglobinuric fever. Dr. Sims, of the American Mission, an hour and a half distant, came over to help, and nurse him. All was unavailing ; on August 26 he passed away.

He had written to Mr. Baynes on his acceptance as a missionary by our Society: 'I desire to go to the Congo to live or die, as my Master sees best ; my only trust is in Him ; He is my only hope, and it is because I feel that He calls me to this work that I desire to go. Of myself, I know that I am quite unequal to such an enterprise ; but in His strength I shall always be strong. I can thankfully, and without any anxiety, leave all the uncertain future to His unfailing love ; all must be well.'

Only a few weeks before, he had written in reference to the death of Thomas Comber: 'Although we are saddened by the death of our brother, and the loss of our leader, we are not cast down and discouraged. The loss of one after another of our little band on the Congo must be only a more urgent call to those of us who remain, and are sustained in health and strength, to a more entire consecration in our Master's service. Our days of toil here may be but few, and we have need to make the best of them.' Such was his spirit and such his life. He was quiet and somewhat reserved, but a most lovable man, spiritually-minded, and thoroughly in earnest.

This was the sixth death in the year; the Committee of the Society, and our friends at home, became still more anxious that everything possible should be done to prevent this terrible loss of life. The Committee directed that better houses should be built, and more attention paid to the comfort and conveniences of life. It was not possible in the early days to do more, or build better than we did. The transport of materials was too great a difficulty; iron sheets could not be carried up country until things were much further advanced, and the first necessities supplied. Planks for flooring could not be sawn out in any number, while the first necessary buildings were being constructed. Better houses could be built, but time was required. The Committee were quite prepared to sanction any reasonable expenditure in providing permanent, hygienic, fire-proof buildings, so that we were only straitened in our circumstances, not in resources. Our losses and troubles cannot in any way be ascribed to any false economy on the part of the home authorities; neither they nor we on the field could do impossibilities. All were fully alive to the necessities of the situation, and now with time and the development of our resources, the health of the mission has most markedly improved; the death rate is so greatly reduced, that now it is in no way abnormal.

On receiving news of the death of Biggs, Cameron hurried up from Wathen, to take charge of the station, until we returned from up river. He was busy completing his translation of the Gospel of Mark, which was printed in 1888, and served us well until the whole of the New Testament was ready, five years later. Weeks also made a translation of the Gospel of Matthew later on. I was at work on the Gospel of Luke, but the travelling did not give me much time; then, too, Nlemvo, who had helped me in the reduction of the language, was away visiting his people, near San Salvador. His uncle who had brought him to me was dead, and the people wished him to become their chief. He had been preaching about in his own town and in the neighbourhood. We heard of him from time to time, and were pleased to

learn of his earnest efforts for his people. In the first days of 1888 he returned, and told us how he had decided to stay with me. His people had wished him to be chief, but he must follow the customs of the country. He said that he was a Christian, and that if they were willing to have a Christian chief, he would stay with them; but he would not go back to the old ways—there could be no killing of witches, and all the old wickednesses. They would not agree to this, but begged him to stay with them notwithstanding. He stayed on; but when a relative died, and he opposed the usual witch palaver, they became angry with him. They said that he wished them all to die, and some even hinted that he might be a witch. Even his own mother was afraid of him sometimes. At last the crisis came; they refused to have him as a Christian chief, or to have anything to do with his new-fangled notions. There was nothing for him to do but to leave them to their own devices, and to come and help me in the translation of the New Testament. In that work he has rendered most valuable help. He has a marvellous knowledge of his language, and of the shades of meaning. I cannot but regard him as raised up of God to help in this translation work.

Cameron and Charters sailed for England in December, 1887, on furlough; but Charters never returned to the Congo. He had seen the importance of medical knowledge on the mission field, and determined to study medicine, before undertaking further work. Friends in Scotland undertook to help him to carry out his desire. After a brilliant course of study he took his degree of M.D., and then was appointed to take the direction of the new Scottish Industrial Mission at Kibwezi, in the territory of the Imperial British East Africa Company. The mission was founded by Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, and it was hoped to make another Lovedale of it. Charters had not long taken up his new work, when he walked out a little way from the station, to bid farewell to a friend who was travelling up country and had stayed a day or two with him. Nothing more was ever heard of either Charters or his friend. Whether the Masai carried

them off, or whether they were taken by lions, no one ever knew, and no traces were ever found. It remains a mystery until this day.

On November 12 a new colleague, J. G. Brown, arrived at the Pool, and a month later Samuel Silvey came to be associated with him at Arthington Station. My colleagues all felt that, now that Thomas Comber was dead, I ought not to settle on the upper river; but as I had reduced the Kongo language to writing and unravelled its grammatical construction, I ought to continue the work in the language, and proceed to the translation of the Scriptures. To this end it was decided that I should go to live at Wathen Station as soon as I was free to leave Arthington.

Grenfell arrived out at Banana on October 6, returning from his furlough. He was accompanied by a new colleague, F. G. Harrison, who was to be associated with him in work on the upper river. Grenfell reached the Pool in January, and on February 8, 1888, I reached my new home at Wathen. For nine years I had had no certain dwelling-place, the exigencies of the work requiring many changes; but from that time I could settle down to definite work of a more permanent character.

Two days after reaching Wathen, Percy Comber, who had been visiting the transport outpost at Lukangu, was brought back suffering from a bad haemoglobinuric fever. Dr. Sims, of the American Mission, happened to be travelling at the time, and came in on the same day. He very kindly nursed him through the fever. It was felt that Percy Comber should go home on furlough, and he started homewards on February 20.

The day before leaving he was able to be present at the first baptism at Wathen. My native assistant Nlemvo made his public profession of faith in Christ by baptism. He had given his heart to the Saviour in May, 1882; exceptional circumstances had caused this long delay of six years. In 1882 he was but young, only about twelve years of age, and there was good reason for careful action in the case of this our first convert. The next year we were busy with the

building of the new station at Stanley Pool, where there was scarcely any one who would understand the meaning of the ordinance, if we had seen fit to administer it. Then the death of Butcher necessitated my removal to Manyanga, and soon after came the long furlough of two and a half years. On our return Nlemvo spent a year among his people, so this was really the earliest convenient opportunity.

Two months later, on April 22, there was another baptismal service at Wathen. Two young women, who had been in our school for some years, made their profession of faith in the Lord Jesus. They had both of them come to us from the Arabs. Aku was engaged to be married to Mantu, who was managing the transport of the mission at Lukangu. Tipu-tib's marauding Arabs burnt her town in 1883. She was then living at Londo, a little to the west of the mouth of the Lomami (Lubila Loömi); her people were wild cannibals. They heard that the Arabs were raiding, burning, and killing above them, and hoped that they would not come down to them. They came, however, and the people tried to get away in their canoes. They were chased, and caught; the men in the canoes were killed, the babies thrown into the river, and the boys and women folk taken back. The town was burnt. When Stanley reached the Falls, and found the Arabs in possession, he tried to induce them to stop this raiding, and to engage in legitimate commerce; on his return he brought some Arabs down with him to Stanley Pool, to see the possibilities of trade. One of the Arabs brought Aku down with him as pocket-money; there was nothing else that he could bring. At Stanley Pool he wanted money, or rather barter, so he sold the girl. One of our Congo workmen bought her. Comber found the girl in his possession, and soon learned her story. We could not allow our work-people to buy slaves while in our employ, so Comber gave him the few yards of cloth that he had given for the girl, made her free, and took her into the mission school. She accompanied Grenfell's little daughter Pattie to England as nurse, whence Comber brought her in 1885; and when her little charge was placed in the hands of her relatives, Aku came to my wife.

During our voyage to Bangala in 1887, she sought and found the Saviour, and now made her profession of faith.

Kalombo came from Uvuma, near Kasongo, very much further up the river. She had become interested in spiritual things through Thomas Comber's talks with the children at Underhill, the previous spring, shortly before his death. She became engaged to Nlemvo, and earnest talks with him led to her conversion. She returned to the Pool a happy, earnest Christian, and was very helpful to Aku; so together they made their confession. It was very delightful to see the thorough change in these girls, and to mark their earnestness in seeking to lead other girls to the Saviour. Amid the decencies, and good example, and training of the life in England, the change of heart may not be so strongly marked; but in Africa the difference of character and behaviour is very great when the natives are brought to Christ. The contrast between heathen and Christian is very definite, as well it may be.

We told the people of the towns round that we intended to hold the baptismal service at the Tombe river-side, and a few of the townfolk were present; as also three of the gentlemen from the State Station beside us, which was occupied for some time for purposes of transport. Our own workmen and the school-children gathered with us. I explained to the spectators what we were going to do.

There is a custom in Congo, that when a slave runs away from a bad master, and seeks the protection of another, he breaks a plate or pot before his new master, strikes him or touches his foot, or goes through some such form, according to the custom of the district. The new master, if such he is willing to become, gives the runaway a goat, and they make a feast; and after that they will protect him at all costs, generally paying the current price of a slave to his old master. This is called *dia e nkombo*, 'to eat goat.' I referred to their custom, and told them that our Saviour had instituted the ordinance as the outward formality and sign to be observed by those who came to eat goat with Him. Continuing, I explained who the old master was, and to whom they had

come for salvation, and why; how He saves and keeps us, and, so using their own ideas and custom, the meaning and teaching of the ordinance was brought home to them and readily understood. Then I read a number of passages of Scripture, in Kongo, carefully grouped, which set forth the leading truths of the Gospel, and asked the two girls their reasons for seeking baptism.

I had suggested to them that some statement might be helpful to others, but left it entirely to them. They feared that it might be rather an ordeal, but wished to have such an opportunity. So first Aku, then Kalombo, told the people assembled, in a good distinct voice, how they had been taken from their countries by the Arabs, and how God had sent them to us. They had been at first indifferent, until they began to see how great and blessed was the salvation offered by Jesus. The water of the Tombe was no fetish, it could not make their hearts clean; but Jesus had cleansed them from their sins in His own blood, and their sins were already forgiven, they were well assured of it. The Holy Spirit had come into their hearts, they had been rescued from the power of the evil one, and they wished to be henceforth the slaves or servants of the Lord Jesus. They had 'eaten goat' with Jesus, and wished to obey Him in the observance of this outward sign, to all people, of their desire to follow Jesus, and live in newness of life. This is the sum and substance of the remarks of each, although the order was different. I had not dictated a word to them, and was looking forward with interest as to what they would say. Nlemvo had set them a good example two months before, and they spoke with good assurance and definiteness.

Then we knelt, and commended them to our Saviour's safe keeping and careful shepherding.

This portion of the service had been held about fifty yards from the water, on account of the noise of the torrent. It was swollen with the rain, and it had been difficult to find a safe place of the proper depth; but that had been ascertained before the service. We went down into the water, and I baptized them into the name of the Father, the Son, and

the Holy Ghost, and assisted them to the opposite bank, that they might go to their vestry in the jungle.

In the evening we held a communion service, and a very happy time it was. We were nine; my wife and I, Davies and Harrison, Manwele and Lo (who had been baptized at San Salvador, to give their testimony before their own people), and Nlemvo, Aku, and Kalombo; most of the school-children were present as spectators, four of them were hoping soon to be baptized.

Five days later Nlemvo was married to Kalombo. I had compiled a marriage service much on the lines of those employed in England, with more explanation, and otherwise adapted to the occasion. We decorated our hall with flags and palm fronds. Two State officers were present, some of the townsfolk, and all the station people. Kalombo wore a white dress, and Nlemvo a singlet, a handsome cloth, and a leopard cat's skin, in the most approved Congo style. This was our first Christian marriage, and much interest was felt as to the nature of the vows and the serious character of the whole affair. All heartily approved, and thought it a very good fashion to make these solemn promises before God and man. To some it did appear strange to promise to respect, help, and care for a woman. 'Why, that is the duty of a wife to her husband!' This was the crux of the whole matter, and yet they felt that it was right. How happy it was that they could be united as professing Christians!

The matter of dress was one of some importance then, if not now; we do not want to denationalize our native converts; indeed, so far as they denationalize, they lose their influence. A native who went into the villages to preach, dressed in coat and trousers, hat and boots, was no longer one of themselves; he had become a white man, so of course he talked as the white men did, and abandoned the native customs; but when he went to them as one of themselves, in dress and manner, they listened to what he had to say, and it had far greater power. Then again, a native in European clothes and boots began to fancy himself a white man, and to expect the consideration, treatment, and pay

of a white man, without the white man's ability and worthiness. We want them to understand that it is not clothes that make the man, and to teach them to be, and not to pretend to be. A clean shirt and a neat loin-cloth is by a long way the simplest, coolest, and best style of dress for the native men ; very much more decent and becoming than the imitations of white men's dress which they often make. Nlemvo wore the best style of native clothes at his wedding to accentuate this. We have to Christianize, not to Anglicize.

After the death of John Biggs, Baluti Kayembe, his personal boy, became mine, taking Nlemvo's place in housework and general service. He was not baptized until twelve months later, but as he came to us from the Arabs his story may best be told here. His country was far away above Stanley Falls, about a day's march from Kasongo, which was until lately Tipu-tib's head-quarters. His father was killed, and he was captured in a slave raid in 1884. He was sold to a State soldier, a Zanzibari, at Stanley Falls. An attack of dysentery prostrated the boy, and his master was glad to get rid of him to a Hausa soldier. When his time was up, he took the boy to Leopoldville, and in a few days he was handed over to the mission by Sir Francis de Winton. He became the personal boy of John Biggs, and was much attached to him. He soon began to pick up Kongo, and to make some headway in reading. Biggs used to call him into his room in the evening, telling him of the love of Jesus, and Bible stories, giving him reading lessons, and trying to push him on. Kayembe took a more than ordinary interest in all this teaching, and would often detail to the boys what he heard. When Biggs died, Kayembe was much distressed, and wept bitterly ; I told him that I should like him to be my boy. I would try to teach him more about Jesus, to help him on, and to care for him. One day in March, 1888, Kayembe told me that he had definitely given his heart to the Saviour, and wished to follow Him. He was trusting in Him for forgiveness, and had now found peace in his heart. This was no lip profession ; his daily life well bore out his words, and there was no question that he well under-

stood the Gospel message. He was very young, not more than thirteen then. There was no need to hurry matters. When the Wathen Church was formed in January, 1889, Kayembe told me that he had been thinking things over again very seriously. He was quite sure of his own position. Jesus was his Saviour and his Friend, and he was trying to serve Him. He wished to make profession of his faith, be baptized, and join the Church. Why should he further delay? We had a long and very satisfactory talk; as a result his name was brought before the Church, and at the following Church meeting he was accepted. He was baptized in the Tombe on March 3, 1889, and before the administration of the ordinance he spoke very clearly of his faith in the Saviour, his hope and assurance in Him, and his desire to serve Him. He was No. 8 on the Wathen Church books.

His capture and the death of his father is a sad, terrible memory to him; but he is thankful that the end of it all has been, that he has come to us to learn about the love of God, and to find Jesus his Saviour. His countrymen are in heathen darkness, but he has found the light. Very earnestly he longs and prays for the time when they too may know the Saviour. At present they are beyond our reach.

Eventually he married Nlemvo's sister, and I taught him printing. In company with another lad he went to the Antwerp Exhibition of 1895, at the request of the Governor-General; they did the printing for the exhibition in the exhibition itself, as an evidence to the people of Belgium that something could be made of Congo people. This very much disgusted some Belgian Socialists, one of whom complained in a pamphlet that the Congo State was 'training these dirty niggers to take the bread out of our mouths.' Several times King Leopold stood beside Baluti Kayembe, watching him set up the type.

In May, 1888, I started down country to take my wife and little son to the coast, on their way to England. At Lukangu Aku was married to Mantu, our transport agent. When we came within two hours of Underhill Station, our base of

operations, we had to cross the Mpozo river by canoe. The canoe was a very bad one, far from straight. When several loads had passed over, I put my wife and child into the canoe, and sent them over, remaining behind myself to direct the dispatch of the other effects. The river was still in flood, on account of the recent heavy rains; as the canoe came into the rush of the stream, its head was twisted down stream. A short distance below was a series of falls, and for a time it appeared that the clumsy ferrymen would let the canoe go down, so slow were they in getting the canoe's head round. When they did succeed in heading for the shore, the canoe drifted down to a great stranded tree which had been carried down the river, and lay on the bottom, with an array of roots sticking up out of the water. The canoe caught on a root, turned over on its side, and lay athwart the current, threatening to slip off on one side or the other. The water was deep and strong, but the canoe remained fixed; a merciful Providence was over them. My wife scrambled with the child on to the side of the canoe. I plunged into the river, and swam to them with great difficulty. We got on some roots, and pulled out of the canoe the few things that were in it. We righted the canoe, and got her to the shore. The long ropes of our bed bundles were fetched and tied together; one end was brought to the tree, and by aid of the rope a strong man swam ashore with the child, and two others took my wife, and so we all came safe to land. It was a terrible situation for a while, but a gracious protecting Hand was over us, and no harm came of it.

At Underhill we found that Scrivener was also homeward bound on furlough, and in a day or two we started down river in the mission rowing-boat for Banana. Now the ocean steamers pass Underhill Point and discharge and load at Matadi, two miles above; but then such a thing was considered impossible, so we had to go by boat to Banana, as there was no steamer descending. It was a very simple voyage of one hundred miles, but by reason of an exceptionally strong sea-breeze we were unable to reach Ponta de Lenha the first night. The great waves of the river forced us to

spend the night in the boat. The same strong wind compelled us to pass the night in tidal water fifteen miles above Banana. Happily, all these difficulties of travel are simplified now, they only remain in our memories as dreamlike recollections.

On my return to Underhill I paid a visit to San Salvador. It was seven years since I had been there, and I expected to find even more change than I actually did. The temporary buildings of the Roman Catholic Mission had given place to permanent structures ; two trading establishments were there



THE OLD CHAPEL, SAN SALVADOR

also. The agents amassed cloth and goods during the dry season, and when the rains made travelling more difficult, the natives were glad to sell there, instead of going on to the coast. With this incentive the people of San Salvador had been engaging more in trade, and being so accustomed to white men and their ways, were acting still more as middlemen. All this had made them much richer ; they had bought many slaves, and many of these slaves had become traders ; they had become as rich as their masters, and had themselves bought slaves. So San Salvador had grown much bigger, and

great numbers of trading people from the further interior were constantly coming and going. Our position there as a strategic point was becoming increasingly important.

When I came away on July 25, 1888, there was a Church of eighteen members, nine men and nine women. Many at home might think that Christians so recently gathered from among the heathen must be of a very low type. Ignorant they are, and must be on many points; but they have an understanding of the main essential points, and the miracle of the new birth has been wrought in them.

Three women and a young man were baptized while I was there. The young man, when he applied for baptism, came with another who wished for instruction. Lomola and Lumbemba were companions. They were not married, so they lived together in the same house, traded together: in fact, were partners in business. Lomola had worked for us in the early days; eight years ago he was carrying the stones to build our stone house. He had worked for us lately on our other stations, and had been much influenced by Cameron. Lumbemba had not had much to do with us, and if he patronized any mission he went to the Roman Catholic services. A great change came over Lomola. He would no longer join Lumbemba in his drinking-bouts, escapades, and immoralities. Lumbemba was puzzled, and laid himself out to tempt Lomola, and to get him to go upon the old lines; all was, however, without any effect. He began to wonder what teaching could lead a man to live such a blameless life, and presently began to wish to know himself more of the doctrines which could put such good sense into a man's heart and make him so good. He stopped attending the padres' services, for no change of heart was connected with anything there. So after attending our services for a while, he and Lomola came to talk with Lewis, the one to ask to be baptized, the other for instruction. It was not necessary to inquire very much further about the change of heart in Lomola under such circumstances.

With him was baptized a woman, and when her case was brought before the Church, the question was asked, whether

there was any reason to believe that her heart was changed. A murmur of surprise came from every one. Indeed there was ; she used to live a terribly immoral life before ; the great change which had come over her was a wonder to all who knew her. One of the other women would have been baptized before, but her sister had died at Madimba (a populous district south of San Salvador). She had to go to the funeral. When she had been there a few days, another relative died, and she was delayed for a considerable time, for there was a little motherless child to care for. She had returned to San Salvador with the little one. When she came to see Mrs. Lewis, she said to her, 'Yes, I have been away for a long while, and perhaps you may think that away there, out of your sight, I may have been living after the old fashion ; but it is not so. There has come nothing to turn my heart away, I have forgotten nothing, and I hope that my baptism will not be any longer delayed. I spoke to my people about Jizu (Jesus).' These were three out of the four ; the other was the wife of Matoko. He was glad to express his confidence in his wife's conversion. These instances given were the four last who had joined the Church.

The Church has from the first been taught to contribute for Christian work. Every Sunday they put their beads, knives, and cloth into the box which stood near the door of the chapel. In this way they were able to support an evangelist, who visited the neighbouring towns three days in the week ; the other three days he did carpentering work on the station for his bare food. They collected more than enough for this, and at the time had actually funds in hand. They were thus in a position to do more than they were doing, as far as funds were concerned. The real need was men to do the work. The little Church was so young, that it is not surprising that there were not many to hand who could undertake regularly evangelistic work. Other of the members went out on Sundays and at other times to visit the towns around ; but only one at that time was answerable to the Church for so many days per week.

Graham, Phillips, and Lewis were intending to do more

itinerating in the district ; and it was felt that in this way the work could be largely extended, for many people in the towns round were asking what this salvation was.

When I had been at San Salvador a few days the Bishop of Loanda and the Resident arrived, for the Portuguese had occupied the place with a garrison of some thirty black soldiers.

With the advent of soldiers and a Resident the very indifferent administration of justice, protection of property, and general security underwent considerable change.

The poor old king felt very uneasy, and was troubled by a dread of being dethroned. He was afraid to attend our services, and was perplexed by the diverse religious instruction which he received. When I was talking to him just before I left he said to me, 'You white men, you perplex me with your different teachings. I do not know how to choose between you. One says one thing, and one another. I cannot decide, myself. I shall keep both these palavers in my heart, and when I appear before God, He must decide and judge both, and the one who has told me wrong will get into trouble. I never go to sleep at night without commending my soul to God, and seeking the pardon of my sins through the intercession of Jesus Christ, and Mary, His mother.' One might have had more hope of the poor old man, had he in any way been anxious to know the truth. He was then far more anxious to make his earthly position secure than his heavenly. It was a most unfortunate time to try to do anything with him. The bishop had just arrived, and he was very uneasy as to what this great ecclesiastic was going to do with him.

His queen, to whom he was to be married with all the solemnities of the Roman Catholic Church, had arrived from a visit to her old home, and day and night the ivory horns were being blown in her honour.

The Portuguese Government had been behaving very liberally towards the other Protestant missions in the south, and they maintained towards us the same enlightened policy. After the first complimentary visits were over, the Resident

wrote to the missionaries, announcing the occupation, and stating that, in accordance with the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty, there was to be religious liberty ; at the same time he expressed, somewhat vaguely, the desire that there should be some Portuguese taught in our schools. Lewis and Phillips called upon him to ascertain his wishes more definitely. He received them very well, and said that if they taught the children to count, the multiplication tables, to read from the blackboard in Portuguese, that they would be quite satisfied ; and we should be at liberty to teach English or French or anything else that we liked.

On my last Sunday, the Church gathered with us round



T. LEWIS



MRS. LEWIS

the Lord's Table. What a privilege and happiness it was thus to commune with that little company of firstfruits ! In dealing with those who came for special religious instruction and guidance, it was of course difficult to explain things to some. There was a tendency on the part of some to think that the waters of baptism would wash away sin, and secure a right to enter heaven ; this more especially on the part of those who know little or nothing of us or our teaching. A man came to talk with me while I was there. He said that he had been saved in Cameron's book, but he had fallen among tempters in Congo, and had gone wrong ; he wanted

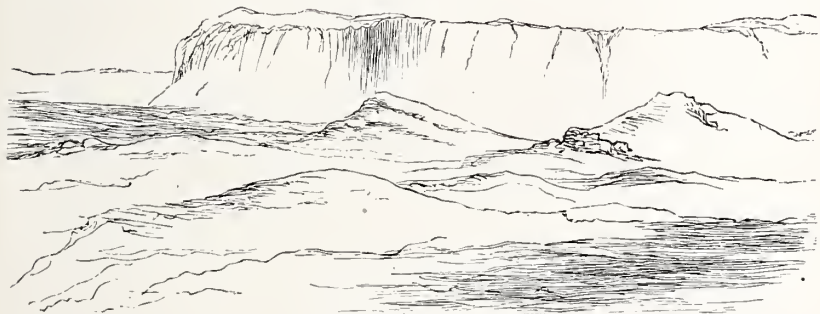
to be written again. I asked him what he meant by being saved in Cameron's book. He seemed to have a vague notion that he had been booked for heaven some time ago, but had gone out of the way, and wished to be re-booked. For some time he had not been doing anything wrong, had been helping everybody, and was worthy of being re-booked. It was very clear that some time previously he had been having some talks with Cameron, and he had taken a note of the man's name in his note-book; the poor man comforted himself with the idea that he had satisfied the examiner, and was all safe. I tried to explain things to him, but he had the idea firmly fixed in his head that I could book him, and that, in consequence of some wickedness on my part, I would not save him. Such misunderstandings were inevitable.

Another case: a woman of considerable dignity and influence in the town, had been advised by her son to attend to our teaching, and to keep clear of the padres; she came asking to be baptized. She had been attending our services for some time, but did not seem to have apprehended the drift of the teaching. She had thus made public her attachment to the mission, but she felt that she was not assuming among our people the position which she was holding among the women of the town. Some of the women attending the services had been baptized, and were admitted into the inner circle. She wished to assume the same position; but realized nothing of the need of a change of heart, and thought that our objections and teachings were only idle difficulties thrown in her way. But she had made up her mind not to be thwarted, so she still continued to talk to Mrs. Lewis. It is to be hoped that she kept within the range of Mrs. Lewis's influence and teaching until the true light dawned upon her. Mrs. Lewis was doing a fine work among the women there. She held her own meetings with them, and conducted the girls' school. With so many women near to her she had splendid opportunities, and was making good use of them.

Returning to Underhill, I found that my old friend, Fred. Oram, had come to join us in the work. Three ladies had accompanied him: Miss Butcher and Miss Silvey, who were

destined for the upper river, and a lady who was to become the wife of Phillips of San Salvador. Oram and I went on to Wathen, for he was to stay there for a while, to allow Davies to take his furlough. The ladies were to stay for a while at Underhill. When on the way to the coast with my wife, two days before we reached Underhill, we had met a new colleague, A. H. Slade, on the way up to join us at Wathen. With Oram and Slade on the station, Davies was able to go home for his furlough. Within seventeen days of reaching Wathen I was on the way to San Salvador again, but this time by another route.

The Congo State, having been duly recognized by the Powers as an independent State, was very active in seeking the development of its vast territories. It was very evident that little could be done without a railway, and already



WATHEN PLATEAU

a party of engineers was out surveying for a route. M. Dannfeld, a State officer living at the State post beside us at Wathen, had been exploring the Lukunga river. He traced the river for several days as it flowed up from the south, under the escarpment of the lofty plateau of the Londe lua Mbilu, upon which Wathen stands nearly 1,800 feet above the sea level. He came to a point where there was a great bend in the river; for, instead of coming away from the south, the river was there flowing from the north-east along the southern escarpment of our plateau. South of it was a wide valley across which the railway would run. The great bend

of the river, at the south-west corner of the plateau, was only a few miles from Kinsuka, which had been visited from San Salvador by Thomas Comber. The people were not hostile. I determined to explore the district to the south of us; if possible to go to Kinsuka, and even to San Salvador, and thus open the road which was once so fast closed to us. I had only left San Salvador on July 25; little did I think that I should be back there again so soon. I started on September 4, 1888, with two chiefs of neighbouring towns as guides. Nlemvo came with me and a Congo, who was trading in the district, and who, therefore, wished to know a better road home. There were also six carriers and three boys. We stopped the first night in a populous district, which had been visited several times. Old Fiuma, the chief of Kitata, where I was staying, wanted me to be present at a big 'palaver,' to which a little later he would call all the chiefs of the district. Mfumu Ntangwa, of Mputu near by, had seized the musical instruments (drums and ivory horns) which were used at the great funerals of his clan. It was a long story; it seemed strange that any one should be so unreasonable. I told him that I was no judge or magistrate over them, but if they wanted to settle the matter and have their market re-established, I would come over to the 'palaver' if they called me. I could teach and advise.

This gave me a good opportunity to talk of our work, and to explain the message of salvation to him, to Makwala of Nkela, and to the other people gathered round. They listened with interest. The whole country was distracted with innumerable palavers, the rights and wrongs of which would be most difficult to ascertain. It is astonishing, too, how completely these people forget or ignore the wrongs which they have committed, and which have led up to some very natural act of retaliation. They are indignant, and thirst for revenge, when really and truly they have not had half of what they deserve.

Next day we passed through a good number of villages, a fine field for future work, and at evening came to the edge of the great plateau upon which we live. Seven hundred and

fifty feet below lay the townships of Luvituku, Nkela, and Kikandikila ; and beyond Makuta, Kinsuka, and the towns which Tom Comber tried so hard and often to pass. Up this valley at the foot of the plateau the Congo Railway was to be laid. The men were so wearied with the march that we had to stop at Luvituku, half an hour short of Nkela ; so not until the next morning could I do the medical work there. The people were all expecting me, and I had to attend to four or five cases. It was nine o'clock before we got clear of the township. Nkela was a cluster of villages rather than a town.

We intended to sleep at Mantumba, but did not reach the first village until sundown. I hurried on with the guides to the village of a chief they knew well, but it was dusk before we reached it, the medical work had so much delayed us. A caravan of native traders from near Wathen was camping there. I stayed to talk with them while the guides went to announce my arrival to the chief. To the surprise of every one, he was very angry, and said that we should not sleep in his town. The guides explained that we had been delayed by giving medicine to his neighbours at Nkela ; but he was very angry, so nervous and excited, and fingered his gun in such a nasty manner that they were glad of an excuse to get out of his presence ; so they came to tell me. While we were discussing what we had better do, the wife of the chief became very excited and took her fetish to curse us. ' Eh, Fwatete (one of the guides), take away your thing. Eh, Manzanza (her fetish), break their arms and legs if they do not clear off. Eh, Fwatete, take away your thing.'

I was the *thing* thus delicately referred to. Every one was getting excited, and things were becoming serious. Nlemvo and others with me said that we might be attacked at night, if we persisted in disregarding these protests ; at the same time it was whispered that there was small-pox in the next town, and that it had carried off thirty people, and that therefore there was some excuse for an extra amount of superstition and fear. We asked the people to take us to some place outside their town, near to the water, for it was then quite dark, and no moon. They said that there was no

water near, they had to go very far for it ; their streams had all dried up. They agreed to let us have two men to lead us out to the plain beyond the town. With these two men before us, we slowly filed out in the darkness through a wood, then another town, but no one had anything to say ; on again through another dark wood, down into a deep gully ; fallen trees and roots made it difficult to pick our way. I asked whether we were clear of towns ; our guides said that only the small-pox town lay before us, so we waited outside for all our men to come up, and follow closely and quickly through the town. The guides took us past the end of it, only we did not go near any houses ; then out into the open and round the town outside of it, so there was only the danger of crossing the wind from the town. Presently we struck the main road, and were soon well away from the towns on the open plains. Our guides wished to return.

But where was the water? None anywhere! Next morning we should have to walk far before meeting any. It was so dark that we could not even look for any firewood. We gave a little present to the guides, and they left us. There we had to sleep hungry and thirsty after our long walk in the afternoon sun. I lay down, but could not sleep for a long time ; and when I did succeed in forgetting my thirst, a jackal came barking close to us. It was a very wakeful, wretched night. Happily, such experiences are very rare ; only once before in all my journeying was I without firewood for a night, never without water.

Next morning we walked an hour before we saw any water ; when we did, we made up for past deficiencies, a good plate of porridge making the first course. Starting again we reached the Kwilu river, and crossed it by a very fine suspension bridge. The banks are very deep and steep ; the bridge was hung from two opposite trees, a good thirty feet above the water. After refreshment I went on in front with the guide-chiefs. Ngudi-a-nkama Veya was the great chief of Kinsuka. On arriving at his compound there were very few people about ; they told us that the chief was away. We took our seats in front of his house and waited for some one to come.

Presently the *locum tenens* arrived. He said that the chief was away at Matadi, and that he did not wish us to sleep in the town. We wondered what objection Kinsuka people could have to a white man sleeping in their town; surely they, who were such noted traders, and who so often slept at the white man's factories, did not fear a visit from one. He said that they were not afraid, but we could not sleep there. We said that we were on the road to San Salvador, and on passing through Veya's town we had not the good fortune to find him at home, but it would never do to pass his town without sleeping there, so we should wish them to show us a house in which we could sleep. After much palaver I said that for a long time I had been wishing to pay a visit to Kinsuka. My brothers Vianga-Vianga and Joni (T. J. Comber and Hartland) had passed through the town a long time ago, and they had told me about Kinsuka. They said that they had no objection to a visit from me, but they were afraid that other less agreeable visitors might come after me. I told them that we only travelled with natives of the country, as they could see for themselves. We were the only white men who had business between Wathen and San Salvador. We wished, however, to use this short road whenever we visited each other, and should never have any but natives with us.

I told them that we had a great message from God to deliver to them, and spoke to them a little about it; but they were restless, and wanted to show me the house and settle all for the night, for the sun was setting; so the palaver was at an end. Then I walked and chatted until dusk. The chief's compound was fenced off with some fine, tall, poplar-like trees, and on each side of the gateway was a skull. In the morning I made a return present, had a little further talk, and got away at about nine o'clock. Veya was really in the neighbourhood all the time, but was afraid to show himself; notwithstanding, everything passed off well, with the exception that they would sell us no bread stuff, lest we should report too well of the road.

We spent the next night in one of the Matadi towns. Matadi means rocks, and very fitting is the name to a district

distinguished by such remarkable stones. Great masses of limestone rise bare and tall from a grassy plain. At first sight, and at a distance, it would be difficult to guess what they are. In appearance they are most like the well-known rock of Fingal's Cave, but for the fact that there is no grass on the top ; others look like Milan Cathedral, or some florid Gothic construction, columns upon columns, and spirelets upon spirelets. They vary from 150 feet to 250 feet in height, and from a quarter to half a mile long, some in an almost continuous chain, others standing out detached and lonely. Some are of white or blue streaked marble, others a blue limestone, like that which we burnt for lime at San Salvador.

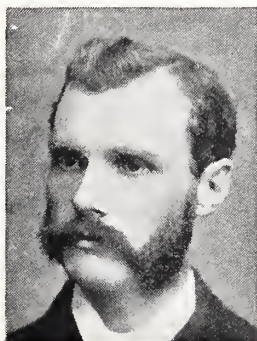
At Kinsaku Nlemvo found friends and relatives, and learnt that his uncle was dead, and he was once more left as chief of his town. He made up his mind to have nothing to do with it, for he had already found that to be chief he must follow 'country custom,' and authorize, indeed instigate, witch palavers. His people would not have him as a Christian, and he would not sell his soul for the chieftainship of an African village. He had to leave me at once, and strike across country to his senior uncle to make the necessary arrangements. Arriving there, he learnt that his mother was dying, so he hurried off to Lueji, her town. He was just in time to see her. She raised herself up and said, 'Is that really you, Dundulu?' (his name as a boy). 'I am dying ; take care of your sisters when I am gone.' She was too much exhausted to talk more, after she had asked how he had managed to come just in time. At eight o'clock the next morning she died. Nlemvo said, 'God is indeed great and good ; who but He could have arranged it that I should have come, and just in time, too, like this?' He was indeed thankful for it. It was really very remarkable, for he had not heard of any sickness.

After leaving Kinsaku we slept the next night at Kunibi, where a very superior man is chief. An hour and a half from Ndundu we sighted San Salvador, and just after sunset of the eighth day I knocked at Lewis's door. They could scarcely believe their eyes. Only seven weeks before had I bid them

good-bye, and now so soon back again. What was the matter? How had I come? I told them that our stations were only eight days apart now. Next day Phillips arrived with his betrothed. They could not be married at Underhill, for he was not a resident in the Congo Free State.

With the news of the death of Nlemvo's mother came a request that I would go over to the funeral on the following Monday. He also asked for the cloth for his mother's shroud. On Monday morning I started early to attend the funeral. It was a journey of three and a half hours each way. When

I was ready I suggested that we should proceed with the burying, but I found that, as usual in Congo, the winding of the chief part of the shroud is one of the last offices. The body was brought out of the house wrapped in leaves, and twenty-four yards of cloth as the first wrapping. Then they spread on the ground Nlemvo's part of the shroud, 150 yards of cloth; with this the body was enshrouded, and then outside of all came my gift of six yards of cream satin, fastened with scarlet braid. The



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fring of guns had announced to the neighbourhood that the funeral was in progress. The women folk wailed loudly, and we formed the funeral procession. The grave was four feet deep, near a nice shady tree, 100 yards outside the town. The body was placed on sticks over the grave; then I spoke to the people assembled about death, what it was, and what it leads to, and the necessity and way of preparation for it. After that the body was placed in the grave, I offered prayer, and the grave was filled in.

I arranged with Nlemvo that he should meet me at Kin-saku, nearly forty miles away, three days later, and started back for San Salvador. Every one must have felt that Nlemvo, with all these new strange Christian ideas and customs, at least gave his mother an honourable and worthy burial, and his white man came himself to show his respect.

Nlemvo's presence and respect in this matter, and the proper fulfilment of the native customs, was very important ; it would go far towards removing the prejudice against these too new customs and religious ideas, which seem to them so subversive of all proprieties.

It was dark an hour before I reached San Salvador. Next day I started on my return journey, reaching Kintinu by the light of a glorious moon. We were so well known at Kintinu, that there was no chance of vexing old Nsimba by arriving late. My Wathen guides were of the same clan as he, and he was very glad to get news of his relatives living in that neighbourhood. On the third day, as we neared Kinsaku I saw an envelope stuck in a tree near the junction of two roads ; it was a note from Nlemvo, to say that he had passed on to Kinsaku and would be ready to go on with us. We had both of us crowded a good deal into those past three days.

We heard that if we turned off at the Kinsuka market-place we could reach Kimpesi that afternoon ; as I was anxious to return by the side of the Lukunga river, instead of by the waterless plain and the small-pox town, we therefore did not go into Kinsuka town, but steered for the great headland of the plateau, towering 800 feet above the plain away in the blue distance. We reached Kimpesi at five o'clock, and were well received. All next day we walked through the populous Lukunga valley. Limestone cropped up in some places. The Lukunga river flows at the foot of the escarpment of the plateau. The cliffs are so steep there, that for two or three hours we did not see a single footpath up them.

We passed through many towns. At evening we reached Kikandikila, to which belongs a very noted market. Next morning was the day of the great market ; they were anxious that I should pass it before the market time, lest strangers from a distance should be frightened, and the market permanently suffer. We started early, and the news ran on ahead that the white man was coming. We met a great stream of people, and bought some cassava-meal puddings from some of the women going to market. We also bought some sugar-cane, crushed pumpkin pips, fieldmice, and one

very large variety of rat ; the latter for the men. Some men passed carrying cloth of European manufacture ; others native cloth made from the fibre of the leaflets of the raphia palm, bedsteads of the stem of the fronds of the same palm, pottery of all kinds, ivory, knives, hoes, baskets, meal-sieves ; women and girls with food stuffs, and strangers from far and wide. I went along laughing and chatting in Kongo with those who were with me, and very few of the hundreds we met seemed very much disturbed by our presence. It was a capital advertisement, for it started people talking about us through a wide stretch of country—the wonderful medicine, and what the white man said and did ; whether he was proud and hard, or whether he would let people talk to him, and so on.

We slept at a town called Mawete, and from there we followed a course two or three miles east of our previous route, thus seeing some more towns new to me. Everywhere the people were anxious to see me. How I longed to do some quiet itineration in this district ! As I neared Wathen, Nlemvo went on ahead, and soon I met Oram and Slade at five o'clock on the eighth day home again. The distance to San Salvador is about 110 miles. By the old road *via* Underhill it takes fifteen or sixteen days of hard marching to go from San Salvador to Wathen. The journey across country occupied eight days there and eight back. So at last the thing we tried so hard to do in the early days of the mission was accomplished. It was a great advantage gained, when the distance between Wathen and San Salvador was thus halved. At the same time the knowledge obtained of the people and country intervening was of still greater importance.

Michael Richards had been nearly three years in the country in June, 1888, so it was felt that he ought to go home on furlough. Out of the party which had come out with Thomas Comber in October, 1885, Comber and two others were dead. Percy Comber and Davies were on furlough, and Richards was the only one of that party on the field at that time. Accordingly, Richards went down country ; he was in fairly good health and strength. At Banana, while waiting, with Graham and Mrs. Moolenaar, for a steamer, Richards

was attacked by a severe haemoglobinuric fever. The doctor of the Dutch Trading Company treated him, but this terrible form of fever so weakened him, that on the fifth day, Aug. 19, 1888, he died. He was an earnest, warm-hearted man, who faced cheerfully the perplexities and difficulties of the early days at Lukolela. He won the hearts of the natives, and laid the foundation for good work at the station. He wrote a little before his death: 'The Congo Mission is a grand enterprise. I feel day by day increasingly grateful to my Heavenly Father for permitting me the high privilege of working in it. What are worldly position, wealth, ambition, compared with the joy of taking the lamp of life into regions of utter darkness and death? Oh that suitable young men at home would fully realize this!'

Grenfell was very anxious to commence new work on the upper river. He could not do as he would, on account of the smallness of the mission staff. The heavy losses by death had not yet been repaired, and we were too few to permit of an immediate advance. It was clear that we could not make Stanley Pool the home and dockyard of the Peace. The chronic condition of starvation was bad enough, but the crew of the steamer could not even be fed there between the runs. It was decided, therefore, to seek a suitable position on the upper river for the mission dockyard. The natives at Bolobo had repeatedly invited us to build amongst them, and we were very desirous of occupying that populous district. A very good site was available between the townships of the Bobangi and the Moye people. It was their fighting ground, and therefore left vacant. Just the place to be occupied by a Christian mission. Grenfell went up in the Peace, and completed the necessary arrangements. The people on both sides felt that the presence of the mission would be a great protection against their restless enemies. Accordingly, James Showers, a young man from the Cameroons, was placed in charge of some workmen, to carry on the first building operations; thus to simplify Grenfell's task, when he was able to commence work there himself. The commencement of Bolobo Station was made in March, 1888.

Grenfell visited the new station, and brought up supplies to Lukolela from time to time. In August, although he was still obliged to make his home at Stanley Pool, he was looking forward to occupying Bolobo at an early date. He started up river to take Harrison to Lukolela to relieve Silvey, who had stayed to let Richards leave. This involved leaving Brown alone at Arthington Station; but it could not be helped. A month later, in September, 1888, Grenfell was able to commence work himself at Bolobo. James Showers had built him a small house. He erected a small mat-covered building to serve as school-house and chapel. The walls were made of the arrow-guards of the Peace, and the seats were planks nailed to short posts in the ground.

When Stanley reached the highest point on the Aruwimi river attainable by the steamers which brought him, he left part of his people at a camp on the Aruwimi, and struck forward himself to the Albert Nyanza. The people left on the Aruwimi starved and suffered for more than a year; and then, hearing nothing, Herbert Ward was sent down by his brother officers to communicate with Europe, and to ask for instructions. On his return Ward called at Wathen. Our colleague, Slade, accompanied him to the Luasi river, about an hour on the way to Stanley Pool. There they took a bath, and afterwards chatted about the Expedition and the sufferings at the camp. Slade was drying his shirt in the hot sun, and caught a chill as he sat in the shade. Two days later he complained of a slightly swollen lymphatic gland behind his ear; he was a little feverish, and went to bed. The fever increased, and on the third day symptoms of haemoglobinuria appeared, which in twenty hours had quite passed away, leaving him very weak. Other complications ensued, and after three weeks' illness he died on December 20, 1888. We felt deeply the loss of a splendid all-round man and a fine missionary in Slade. He was middle-aged, and had succeeded well in business at home, but gave up his work at home to help us on the Congo. Intensely earnest, warm-hearted, and very practical, he used to say, 'The young men who come out have life and time before them. I am not

exactly a young man ; my time must be shorter, and I want to crowd as much into it as possible.' He was much loved by all about the station. He had been only eight months in the country, but in zeal and deep interest in the work he yielded to no one.

All this expenditure of energy and life on the Congo had not been in vain ; there were in the end of 1888 six stations, reaching 500 miles into the interior, and the whole navigable river had been explored, with the exception of an affluent of the Upper Kasai. A Christian Church had been formed at San Salvador, and during the year 1888 twenty-two converts had been baptized. Twelve days after Slade's death, a Christian Church was formed at Wathen. A little company of natives, six men and two women, became thus united in Christian fellowship.

Samuel Silvey was compelled to return home by reason of ill health in April, 1889. He took with him two native boys ; but a few days after leaving Banana in the Portuguese mail steamer, he was attacked by a fever, and died on April 23. He went out to the Cameroons in 1883 to undertake school work there, and returned to England soon after the annexation of the country by Germany in the end of 1884. After a season of rest he was transferred to the Congo Mission, and came out to the Congo in March, 1886. He was never robust in health, but he was a man deeply in earnest ; quiet and retiring in his manner, his gentle kindly way won the hearts of his boys, and he sought earnestly to lead them to the Saviour. We lost in him a fellow worker loyal-hearted and true.

Two new colleagues, J. L. Roger and J. A. Clark, arrived out in March, 1889 ; and on May 31 Percy Comber, Cameron, and Scrivener returned from their furloughs with two new men, Harry White and William L. Forfeitt. Again in December Davies returned with three others, Wilkinson, Glennie, and J. Lawson Forfeitt. Wilkinson reached Underhill on December 2, 1889, and was at San Salvador twelve days later. After ten days he was attacked by an obstinate fever. The Portuguese doctor was in attendance, and Oram nursed him ;

but their care and efforts were unavailing ; he died on December 29. J. G. Brown, who had been stationed at Stanley Pool, had resigned his connexion with the Society, and was on his way home with his wife. A few days after leaving Banana he was attacked by fever, and died on December 27. W. H. Stapleton joined the mission in January, 1890.

In spite of these losses, the accession of so many new colleagues rendered it possible to push further ahead, and seek for a new site for a station. Accordingly, the *Peace* started from Bolobo to reconnoitre, on January 28, with Grenfell and Lawson Forfeitt. It is no uncommon thing for natives who are travelling to beg a passage on the steamer. Sometimes there is room, and they are allowed to work their passage. On this trip there were five men at Bangala who wished to go to Bopoto, some 200 miles higher up. A passage was accorded them, in hope that this kindness would help Grenfell and his colleagues in their quest.

One of the men was an important chief of Bopoto. Very wonderfully has God prepared our way and made things work together for our good, and this was but another remarkable instance. When the *Peace* reached Bopoto, the chief readily consented to allow them to select a site for a station. When they left to return, he forced a fine goat into the boat, which they were to accept as a pledge that they would soon return and build. Of course there was no anxious desire for the Gospel on the part of those wild cannibals of Bopoto ; they expected that material advantages would accrue from our settlement among them, and so they invited us. The *Peace* returned to Stanley Pool for supplies, and found Oram and Stapleton waiting for her.

Preparations for the new station were made at Lukolela. In the great forest there unlimited supplies of wood were to hand, so carpenters were set to work to make the framework of a house for Bopoto. Oram and William Forfeitt were to found the new station, and Grenfell and White took them up. The party left Bolobo on May 2, 1890. The second day brought them to Lukolela, where they spent Sunday and Monday. Although their destination was in all

probability Bopoto, it was deemed advisable to run first some distance up the great Mobangi river, to see if any place was still more inviting. They found the people in most places timid, and in some, suspicious and ready for emergencies ; but there were some fine people up the Mobangi ; by no means gentle and civilized, for they were gross cannibals and fierce wild people, but people of fine possibilities.

The whole wide country seemed to be given up to cannibalism, from the Mobangi to Stanley Falls, for 600 miles on both sides of the main river, and the Mobangi as well. Cannibalism is a bad habit, but it does not necessarily mark out the natives who observe it as being of a lower type than



W. L. FORFEITT

others who do not. It is a well-known fact that some of the cannibal peoples of Africa are far in advance of many tribes who would shudder at the very idea. The natives of Manyanga and the Lukunga district of the cataract region were far more degraded, and no less cruel and wicked, than the wild cannibals of the Upper Congo ; but they would scorn the idea of eating human flesh as much as we would. Often in the early days did the natives beg Grenfell to sell some of his steamer hands, especially his coast people ; coming from the shore of the great salt sea, they must be very 'sweet'—salt is spoken of as sweet, in the same way as sugar. They offered two or three of their women for one of those coast men. They could not understand the objections raised to the practice. 'You eat fowls and goats, and we eat men ; why not ? what is the difference ?' The son of Mata-bwiki, chief of Liboko (Bangala), when asked whether he ever ate human flesh, said, 'Ah ! I wish that I could eat everybody on earth !' Happily, his stomach and arm were not equal to the carrying out of his fiendish will. Fiendish ; and yet there is something free and lovable in many of these wild men ; splendid possibilities when the

grace of God gets a hold of them. Bapulula, the brother of that 'fiend,' worked for us for two years—a fine, bright, intelligent fellow, we liked him very much.

Cannibalism on the Upper Congo was bad enough, but it flourished in its worst forms on the Mobangi. There was a much greater demand for human flesh than the local markets could supply. The people did not as a rule eat their own townfolk and relatives; but they kept and fattened slaves for the butcher, just as we keep cattle and poultry. There used to be a constant traffic in slaves for the purpose between the Lulongo river and the Mobangi. The people on the Lulongo organized raids on the upper reaches of their river, or landed at some beach, to raid the inland towns. They fought the unsuspecting and unprepared people, overpowered them, killed many in the process, and brought the rest home with them. They divided up their human booty, and kept them in their towns, tied up and starving, until they were fortunate enough to catch or buy some more, and so make up a cargo worth taking to the Mobangi. When times were bad, these poor starving wretches might often be seen tied up in their towns, just kept alive with a minimum of food. A party would be made up, and two or three canoes would be filled with these human cattle. They would paddle down the Lulongo, cross the main river when the wind was not blowing, make up the Mobangi, and sell their freight in some of the towns for ivory. The purchasers would then feed up their starvelings, until they were fat enough for the market, then butcher them, and sell the meat in small joints. What was left over, if there was much on the market, would be dried on a rack over a fire, or spitted, and the end of the spit stuck in the ground by a slow fire, until it could be kept for weeks, and sold at leisure.

Sometimes a section of a town would club together to buy a large piece of the body wholesale, to be retailed out again; or a family man would buy a whole leg to divide up between his wives, children, and slaves. Dear little bright-eyed boys and girls grew up accustomed to these scenes from day to day. They ate their own morsels from time to time, in the

haphazard way that they have, and carried the rest of their portion in their hand, on a skewer, or in a leaf, lest any one should steal and eat it. That is how cannibals are made. To this awful depth have these children of the Heavenly Father fallen, until they have become indeed children of the devil! Shall we let these 'innocent heathen' go on in their simple way, or shall we 'trouble' them with the Gospel? This is how they live up to their light! Again we say, 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!' This is no 'worked up' picture, it is the daily life of thousands at the present time in darkest Africa.

Grenfell was the first to discover this great Mobangi river, and he reported the presence of copper rings and bracelets. At first the trading steamers visited the other affluents to buy the ivory which abounded in them. Hearing that copper was in demand on the Mobangi, they sent word to their agencies at Manyanga to buy ingots of copper in their district, and to send them up to Stanley Pool. When they went to the Mobangi, the natives would not sell their ivory for any of their wares; all that they asked for was slaves—*batu*, 'people to eat.' They wanted 'meat,' not brass wire, or copper ingots, or beads, or cloth, or even satins; they laughed at such things. There was ivory in abundance, but it was only in exchange for *batu*. Several attempts were made, with no success, or scarcely any. The horrid trade with the Balolo of the Lulongo thus became known, and representations were made to the Government. A small State steamer was sent to cruise at the mouth of the Mobangi for the suppression of the traffic. A few examples were made. The report spread up the Lulongo that the State was on the look-out to shoot any one bringing slaves up the Mobangi; forthwith that part of the trade was stopped. One or two French officers have been killed and eaten up there since, and there have been punitive dispensations on both banks. Laws have been made against cannibalism, but it will be some time yet before the custom dies out.

An old missionary from Samoa, who had spent a long life in the Pacific, told me how he had once inquired of an

excellent Christian man, who had been a cannibal, as to whether human flesh is specially tasty. Why were cannibals, who had their goats and pigs, so eager for human flesh? He replied, 'You white men consider pork to be the most tasty of meat, but pork is not to be compared with human flesh!' The good man had no hankering after the old bad ways, but he was asked seriously a very straight question, by one he loved and esteemed, and he gave him a straight answer.

We have asked two Christian women about these things; they came from the main river. 'Does everybody eat human flesh in your district?' 'Not all.' 'Do all the men?' 'Nearly all.' 'And the women?' 'Some do, but others do not like to do so.' One of them said that her mother had given her a head to cook once, and she had done so. She said that they were only able to get human flesh on great occasions—at a funeral, or some such festivity. To obtain victims, her people used to organize raids down the main river and up the Aruwimi. They would then make a sudden swoop on one of the quieter towns of the Basoko, and catch some people, say four or five, and bring them back for the feast.

An old man, with whom I talked at Bangala in 1887, had actually killed and eaten seven of his wives. There had been some breach of morals, or in some way he had been offended; so he had made a family feast of the delinquent, *pour encourager les autres!*

Why do we tell these shocking stories? We have told how good men and true went out to the Congo one after the other only to die, and others again to take their places and die. This story needs some justification. The one explains the other. A great need exists, and men have gone to supply it. These fearful customs are but symptoms; the disease is deeper and still more terrible. Our Lord and Master commands us to bear the Light of life into this abyss of heathen night. The order has gone forth; some shrug their shoulders, others have heard, and have gone. As might have been expected, there has been great labour and

sacrifice ; but already have we seen some of these cannibals brought to Christ, and living earnest, gentle Christian lives, in striking contrast to some of the white men who go to live among them.

It was felt that although there were fine sites in populous districts, there was no place so eligible on the Mobangi as Bopoto ; so, after about five days spent in exploring, the Peace descended to the Congo. A quiet Sunday was spent at the Equator Station of the American Mission, after which the Lulongo river was ascended for twenty miles to visit Mr. McKittrick, at the Bonginda station of the Congo Balolo Mission.

On May 29, 1890, they reached Bopoto. They first steamed the whole length of the township, to see whether there was any better site than that which had been previously chosen. Everywhere they met with an enthusiastic welcome, but it was clear that the first choice was the best, and when the decision was announced a shout of joy went up from the assembled people. No welcome could have been heartier. A moment later Oram was being carried up the steep slope of the shore on the shoulders of one of the townsmen. The purchase of the site was soon effected. The price paid was 800 brass rods, two pieces of cloth, three empty preserved-fruit bottles, two knives, two forks, two spoons, two mirrors, one cup of beads, one cup of cowries. There were, of course, arrangements to be made with the State, and proper registration of title, but this was how the business was settled with the natives. A spring of beautiful clear water wells up on our beach, the source of which is enclosed, and covered to prevent contamination. This is a very great boon. All these preliminaries being arranged, the steamer dropped down to the Dutch trading factory, an hour distant. Next morning they returned, and landed the framework of the house and other material, cleared the site, and planned the house ; they marked out the garden, and planted some young coffee-trees found up the Mobangi, also sweet potatoes, and other things which they had brought with them. Next day was Sunday, June 1, and they conducted the first service

under a beautiful wild fig-tree, which stands on the station ground. Although the natives could not understand much of the Bobangi language, they enjoyed the hymns sung to the accompaniment of a harmonium. These they pronounced *malamu, malamu be!* ('good, very good').

It was considered well that Oram and Forfeitt should see a little of the district above their new home ; so, leaving some men to put together the framework of the house, the Peace went up to the Itimbiri or Loika river, and ascended that affluent for some distance. The State had been having some difficulties with the natives, and had had occasion to punish them. The people therefore were very timid, and ran away on their approach. It could hardly be expected that these wild, strong, cannibal people would settle down to peaceful intercourse with Europeans, until they had compared their strength with the new-comers and learned a few



F. R. ORAM

lessons. There were places which we found, at which we might settle ; but there were many places at which we could not have done so. Collisions with the State appear to have been an unfortunate necessity. After four days on the Itimbiri they returned to the Congo and to Bopoto. The stores were then landed and carried up to the site, and the steamer returned to announce that the new station had been commenced.

A month later, on July 11, 1890, the Peace started up river again, to enable Weeks and Stapleton to found another new station. They made their way to Lulanga, a fine town at the mouth of the Lulongo river. Fifty minutes were occupied in walking through the town, which was practically one long street, with here and there a quadrangle opening out of it. The houses were built closely together, and they estimated the population at 3,000 souls. After a break of nearly a mile, there was another town of 1,000 inhabitants. It seemed to be indeed a fine position for a mission station. The Dutch Trading Company had already a factory in the town. One consideration weighed heavily with them. The field was wide, and there was no reason why two missions should overlap in such a country. The Lulongo river had been chosen as the field of the Congo Balolo Mission, and although Lulanga was partly on the main river, it was at the mouth of the Lulongo, and properly belonged to the district of the other mission. They determined to run up the Lulongo to Bonginda, and discuss the matter with Mr. McKittrick, of the Congo Balolo Mission. He would have been very willing for us to build at Lulanga, and receive the stores for his mission there, thus setting his colleagues free for further work up the Lulongo. It was clear that Lulanga ought to be occupied; but as the matter was further considered, it was felt that it pertained properly to the Congo Balolo Mission. Mr. McKittrick promised that if we went elsewhere he would open a station there as soon as possible, so Weeks and Stapleton went back to the Congo to seek a site elsewhere.

Crossing over to the right (north) bank, at the first place at which they stopped the people all ran away, leaving them an empty town. They called to them, and asked them to come back and sell some fowls. They said that they would return if the white men would keep on the steamer, and send only their boys. This was done, and in a few minutes the people learned who their visitors were, and accorded them a hearty welcome. They were rejoiced to find that they did not come to fight, and wanted Weeks to build in their

town. Weeks and Stapleton walked through several other towns, and decided to look about further before fixing upon a site. They came upon one large town, and wanted to go ashore ; but as soon as the steamer stopped the women ran away into the jungle, and the men prepared to fight. They intimated that if they landed, spears would be thrown. Two men from a neighbouring town were sent ashore to ask them to let us land ; but they threatened to kill them. It was deemed best to go away, and look elsewhere. After visiting another township, they went to the State station at Bangala, and obtained an interim permission to build. All such matters had actually to be referred to the Central Government in Brussels ; meanwhile they were free to choose a site and build. They then went on to Bopoto, and to the Itimbiri, but decided after all to build in the district below Bangala.

The land there is very low ; it is, indeed, impossible to find a site not liable to inundation ; that was a discovery to be made later on, but they chose the best position that they could, at a place called Monsembe. Close to the town is a creek which communicates with the Mobangi river, so that the station possesses an exceptionally large field for itinera- tion by water.

Three native houses were bought, and the stores and personal effects were placed in them. Next morning the Peace returned to Bolobo, and Weeks and Stapleton were left to commence the work at Monsembe. As in the case of Bopoto, they had taken with them the framework of a small wooden house, that they might run up something quickly, in which they might live with some measure of comfort, until a larger and more convenient house would be ready.

After these two trips the Peace needed some cleaning, and in September White, who was in charge of her, took her down to Stanley Pool, to get stores for the new stations, which were badly in need of them. On her arrival she was requisitioned by the Government of the Congo State to convey arms, ammunition, and troops and stores to Lusambu, a remote



FIRST MISSION HOUSE, MONSEMBE

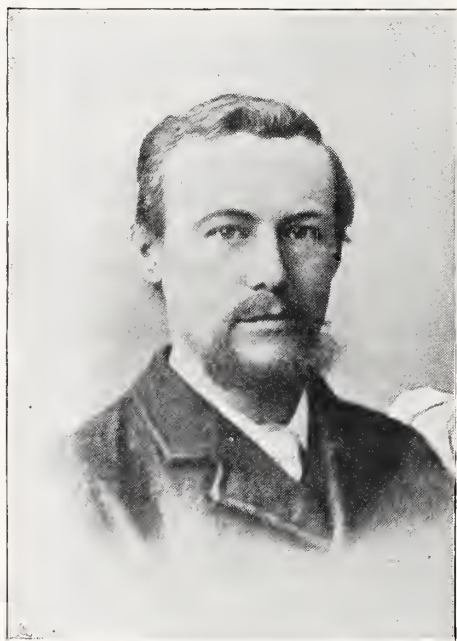
station of the State on the Sankuru. The State was seeking to raise a barrier to the incursions of the Arab slavers working westward from Nyangwe, and the commissaire of the district of Lusambu considered that his position was threatened by a marauding force under Pania Mutumba. He declared a state of war, and considered himself justified in requisitioning the Peace to bring up war supplies; she being considered the fittest boat to convey the needed stores up the Kasai at that time of year. We are naturally anxious that the Peace should be used for the purpose for which she was sent out; and above all to keep clear of all that would belie her name, and prejudice her character and the mission with which she is connected. The Peace and the mission are one in the eyes of the natives, and cannot in any way be separated. The State authorities hauled down her flag, and put one of their own captains in charge of her. In the interests of the mission, White remained with the steamer and her crew.

The action of the Government of the State in thus seizing the Peace caused the greatest anxiety to the missionaries on the field, and to the Committee of the Society at home. Our upper river stations were dependent on the Peace for their supplies, and we had never before realized that she was liable to such seizure. The Committee felt it incumbent upon them to at once represent the facts of the case to the Government authorities at Brussels, to point out what appeared to them the illegal nature of the seizure, the peril to the lives of the missionaries at stations on the Upper Congo, entirely dependent upon the regular transit of supplies by the Peace, and the outrage upon the well-known pacific character of the mission, by using the steamer for transit of arms, ammunition, and troops. In response to this representation the Government at Brussels promptly telegraphed instructions to the authorities on the Congo, to return at once the steamer to the missionaries, and expressed their sincere regret at the incident.

In view of the facts of the case the Committee declined to receive from the Congo Government a money payment in satisfaction of the wrong committed. They objected

strongly to the seizure of the ship, which they considered was altogether illegal, and they further objected strongly to the purposes for which the steamer was used, which they considered most injurious to the work of the mission. There is good reason for believing that no such high-handed action will occur again.

The following extract from the report which White wrote of the voyage gives some interesting details:—



W. H. WHITE

‘Do not suppose that the forced trip was without interest. The heart-burnings of that voyage will be forgotten, even as the anxiety has already given place to thankfulness for safe keeping. The State captain, a hearty old Norwegian tar, was considerate of my position, and we got along without any great friction. I was very glad to find that he soon got a very high opinion of our young apprentice engineer, Francis Steane; he spoke of him after-

wards, in the company of a number of State officers, as “the most gentlemanlike and the most civilized black he had ever known.” Our two Lukolela steersmen and the ever-merry Wangata boy, who throws the lead, stood high in his esteem; though of course things did not by any means go always right.’

This trip of the Peace practically completed the survey of the main waterways of the Congo system, to be reached by steamer from Stanley Pool. Beyond the obstacles which

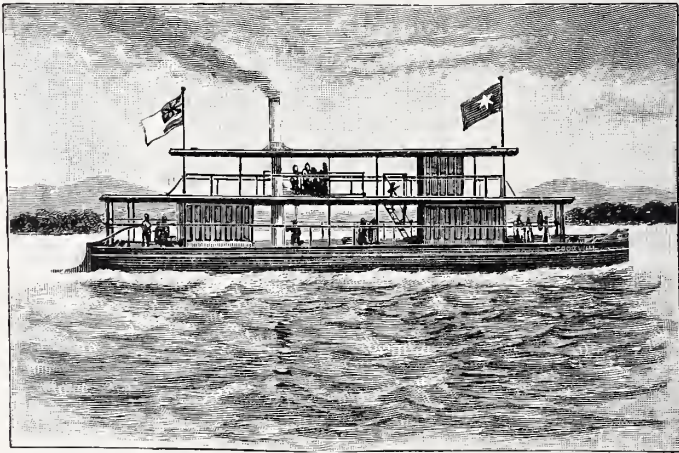
form the limits of the 5,000 miles of open water available to the steamers, there stretch 6,000 miles more of waterway available to steamers, boats, and canoes placed upon the upper reaches, many of which are already thus navigated. The Congo State, then, claims to have 11,000 to 15,000 miles of navigable waterway in its wide territory.

The condition of Grenfell's health rendered his return to England imperatively necessary; the Committee therefore urged him to take his furlough; and he arrived in England in December, 1890. While in England he called attention to the insufficiency of the *Peace* to supply the needs of all the stations. She needed a thorough overhauling and careful repair; but even then her freight capacity was too small, and in consequence she had to be making constant trips, to meet the growing demands made upon her. At the same time it was pointed out that should any accident befall the *Peace*, the up river stations would be in serious jeopardy, and the lives of the missionaries gravely endangered. In view of these considerations, the Committee came to the unanimous conviction that in the interests of the mission a second steamer had become a positive necessity. Specifications were drawn up by Grenfell, and tenders invited, and the work was placed in the hands of Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., who had built the *Peace*, the contract price being £3,000. The few extras necessary to her perfect equipment, and the transport and reconstruction, were estimated to involve another £2,000. The total cost of £5,000 was to be charged to the fund raised in connexion with the commemoration of the Centenary of the Society the following year (1892).

As in the case of the *Peace*, the *Goodwill* was constructed with copper rivets at Chiswick. On September 8, 9, and 10, 1891, she ran a daily trip from Chiswick to Westminster Bridge, lying all day on view off St. Thomas's Hospital, and running back again in the evening. In this way many of our friends had an opportunity of seeing the beautiful vessel, and admiring the careful and clever arrangements designed by Grenfell for the comfort of those who should travel on her, and for convenience in handling the steamer.

The result of his careful thought and planning is a steamer, for her size and character of work, as near perfection as one can conceive. I have travelled nearly 3,000 miles on her myself, and know well her convenience, and what a perfect vessel she is.

After her trial and exhibition trips the Goodwill was taken to pieces again, packed, and shipped. She weighed nearly twenty tons. Transported overland for 225 miles from Underhill to Stanley Pool, she was then carried up river by the Peace to Bolobo, and there reconstructed on Grenfell's return



S.S. GOODWILL

to his station. She was launched on the Upper Congo on December 5, 1893. All the work of her reconstruction was done by African workmen, and natives of the Upper Congo run both the steamers, and do all the work. Grenfell brought to England with him Bungudi, the son of Ngambelenge, late a prominent chief of the Bawumbu on the hills above Stanley Pool. This young man was present at Chiswick during the construction of the steamer, and was very useful in her reconstruction afterwards at Bolobo. He has become a very efficient engineer.

The Government of the Congo State having pushed the

explorations of its vast territories to their utmost limits, were anxious to accomplish a definite demarcation of the frontier lines. Arrangements were made with Great Britain, France, Germany, and Portugal, following rivers and water partings, which admitted of no further dispute. There remained one line of frontier, which ran at right angles to everything which might serve as a natural boundary. The southern frontier of the State dividing it from the Portuguese possessions is the Congo river from its mouth to a point a little above Noki, near Underhill Station ; thence for 200 miles it follows a line due east of Noki to the Kwangu. The line then runs to the south for 150 miles, the Kwangu river forming the boundary to a point on the eighth degree of south latitude ; from thence the line zigzags in an easterly direction through the Lunda country, across to the Kasai. The river systems here flow all of them in a northerly direction, cutting this line at right angles. The possibilities of dispute on this line were very great ; it was necessary to carefully delimit this piece of frontier. A Portuguese commissioner was appointed ; and King Leopold requested the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to allow Grenfell to serve as his commissioner for the delimitation. Grenfell's great geographical ability, displayed in his exploration of the tributaries of the Upper Congo, marked him out as specially qualified to undertake the duty. The Committee felt that it would be a matter of great interest to gain a knowledge of that region ; the expedition, too, was to be entirely of a pacific character ; hostilities were to be carefully avoided, even if it involved the abandonment of the enterprise ; and the work would not require many months. In view of these considerations the Committee felt that they ought not to withhold their sanction to his response to the king's request.

As always happens in Africa, there were difficulties and delays. Grenfell arrived out on the Congo in December, 1891, to start on the road to the meeting point, but a change in the Portuguese commissioner caused a year to elapse before the two commissioners met, some twenty-five miles south of the Franz Josef Falls on the Kwangu. The delimitation was

satisfactorily accomplished, and the joint expedition returned by way of Loanda, in July, 1893. Grenfell had travelled 1,000 miles on oxback ; a new experience to him, but a most convenient manner of getting over the country. King Leopold



GRENFELL ON OXBACK

marked his appreciation of the service rendered by Grenfell by creating him a Commander of the Royal Order of the Lion, and presented the insignia of the order set in diamonds. The King of Portugal also conferred upon him a decoration.



AN ARAB SANDAL.

CHAPTER IV

PROGRESS ON THE UPPER RIVER: 1890-9

‘The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.’—PSALM exxvi. 3.

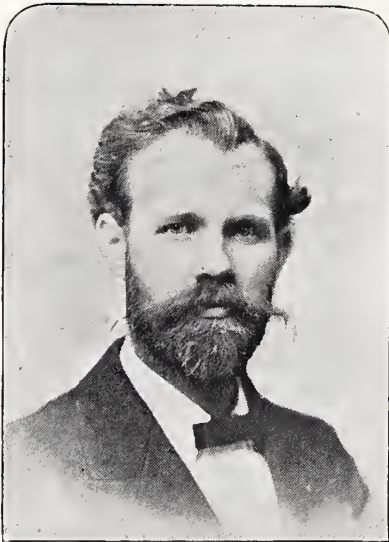
THUS far the story has been one of foundation work. Although of such immense importance to that which is to be reared upon it, it is nevertheless work which has little to show for itself above the surface. There comes, however, a time when this initial stage is past, and something is to be seen for all the labour bestowed. It may be that only a few courses of masonry appear above the surface, but they do appear, and give some indications as to what is to be the outcome of the operations. This is the stage of the work at present being carried on over the upper river, and we must now note the progress of the work in that region from the bare commencements just recorded until the present day.

ARTHINGTON STATION.

The work at Arthington Station, Stanley Pool, has always been attended with great difficulties on account of the scarcity of food. The Congo State has its dockyard at Leopoldville, employing a number of skilled European workmen and engineers ; there, and at the trading factories about the Pool, there are a great number of white men to be fed. There is also a large force of soldiers to be kept, and the great coffee plantations of the State require a large number of labourers ; all this is further complicated by the railway station and workmen. In exempting the natives in the neighbourhood of

the Pool from other forms of taxation, the State demands the production of a certain quantity of cassava puddings (*kwanga*) from each district. The food stuff is brought in and duly paid for ; but the natives so dislike being forced to work for much more than the supply of their own personal needs, that there is not much left for general markets after the State has been supplied. It has been no unusual thing at Arthington Station for all work to be suspended, because there was no food whatever to be bought for the boys,

and they had to be sent out to shift as they could, and buy a little here and there from State work-people, or manage somehow. Very little could be done in the way of cultivation, for the land was so sandy and poor that it was not able to yield a fair crop of manioc. Indeed, of late years there have been so many hungry people prowling about in search of food, that if anything had been planted its yield would all have been stolen.



J. L. ROGER

In 1888-9 an earnest effort was made to learn

Kiteke, to make that the language of the station, and gather some of the local boys to our school. The best and brightest of those boys was Iye. He was a Muteke, but the little fellow had somehow learnt a great deal of Kongo. With great difficulty we induced his father and mother to let him come to us, as he wished. For a long while they would not hear of it, so we could only get help from him when the boy came in to see us, which was very often. At last he came to live with us, and was most useful. Brown and Roger were hoping to be able to do some itineration with his help. He

was a most lovable boy, and in 1889 was head of the school. He had learned of Jesus, and there was good evidence that he had given his heart to the Saviour. His influence was very good and helpful to the other boys, whom he often urged to follow Jesus. He was about fourteen years of age. On September 21, 1889, the boys came to receive their weekly portion of soap. Four of them ran with a merry shout down the slope to the river, to bathe and wash their clothes. Iye was a little in advance of the others; he plunged into the water first, and in a moment a terrible shriek told that a crocodile had taken him. Brown and Roger rushed down, but nothing could be done. The reptile had taken him down into the deep water, and held him under until he was dead. Nothing more was ever seen of him. The fine, bright, helpful lad, the hope of the station, was gone. His loss was a great blow to all; his place was never refilled. He was the first of the Bateke to receive the Gospel. Happily, he was prepared to die. He had always been the interpreter in the towns, and the natives all seemed fond of him; his bright, winsome manner gave him a good deal of influence with them, young as he was.

Three years later the long-expected trouble between the State and the Bateke natives came; the Bateke all ran away to the French side of the river. From that time the language of the station has been Kongo, and the boys on the station have been drawn from the Kongo-speaking district to the west. The chief industry on the station has been brick-making. There is a school of forty boys, who during the dry season work in the brickfield in the morning, and go to school in the afternoon; they do some more work again after school. In the rainy season they build with the bricks which they have made, and work in the gardens and plantations. Two brick dwelling-houses and a visitors' house have been erected, a school-house, and two stores, one being 50 ft. by 20 ft. The expenses of the station have been materially reduced by the sale of bricks. In 1897 they brought in £150; in 1898, £85. At present Roger and Gordon are associated in the work there.

Since the completion of the Congo Railway a siding has been made on our ground, bringing the trucks close to our store. The railway crosses our ground, and passengers can be taken up and set down at Arthington on proper notice being given.

When possible, itineration work has been carried on to some extent, and on the station, from among the employés of the mission, there has been gathered a little Church of ten members. The best has been done under difficult circumstances. The position is not at all good for a mission station, but a station at the head of the railway, and as a base of operations on the upper river, is most necessary; a better position for that purpose could not be found. There are great possibilities in the way of itineration: a wide country lies unevangelized to the south and west of the station, while a large population must gather presently in the neighbourhood of the railway terminus. The station has a frontage on the river of 200 metres, with a depth of 750 metres.

BOLOBO STATION.

In March, 1888, we were first able to fulfil our promise to the natives, and begin to build at Bolobo. Grenfell placed there James Showers, a young man of Cameroons, with some workmen, to build some houses and stores, and so made preparations for his own arrival in September of that year. The land above Stanley Pool is very high, reaching in some parts to 1000 feet above the river. After eighty miles the high plateau drops down, until at Bolobo it is not more than 200 feet above the water. The station is built on the slopes, and occupies a fine position. It is nearly 190 miles above Stanley Pool, and, standing as it does on the neutral ground between the Bobangi and Moye towns, the site has been the scene of many fierce fights between them.

The Bobangi are the riverine people so often mentioned already; they are but colonists, and it is believed that they came originally from the left bank of the Mobangi river (Mai ma Bobangi). The comparatively narrow strip of land

between the Lower Mobangi and the Congo river is known by the natives as the Island of the Bobangi. We are not in a position to speak with certainty as to the origin of these people, but it is considered that they come from the peninsula which bears their name. These river-side colonies are characteristic of the Congo. The true inhabitants of the district live nearly always inland, away from the river, while on the banks are found colonies of traders, having business connexions and feuds up and down river. These people trade upwards for ivory, slaves, cam-wood, fish, and pottery, and downwards for cloth and brass wire, a few guns and powder, and a little salt and crockery. In some places these people are strong and numerous, but only scattered along the river, and generally at feud with their landlords. The Bobangi stretch nearly 300 miles, their language serving as a *lingua franca*.

So long as the slave trade flourished the Bobangi flourished, but with its abolition they are tending to disappear, for their towns were replenished by slaves. Scarcely any children are to be found among them; by reason of their gross immorality the tribe is fast dying out. The Moye people, who live on the north side of the station, are very different from the Bobangi in this respect. Their towns swarm with children. You would see 100 children in a Moye town to one in a Bobangi town of the same size, so that the contrast is very marked. They speak a dialect very different from the Bobangi, and have their home in a creek thirty miles to the north of Bolobo. The real people of the district are the inland Batende. It is to be regretted that until the beginning of 1899 we have not been able to establish friendly relations with them. The Bobangi and others frighten them with evil reports, so that they fear us. Language is the great difficulty, for until we can properly communicate with such timid people, we cannot allay their fears. For years they were positively hostile, but latterly there has been no marked indication of that. There is a market attended by them about an hour from the station. Very recently some of the Christian lads have made their way into the country for some distance, so

we may hope to see the difficulties soon removed, and evangelistic work commenced among them.

The customs of the people were very cruel. On the upper river, as well as in the cataract region, it is the custom to kill a slave as part of the ceremony of the promulgation of a law. The people gather together and discuss; terms are agreed to, the law proclaimed, and in the presence of all a slave is put to death, as a warning of what will happen if the law is disobeyed. This impressive ghastly ceremony had been enacted just before Grenfell came to settle in the new station. It appeared that the local chiefs had met to discuss the penalties to be enforced in case of wounding and violence, and the prices of slaves and food. It was agreed that all cases of drawing blood were to be fined, that slaves from down river were to be bought for 500 brass rods (21 inches long and .18 of an inch in diameter); slaves from up river were to be 1000 rods each. Two-pound cassava puddings were to cost one rod each. In token of their agreement, the chiefs joined in purchasing a slave, and killing him on the spot. The monument of the compact was the corpse of the slave hanging from a conspicuous tree, and there it hung for many long months.

Grenfell wrote in July, 1889: 'I have told of the continual loss of life at Bolobo, involved by the constantly recurring little wars between the various townships. These little wars, however, do not constitute a heavier drain upon the vitality of the country than does the killing of witches, and those poor victims who are sacrificed at the funeral of almost every free person that dies. Within a very narrow radius from our station, say four or five miles, killing for one cause or another seems to be a daily occurrence. We have had but one little fight during the past month, but we know of one man who has been killed for witchcraft, and of eleven lives that have been sacrificed at the funeral obsequies of one of the wives of a neighbour of ours. The man killed for witchcraft we knew very well. He had been here only a day or two before, was a man of very good position, and well disposed towards us. There was a great outcry among his friends after his

death, for the accuser failed to find "the witch"—some not uncommon growth in the intestines which is deemed incontrovertible proof. In this case no trace of it could be found, and so by general consent the poor man was cleared of the charge of witchcraft, but his life was gone. The day our neighbour's wife died a man and woman were killed, so that she might not go alone into the spirit-world. Her corpse was then wound up in cloth, and wrapped round and round with piece after piece till it made a big barrel-shaped bundle two yards long and one in diameter. Hearing that two more victims were to be sacrificed on the day of the funeral, I determined at least to put in a protest, and, together with Miss Silvey, arrived on the scene just as the executioner was carrying the young woman to the grave, at the mouth of which the young man who was to be her companion in misery was bound and ready for the last act—that of being placed in the grave in a sitting posture and buried alive, with the corpse supported on their knees. It was indeed a sad sight to see a couple of well-built young people, with fine, intelligent faces, weeping bitterly at the prospect of a cruel death, and their mute appeals for help. I at once took a place by the side of the executioner at the grave, and proceeded to impeach with all the vigour of which I was capable the conduct of all concerned. The husband soon began to look uncomfortable, and before I had finished, beat a retreat through the ranks of the wondering crowd.

'Having exhausted my stock of Lo-bobangi, I spoke more fully through our interpreter, and told them very emphatically of the wickedness of the whole proceeding, and that God, who alone could give life, would call all those to account who broke His law and took it away. Hereupon one of Mungulu's friends took up the matter and asked, "Are these people who are about to be killed your friends?" "Do they belong to this country?" "Are they not strangers?" "Are they not bought and paid for?" We told them again of God's law, and that it held good for strangers as well as friends, and for black people as well as white, and that as surely as they broke the law they would suffer for it.

By this time Mungulu ventured forth again, but I assailed

him with such a storm of hard words that he retreated once more—my heart was hot within me, to see the sorrow of these poor weeping ones on the brink of their cruel grave. We had another talk to the people, and Mungulu came back once more; and feeling calmer, I spoke a few plain words, and threw on him the responsibility for the whole affair. I told him that without doubt he would have to stand before the judgement seat of God, and face both those whom he was about to kill, and the Great Judge whose law he was about to break.

‘Poor old man! he very manifestly quailed at the thought of meeting his victims in another world. But what could he do? Submit to mere words? Allow himself to be overcome by the threat of a far-off contingency? No! We had scarcely turned our backs before the interrupted ceremonies were resumed, and in a few minutes all was over, and the beating of the deep bass tom-tom announced the fact for miles around. Since then seven more lives have been sacrificed round the same grave, one of our own workmen being of the number, and also a mother, and a dear little child.

‘We have redeemed several of these poor people, who have managed to run away to us; yet it makes but little difference, for the money goes to buy other slaves, who are sacrificed instead.’

During the first half of 1889 old Ibaka, the chief of Bolobo, died. Seven or eight of his slaves were killed to accompany him to the other world. One wonders that slaves stop with their masters, when such is the custom of the country. But where is a slave to run? Wherever he goes, he will but be enslaved by some other master, if he is not given up, so that his position will not be in any way bettered. In 1890, while the station folk were busy hauling the Peace out of the water, they noticed a crowd on one of the islands a little below. On inquiring the cause, they learned that a runaway slave, having been recaptured, was being publicly beheaded as a warning to others. Another man was killed for a like offence the next day. When Grenfell urged them to give up these cruel customs and laws, the people said that they

must kill some slaves from time to time, to keep the rest in order.

One day Ngoi, the chief from whom the station site was purchased, offered to sell a slave to James Showers, the Cameroons assistant. He naturally declined to buy him. Ngoi said nothing, but walked slowly away, and in a few minutes the slave's head lay bleeding in the dust. Stapleton, who was there at the time, heard of it, and went into the town; he saw the headless trunk lying in the grass on the beach. Two men were dissecting the body, to find the organ which they consider demonstrates the possessor to have been a witch. They ran off at Stapleton's approach. Ngoi was perfectly cool about it, and said that if we had bought the man, this would not have happened.

About the same time Grenfell related another story which gives a further picture of Bolobo life: 'We are having rather exciting times just now, for our neighbour, Ngoi (the leopard), is at war with his neighbours, the Bonzungo people. Ngoi's town commences within a few yards of our fence, but while the combatants carried on their fighting in the bush at the back it did not interfere with us very much. But now, seeing that Ngoi's people are losing heart, and the Bonzungos waxing bold enough to come and attack them in their town, the proximity is too great to be comfortable. Ngoi himself does not go out to fight; he stays at home—cunning rogue—making "medicine," saying all sorts of mysterious words, and doing all sorts of mysterious things, winding up with a ceremony in which he is assisted by the children of the town, who chant responses both to the blessings he invokes upon his warriors, and to the imprecations on his enemies. Something after this style: the children sit in a circle, and he dances before the fetish he has made and set up in the midst of four standing spears—"May the hearts of all our people be strong, and all our bullets hit our enemies." "Yes, let it be so." "May the Bonzungo men fear and run away, and none of their bullets touch us." "Yes, let it be so." "May our men kill all the Bonzungos, and burn their town." "Yes, let it be so." "May our men never fear, and may our town

never be burned." "Yes, let it be so," and so on, and so on. Some of the fighting men lay but little stress on Ngoi's charms, and have said disrespectful things of their chief, on account of his staying at home while they go out to fight. For this they came under his displeasure, and a charge of witchcraft was conjured up on a side issue, and the poisonous ordeal water resorted to. One of our workmen, among others, had to submit to the test, but as the man who administered it had been promised a good fee from the accused, they passed safely through it, and the accuser has had to pay for having made a false accusation. That Ngoi is down in the dumps is not surprising, for altogether he is having a bad time of it, and the fact that his powder is nearly finished adds to his anxieties. However, it has this redeeming feature, it is serving as an excuse for a proposed journey to Stanley Pool to buy more. He will thus be able to get away without absolutely caving in.

'I had one or two talks with the neighbouring chiefs with a view to having the matter settled, but they said that the combatants will not agree "to talk the palaver," till twenty people have been killed. The oldest chief of the district has since been in with his official gong, telling me that he has been sounding it, and declaring that the war must cease, and that the disputants must go to him and talk the palaver. There is now very good reason to hope the matter will be settled without further fighting. The pity is that in the ordinary course of events we must expect another dispute to break out between other sections of our neighbours; for it is rare indeed for Bolobo, with its thirty or forty thousand people, divided into some dozen clans, to be at peace for any length of time together. The loss of life from these petty wars, the number of those killed for witchcraft, and of those who are buried alive with the dead, involve, even within our narrow limits here at Bolobo, an almost daily drain upon the vitality of the country, and an incalculable amount of sorrow and suffering. It will be a long up-hill struggle to overcome the superstition and cruelty which is rampant.'

The Government was not indifferent to these murderous

ways. It required some time to develop its forces, and for a while many evils had to be winked at, but eventually the time came to assert its power. In 1890 the district commissioner called the people together, and warned them against the burying of slaves alive in the graves of free people, and the reckless killing of slaves which then obtained.

The natives did not like the rising power of the State. So long as they felt that they were stronger than the whites, they tolerated them, in a masterful way, for the advantages reaped from their presence. Our own settlement among them was not unattended with difficulty. Soon afterwards some of the chiefs who disliked Ibaka made our advent an excuse for accusing Ibaka of bringing the white men into the country. When the land was first arranged for, Ngoi, the chief and owner of the plot, was away at the Pool trading. Dingulu, his chief slave, assumed the responsibility, in opposition to all the other chiefs; but Ngoi, when he returned, accepted the payment. The plot at first was sixty yards by eighty yards, but it has since been extended, and the whole terrain is properly surveyed, registered, and secured to us in the State registers.

The land business was settled without much difficulty; but there was a feeling against white men generally, and especially so against the State. The people became insolent and haughty, and it was evident that trouble was at hand. On two occasions the Bolobo Station of the International Association had been mysteriously burnt. There was always a fear that the mat-thatched houses of our station might go the same way, when so much rudeness and bad talk were abroad. Just at this time a force of 500 soldiers was travelling up country overland as far as Bolobo, there to be taken on the State steamers, and carried up river *en route* for the Upper Welle and Nile district, under van Kerkhoven. The force reached Bolobo, and nothing happened until the flotilla of steamers was leaving. As they steamed past the Moye towns the steamers were fired upon. The soldiers landed and burnt and looted the towns. The natives ran away into the grass, and great numbers crossed to the French side of

the river. They awoke to the fact that Bula Matadi, the State, was not the helpless thing they had so long thought. This happened early in 1891.

The state of Grenfell's health led the Home Committee to urge him to take his furlough, and he had gone home in December, 1890. Glennie and Harrison were then in charge at Bolobo; they were joined later on by Darby. The missionaries were very anxious that their fine township should not be broken up. Many of the natives talked wildly of leaving the State territory, but they were eventually persuaded to settle down again as before; those who had crossed the river were induced to return, and so the Bolobo towns were rebuilt.



J. CLARK

Darby had a good knowledge of the language, and did some earnest evangelistic work in the towns, but for a long while the main energy of the station went out in building operations. The school work, which Miss Silvey had carried on with so much energy in 1889, had flagged when she took her furlough in the end of the year; it was continued, however, with the boys and girls who lived on the station. What with house-building, brick-making, steamer voyages, and repairs, there was plenty of hard work to be done.

Grenfell was back at Bolobo in October, 1893. In 1894 both Darby and Harrison had to return to England, in consequence of the health of their wives, and thus two earnest men were lost to our mission. Harrison was chiefly engaged in steamer work. In 1896 Glennie had to retire for the same reason. All three are engaged in pastoral work in the home country, deeply regretting their inability to continue in the work to which they had devoted their lives.

Changes at Lukolela led to the transfer of Mr. and Mrs. Scrivener to Bolobo in 1895. The Hannah Wade printing-press and plant were also brought to Bolobo. Clark

returned from his furlough with Mrs. Clark in 1896, and he too was located at Bolobo instead of Lukolela, as previously.

There had been great industrial activities tending to the erection of permanent dwelling-houses, stores, &c., on the station. Many hundreds of thousands of bricks were turned out. In 1895 Howell erected the handsome school building which enables the services on the station and the school work to be conducted with comfort to all. The labour on the station is recruited from the upper river. In the early days



SCHOOL CHAPEL, BOLOBO

coast labour was also employed, especially for skilled work; but the school-boys of those days have grown up, and now they are men. Through the careful training of Grenfell and his colleagues, these educated natives have rendered the coast workmen unnecessary, and now the brick making and laying, carpentering, blacksmith work, engineering, steamer work, repairs, and everything is done by upper river boys and men. The industrial work of the mission is much more advanced at Bolobo than at the other stations. The dock-work of the steamers gives an excellent opportunity for teaching smith and

engineering work; while the large staff needed to carry on the steamer and station work have required much more accommodation, and so the opportunity has been afforded to instruct many in carpentry and house-building. The special circumstances of Bolobo Station have thus added this industrial character to the work.

The smaller requirements of the other stations have given smaller opportunities for industrial education, but it is carried on in a humbler way notwithstanding, and on the lines most necessary locally. At Arthington brick-making has been specially noted, 70,000 to 90,000 bricks having been turned out regularly for several years.

Beside all this technical education, since the printing-press was brought to Bolobo in 1895, a great deal of very fine press-work has been turned out. Books are printed and bound in first-class style, and general printing work done for our own and other missions. Scrivener was a printer by profession before he entered college to prepare for mission work; so he has applied his technical knowledge to the work to good purpose. There is a commodious printing office and a good staff, and the work is self-supporting.

On the beach are the engineers' shops, an iron slipway eighty yards long, and all appliances for hauling the steamers up out of the water for repairs and painting. Carelessness in keeping up a steamer would soon render her useless, and it is due to the excellent care of Grenfell and his colleagues that the steamers are so well found, and able so thoroughly to do their work and supply the stations.

While all this industrial training is being carried on, the spiritual side of work, that for which we have come into the land, is kept well to the fore. In the early years the spiritual progress must of necessity be very slow. There is a long time during which the soil appears hopelessly rocky, and the good seed quite unable to find lodgement. Building work, changes, sickness, and death seem to combine to hinder all efforts, and the task would appear to be altogether hopeless, if we had not faith in our God and in His mighty power. Then, to the joy of all, one is found interested, and presently

he makes profession of faith, and boldly confesses Christ before his fellows. Then another and another, until the work grows, and the apparently hopeless work becomes full of hope; then comes the harvest, and we wonder at the greatness of the blessing.

The time of apparently fruitless preliminary work must form part of the history of every mission station, and Bolobo was no exception. The last few years have seen a great change come over Bolobo, and already a little Church of twenty-six members (January, 1899) has been gathered; most of them are from the district, and all have been more or less educated and trained on the station. That, too, must always be the first step.

There is (January, 1899) a good school, with some 200 names on the roll, and an average attendance of 160 to 180. It is now conducted by Clark, and the ladies of the station interest themselves much in this work. Miss Lily M. de Hailes is carrying on an excellent work among the girls and women in the towns and on the station; she is indefatigable in the schools. Having a good knowledge of medicine, she undertakes the medical work of the station. In spite of her hard work, she enjoys excellent health.



MISS L. M. DE HAILES

The preaching in the towns has not as yet borne fruit, but patient, continuous, seed-sowing work will bring its harvest. In every department the station is now thoroughly at work, and great things must be expected from Bolobo, with its fine staff, great advantages, and abundant promise.

The soil of Bolobo has been consecrated by two graves. Mrs. Scrivener had been an earnest worker in connexion with Bloomsbury Chapel, and when, in July, 1895, Scrivener brought her as his wife to Lukolela, and afterwards to Bolobo, she interested herself very heartily in the work there. On March 15, 1898, she succumbed to fever.

On Grenfell, too, a sore trial fell in 1899. His daughter Patience, having completed her education in England, came out to live with her parents at Bolobo. From the first she rendered most willing and efficient help in the school and general work of the station. In May, 1898, she accompanied her father on a trip to Sargent Station, Yakusu. Mrs. Stapleton urgently needed help in the school work: Miss Grenfell volunteered to assist her and stayed. Stapleton writes:— ‘She had the happy knack of adaptation; the evident drawbacks of pioneer work appeared to intensify her love for it, and it was with heartfelt joy that we saw her rise to her responsibilities, and grow daily more self-reliant and capable. The Yakusu girls soon grew fond of her.’ Further assistance came, and Miss Grenfell was free to return to Bolobo to help her father. Three or four days before reaching home a fever attacked her, and haemoglobinuria developed, under which she rapidly sank. Her father was with her on the steamer. They reached Bolobo on March 16, 1899, and two hours later Miss Grenfell passed away; she, too, lies buried there. In her the mission has lost a most promising voluntary helper.

LUKOLELA STATION.

The station at Lukolela was founded by Darby and Biggs on November 13, 1886. It is 300 miles above Stanley Pool. It was built in a very dense forest of lofty trees, and the first great business was to let the daylight in. Men had been left ashore there to clear two years before, and they had felled the trees which grew on a small patch. The trees ran to 120 and 150 feet in height; most of them had great buttresses at their bases, so large that it was sometimes necessary to erect platforms for the woodmen to cut them above their buttresses. Some trees could only be burnt down. The wood of some was worthless, and had to be burnt; indeed, at first even good wood had to be burnt to make room for the first house. As the clearing progressed, some of the wood was dressed and prepared for other stations. It is the finest piece of forest on the river. We have 200 metres of frontage, and the plot runs



LUKOLELA MISSION HOUSE; a young oil palm in the foreground (*Elais guineensis*)

half a mile deep. All has not been cleared, neither is there any intention to waste so many magnificent trees; but a sufficient clearing has been made for the safety of the buildings erected. There is plenty of game about, monkeys galore, and great apes, as big as a man, have been shot there. Leopards were very troublesome. On the occasion of my first trip up the river, we spent a day or two at Lukolela. The first night Darby said that he had set a trap for a leopard, which had carried off several of his goats. It was a very strong, cage-like trap, with a trap-door. The whole was bound together with cane, and fastened with nails and hoop-iron. At about eight o'clock the trap-door fell, and there were sounds of a struggle. We rushed for lights and guns, and ran out; the leopard had torn the trap to pieces and made his escape. Darby killed him later on, but not until the creature had taken his dog and most of his goats.

At Lukolela a ridge of 'cerebral' haematite ironstone crops up out of the surrounding swamps, and reappears across the river. It rises to about eighty feet. It is this which has favoured the forest growth. Above and below the station and township, and behind, are swamps and low lands. Of the people who are the real inhabitants of the country but little is known as yet. Darby, Scrivener, and Whitehead have paid them a few visits, and found some large towns of quiet, timid people among the swamps, on other ridges and hummocks, best reached by tortuous channels of water, rather than by the frequent wading of the forest route. The people are friendly, and more might be done with them if they were more get-at-able. There are miles and miles of country which are under water at high flood, and never more than two feet or so above the water. The great 600 miles of swamp reach to sixty miles below Lukolela. The inland country is called Mpama.

Below the station, and separated from it by a bridged creek, was a row of towns for three or four miles along the bank. These people were all Bobangi, or their slaves drawn from all directions, and chiefly from the region of the Lulonga

and Uluki rivers. The language is practically the same as that spoken at Bolobo, so that the same literature serves for each. The language of the Mpama people is considerably different; it has not been much studied yet.

The story of Lukolela is so far a disappointment—not that the work has been without fruit, for there have been some gathered into the Church from among the townspeople, men and women. The main difficulty has been the shifting of the population. It appears that the population, when the station was founded in 1886, was between 5,000 and 6,000 in the riverine colonies. About two years later the chief Mpuki did not agree with his neighbours, or they with him. When the tension became acute, Mpuki crossed over with his people to the opposite (French) side of the river. This exodus took away a large number of people. In 1890 or 1891, a chief from one of the lower towns was compelled by the majority of his people to leave the State side, and several went with him. About 1893, the rest of the people at the lower towns either went across to the same place as the deposed chief, or took up their residence inland. Towards the end of 1894, a soldier who had been sent to cut firewood for the State steamers on an island off the towns, left his work to make an evil request in one of the towns. He shot the man who refused him. The rascal of a soldier was properly dealt with by the State officer in charge; but this outrage combined with other smaller difficulties to produce a panic, and nearly all the people left for the French side, or hid away inland. So the fine township has broken up.

The best work at Lukolela has been the reduction of the language. From the first that task was attacked with energy by Richards and Darby. Darby compiled a large vocabulary. Glennie worked on the same language at Bolobo. Whitehead arrived out in 1890; he possessed himself of the words accumulated by his colleagues, and put so much energy and ability into the study of the language, that his colleagues begged him to complete the work, and carry a Grammar and Dictionary through the press. He has worked up all that has been acquired by himself and others at Lukolela and Bolobo,

and has published a Dictionary of between 7,000 and 8,000 words. The alphabet uses nineteen of our letters, *f, h, j, q, r, v,* and *x* not being required; *c* represents the sound *ts*, as in *itself*, and *s* is pronounced as *dz* in *adze*. The name of the language is Lo-bobangi. It is allied to the Kongo language, although there are great and many differences. The four Gospels have been translated into the language by Whitehead and Scrivener and printed in the mission press; besides these, there is a good hymn-book of 207 hymns; also the *Peep of*

Day, translated by Rev. A. Billington of the A. B. M. U., *More about Jesus*, by Lusala, and other Bible story-books. A monthly magazine, *Ntoto li meya*, 'sparks,' is being printed and published at Bolobo. The commencement of a literature is being formed in the language, and we may hope that in a year or two the New Testament in it will be complete.



J. WHITEHEAD

The life at Lukolela was very rough in the early days; two rough shanties were run up for temporary shelter, while they built a

habitable house. The natives were very much puzzled as to our purpose in coming. They would ask, 'Have you come on behalf of the State?' 'No!' 'Have you come to sell cloth?' 'No!' 'Then who are you, and what *do* you come for?' 'We have come to tell you about God.' They would look at each other, and then at the strange white men, and wonder whether they were not mad. They had left their home and travelled far to give them information about something that did not concern them; nothing about trade, or food, or daily life; only about God, forsooth!

What could they have come for? It was a mystery to them.

In June of 1888 Darby saw part of the ceremony of the investiture of chieftainship among the Bobangi. Eyoka-koli had become very rich, and was possessed of so many slaves

that he could no longer rank as an elder; he must become a *mo-kondzi*, 'a chief.' There was a great feast, and native charms were made. After some days, the man went into his house, and was shut in for ten days, while feasting and dancing were kept up outside. On the great day, the drums, guitars, and cymbals were brought together. One of the drums was ten feet high, and was reached by a ladder.



NDOMBI IN FETISH DRESS

What could be more imposing? Ndombi appeared clad in leaves, his skin rubbed with powdered cam-wood and oil, giving it the appearance of crimson flock. Marks, stripes, and spots, in divers colours, still further adorned him. In one hand he carried a stick with the crimson feather of a parrot on the end; in his other hand he held an elephant's tail. He

sat down on a mat, surrounded with fetishes. Several lads, dressed in skins, manœuvred about. The new chief rose, and shouted, 'Wo! Wo! Wo!' the music struck up, and the



NDOMBI IN OFFICIAL DRESS

grey-headed man, dancing, jigged, writhed, and shook his muscles, and performed for some time. A man appeared leading a dog. A thud, and the dog lay dead. It was cooked, and there in public the chief ate dog flesh, a royal dish. The ceremonies were complete. Eyo-ka-koli then assumed a new name; he was known thenceforth as Ndombi. Darby says of him that he was not

very amiable in appearance; he was as greedy as possible, as cunning as a fox, and a big coward. 'I have seen him hurrying his men off to fight, and hiding himself behind

a house at the first report of a gun.' He had an establishment of thirty or forty wives; the principal wife, Munyankutu, had great power over him, for she happened to be free-born, while he was not. His gala dress was a hat covered with cowries; his cloth was reddened with cam-wood. Cloth bracelets and leglets covered with cowries, and an elaborate belt of raphia fibre, completed his attire. His elephant-tail sceptre was an inseparable. He was a very superstitious man, and always had a charm tied round one of his fingers.

The people are very superstitious. There was a man named Giant, and very tall he was; his business lay largely in food stuffs. Whitehead tells how 'he took cold, and was seized with rigors. They applied their medicines and methods, but the man died. A person of no significance whatever had a dream, which explained the death as having been caused by ghosts which were angry with Giant for selling things dearly. A law was made, and immediately food, which had risen very high in price, became cheaper; loaves of cassava bread became at once double in size. The effect of the ghosts on the price of food long continued.' One day Whitehead saw one of his workmen sitting in the cold wind on a rainy day. He advised his going home and changing his wet cloth for a dry one, but he said, 'It does not matter. People do not die of a cold wind'; people only get ill and die by means of witchcraft.

Cruel things were done at Lukolela as at Bolobo, but the people were quieter, and not nearly so numerous, so the occasions were fewer. On one of the houses Darby saw seven skulls on the roof, and four more dangling from a forked stick. Two hands also were fastened up. On one occasion the people managed to catch one of their enemies from the other side of the river, and beheaded him at once.

Arthington Station has its crocodile story, unfortunately Lukolela has one also. Whitehead tells it: 'In 1896 Bwala, one of the boys in the printing office, asked permission to be away a little next morning to fetch his wife from over the other side of the river. He hired a canoe, and was making

his way along the river near the shore, when a crocodile seized him. His friends hastened to the spot, but all that was seen was the canoe floating down river with the side knocked in. Thank God, we believe that he was ready for that midnight call. His last act on earth was an act of forgiveness. His last work in the printing office was to set up a primer for a tribe on the Kasai, where our brethren of the American Presbyterian Mission are engaged. His poor wife was sent for, and great was her anguish. "I am punished, I and my husband!" she cried. He died on the way to fetch her, that was the meaning of her cry. She came right up to our house, and the poor girl, naked, and smeared with mud, threw herself down in despair. She would not be comforted. It is their custom to treat their bodies so when near relatives die; but at the funeral we managed to get her to rid herself of some of these customs.

'The day following, in the early morning, I was awakened by a knock at my bedroom door; when I inquired the reason, with much sobbing, several of his friends began to tell me how a woman had dreamt that Bwala was alive on the island opposite, and described the place. They suggested that we might take the boat and look; so they took the boat and borrowed Clark's rifle. I went with them and steered the boat. We went to the place dreamt of. There were marks of a crocodile eating his prey there; but it was impossible to land on account of the jungle, so we floated quietly down river to seek a landing. The look-out over the wake of the boat cried out that the crocodile was over there. We turned the boat and fired, and swiftly paddled to the place again; but the beast disappeared. We passed over the place where we had seen it, and again we saw it. We approached it within sixty yards: bang went the rifle, and the beast was wounded; a struggle, it disappeared; something, however, floated. What was it? We went quickly down, and with choked whispers we said, "It is Bwala." Some of us lifted his corpse, minus three limbs, carefully into the boat, while others looked for the wounded crocodile, and there he was. We wounded him again, and followed the beast

to a little island, six miles down the river, where he could go no further. Our cartridges, too, were spent. We tried with spears to tackle him, but could not get at him. When we dragged him out of his hiding, he glared at our fine steel boat, his head and tail lifted up, and back arched, and those protuberances on the back extended like so many iron spikes. We left him panting his last on the sand, and returned to a village, from whence we sent a messenger overland for more cartridges. The natives then took the boat for the beast, to bring him to the station. I returned with the body of Bwala to the station, and we prepared it for burial. At two o'clock the boat returned with the crocodile dead. It measured 17 ft. 6 in. in length. We recovered from its stomach the anklet of a woman who had been killed by the beast four years previously, and also the anklet of a man who was seized in a near part of the river two years before. The Bangalas at the State camp, and several people from the villages, shared the beast's flesh.'

In 1891 Mr. Josiah Wade, of Halifax, presented the mission with a very complete printing-press and plant. It was set up at Lukolela in Scrivener's charge, and while there did good work. In 1895 the population of Lukolela had dwindled to 200 only on our side of the river. There seemed to be no prospect of improvement, so it was decided to reduce the staff, transferring it to Bolobo. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Scrivener removed to Bolobo, and when Clark returned from his furlough with his wife in 1896, he also made Bolobo his home. Whitehead remained behind, busy with the preparation of his Dictionary and Grammar of the language. He took his furlough in 1898, and completed the work at home in 1899. It has now been published, and Whitehead has returned to Lukolela. It is too early yet for a decision to be taken as to the future of the station; it has been suggested that a training school for evangelists should be carried on there, or that the work be shifted into the interior. We shall see as time goes on.

While Whitehead was in England, the station was left in charge of Lusala Kavundi, a young man from the neigh-



THE CROCODILE WHICH ATE BWALA (page 248)

bourhood of Underhill. He was at first a personal servant of Scrivener, and accompanied him to England in 1888. When Scrivener was transferred from Underhill to Lukolela in 1889, Lusala went with him, and soon picked up Lobobangi. He had been baptized at Underhill, and entered earnestly into Christian work in his new home. He was most useful in the general work of the station. During the absence of Whitehead, Lusala has carried on the work well, and exercised a great influence for good over the people. Scrivener visited Lukolela in the end of 1898, and found eight or nine who were anxious for baptism; of those he recommended four to the Church, the others were to have a little longer probation.

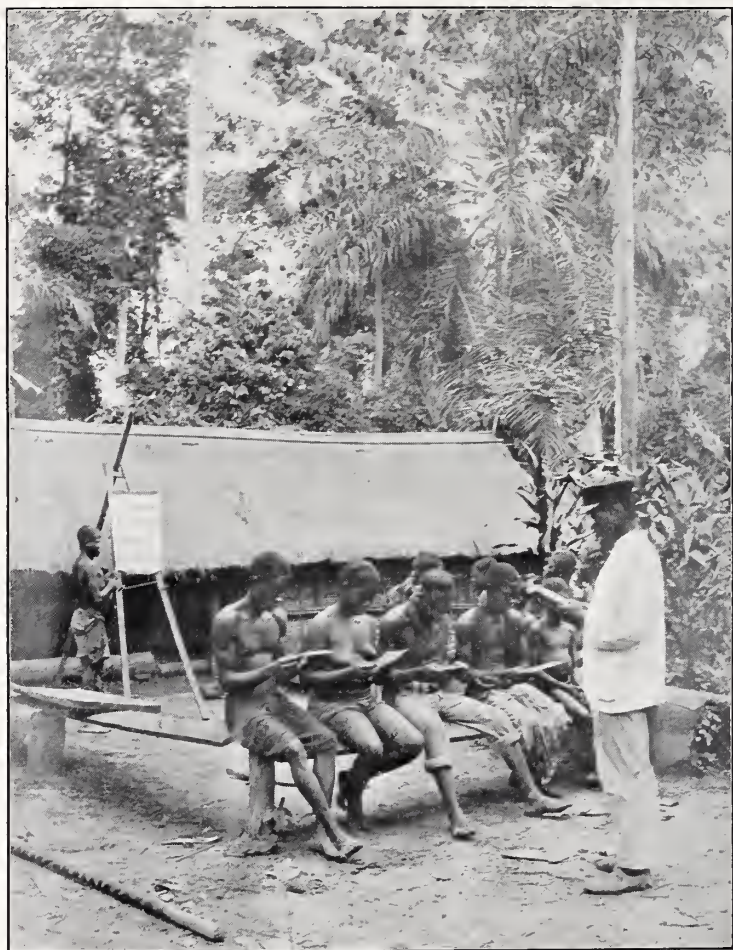
On January 3, 1892, a little Church was formed at Lukolela, and some slow but sure progress has been made. Since the printing-press was shifted to Bolobo, and the staff reduced in consequence, the numbers of the Church have been



LUSALA KAVUNDI

reduced; but some of the actual natives of the place, men and women, are now trusting in Jesus, and living Christian lives, letting their light shine before their fellows, to the glory of God. One of their number, Embuma, was Darby's helper in the study of the language in the early days. His subsequent career was not distinguished by honesty. His wife, Maulu, gained some repute as a sort of fetish dancer. But these are now numbered amongst the trophies of our Saviour's power to save and to regenerate. Embuma has been active

in evangelistic work, especially on the French side of the river; but the French officials, fearing that our influence would mean the return of the people to our side of the river, in



'AL FRESCO' SCHOOL, LUKOLELA

the territory of the Free State, forbade his visiting the towns; on one occasion he was rather badly used by a white man, who, we suppose, was more or less intoxicated.

In the little native town remaining, Lusala used to conduct

school before the house of a man named Bokàkòla. In 1897 he shifted his house away—for native houses are portable—and built on the site a neat wattle and daub house, and dedicated it to the service of God. It is the best house in the district. Services have from that time been held in it every night, which are conducted by Lusala and other members of the native Church in turn.

There has been much sickness and death in the district, but the Gospel seems to be touching many of those who are left, and inquiry concerning the truth as it is in Jesus may be heard of in strange places. The peace which passeth all understanding, which has been the very evident possession of some of the converts on nearing the silence of the grave, has made some think on these things. The public opinion of the Bobangi tribe at Lukolela is being somewhat modified by the preaching and acceptance of Gospel teaching—many evil habits have sunk in the public estimation. And if we take an interval of a few years, the better state of public opinion is very clearly evident to any thoughtful observer.

The little Church numbered eleven members in the end of 1898.

This is not the story of a failure; it is a disappointment, it is true, but it is the story of the commencement of a good work in the district. Whatever changes may come, the place will not be altogether abandoned. If Whitehead is transferred to another station, it still must be a centre of evangelistic work, under Lusala or some other native evangelist.

MONSEMBE STATION.

Bolobo and Lukolela stations are both on the left bank of the river, our other stations higher up are on the right bank. Monsembe Station is about 200 miles above Lukolela, and 500 miles above Stanley Pool. From the Bangala station of the Congo State (Nouvelle Anvers) to the mouth of the Mobangi river stretch 200 miles of low land—very low, for it is all liable to inundation: in this district the Monsembe Station is built. The highest land that could be found was

chosen, and it was hoped that the flood waters would never reach it. The foundation of the station dates from August, 1890. Three native houses were bought from the people, and they served for a few weeks while the other buildings were set up. During the first six or seven weeks, Weeks and Stapleton built a large house, 50 x 20 feet, of mat and bamboo walls; the roof being covered with mats made from palm frondlets. It contained two bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a store. In front was a broad open porch to which the natives had access, and in which they could sit and talk with their new white men.

The people were very disappointed when they found that the missionaries would not buy ivory and slaves. During the first week or two they brought many tusks to sell, only to take them away; they doubted the white men's sanity for refusing to buy them. When they refused to buy slaves, they put them down as quite demented.

Stapleton wrote ten months later: 'In choosing Monsembe as the site of our station we undertook the evangelization of the dreaded Bangala tribes. These people have long been the terror of the river. Any blood-curdling story is readily believed of these warlike people. Slaving and raiding are regarded as their favourite occupations, and it is always asserted that any victims killed and carried off are eaten by their captors. The people of Bopoto are spoken of as "fishermen," the Bobangi as "traders," the Bangalas as "cannibals." Since our settlement here, wars and rumours of wars have been the orders of the day, and we were told that cannibalism was practised in a near town. We have just had an example of their ferocity, and have seen enough to convince us that they are veritable cannibals.

'Our station is situated at the upper end of the town of Bongindu, just above us is the town of Mampoko, and some mile or so beyond this are a number of towns on a creek; these are named Upper Monsembe. A few evenings since the old chief at Mampoko went through the town beating a gong, announcing that the people of the creek towns would attack Mampoko in the morning. About 6.30 a.m. the



HIGH STREET, MONSEMBE

invaders commenced the attack. A few guns were fired, then we heard the shouting of the men as they came to close quarters, and, louder than all, the rolling of the drums sounding the alarm to the towns below. In a few minutes a long line of warriors, in all the glory of their war-paint and feathers, rushed pell-mell through the station to reinforce the men of Mampoko. At first the fight went hardly with the defenders, and in a short time four wounded men came into the station, bringing the news that two others had been killed. A group of women had gathered near our house waiting for tidings of the fight. The power these women possess of exhibiting emotion, and of passing rapidly from one mood to its opposite, is very remarkable. Their impressive gestures and dramatic action make it difficult to believe that these are altogether unstudied.

'Whilst we were dressing the wounds of the men, we witnessed a characteristic display of their ability to enact tragedy. Soon the tidings reached us that the enemy were in full retreat, having lost two men, one of whom they were unable to carry off. Immediately the scene was changed; tragedy gave place to comedy, wailing to a paeon of triumph. Now the women danced in high glee, and were as energetic in their manifestations of delight as before they were overwhelmed with grief. At this time a storm gathered, and the rain fell in pitiless torrents; we had strong hopes that the fight would be stopped. But fresh warriors still poured in, all eager for the fray. The retreating foe was followed up, and Upper Monsembe raided. At about twelve o'clock a long procession of men marched through the station laden with spoil. Fifty men carried as many goats, most of which had been speared; others, less fortunate, brought away fish-nets, stools, and plantain.

'Whilst this was proceeding, as a kind of introduction to what would follow, two men passed, one carrying a human neck poised aloft upon a spear, the other an arm; both had been lopped off an unfortunate man who had been killed and left on the field. Later on we were horrified by a more ghastly sight. A party of warriors returned, who had joined

somewhat late in the chase. They marched in single file past our house. In the middle of the line three men bore the remaining parts of the mutilated body. One carried the still bleeding trunk; he had slung the other arm through a large wound in the abdomen, and suspended on this the ghastly burden swung at his side: two others shouldered the legs. It was a sickening sight, the more so as we were assured that these would be cooked and eaten in the evening. Needless to say, we did not visit the scene of the feast. A few of the young men from the town went down for a share, but were too late, the flesh had been eaten; however, they were generously invited to partake of the vegetables still remaining in the water in which it had been boiled. Both Weeks and myself found it difficult to eat our evening meal, and you will hardly wonder that in our dreams for a few nights, men carrying mutilated limbs were the chief figures, and that these limbs were sometimes our own. We shall not soon forget the sight.

‘Two days after, a lad walked into the station carrying in a plantain leaf some of the flesh that had been roasted, and one of our workmen eagerly joined him in disposing of the dainty morsels. This cooked flesh we saw. The day following the attack, our people again visited the creek towns which had been left to their mercy. So hastily had the inhabitants fled, that a sick woman was left in one of the houses. She was discovered, and some of the doughty warriors recounted, with much glee and mock imitation of her agonies, how they had burned her to death in the house. All the houses were fired, the plantains cut down, and the towns left in ruins; this, with one man killed in the bush, completed the second day’s work. For the next fortnight our people were under arms night and day, expecting that their opponents would return to the attack in sheer desperation. Mampoko was abandoned at night, and a barricade built across the path near our station. All the women and those men not told off for sentry duty slept below the station, and some slept in the station itself.

‘During this time we have been subjected to much scorn. Men, in passing, would taunt us on our refusal to fight. They

say that if people came to attack us, they would rally to our defence, and that we ought as readily to help them to defend their homes. They also urge that were they defeated, our house would be burned with theirs. Of course we could not share in the fight, though we stood ready to defend our house, and the workmen for whose safety we feel responsible. We bore their scorn patiently, and meanwhile helped the wounded, gave shelter to those who asked it, and told them that we are friends not only of the people who live near, but of all the people in the other towns, too.

‘One of the men killed at Mampoko was a slave of the chief. He had worked for us for some three months, and but the evening before the fight was engaged on the station. In the morning he is killed, and in an hour or two tossed into a grave, “unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.” The people wanted to eat him, and would have done so, but his master refused to cut off his head, a necessary preliminary to the feast. Another man comes to the fight in full vigour: in twelve hours his body is cooked and eaten; whilst to burn alive a poor, sick, deserted woman is regarded as a huge joke. Yet, usually, these Bangalas are merry, manly fellows, very friendly in conversation, and quite demonstrative in their affection; but when the lust of blood is upon them, deeds which fill us with horror are the merest incidents of the fight to them.’

There were other opportunities later on of witnessing their wild, cruel, cannibal ways. Now, however, the people know that the State has promulgated a law against cannibalism, and the practice has disappeared in those parts of the district in which the power of the State is felt. Where no such fear hangs over the people, the old ways can, of course, go on unchecked.

Slowly the influence of the mission began to tell on the people. Weeks, writing in August, 1892, shows how the influence was brought to bear upon them, and its result.

‘Some few nights ago, we were startled by the loud wailing of numerous women. On going to the door, we heard that Mokobi (a headman of this town) had died at Bolombo, and

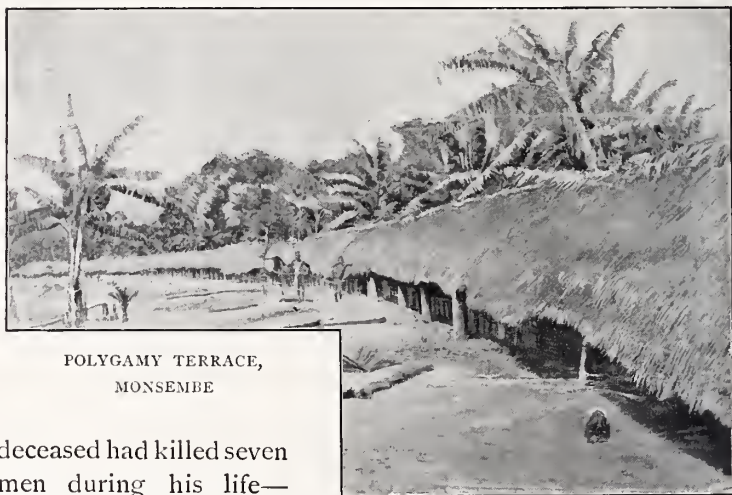
his body had just arrived. What a frightful, heartrending wail it was that met our ears; a wail of hopeless despair and sorrow that touched our hearts, and made us long to comfort the weepers! The mourners came from the neighbouring towns, and in the distant darkness we could hear their sad, dirge-like cry. As they passed us they swayed to and fro with apparent grief; the nearer the relationship to the deceased, the more excessive was the grief exhibited.

'This spectacle of sorrow would have been touching to the last degree, but for the fact that there were not half a dozen of that grieving, tearless crowd, who would have given five brass rods to have saved the dead man's life without a hope of gaining ten rods in return. What, then, was the reason for such an ostentatious exhibition of grief? It was to avoid the charge of witchcraft. If any one had accused one of them of bewitching the deceased, she would have said, "I bewitch him! why, look how I cry night and day for him. I would not do that if I had bewitched him." I think that in the case of Mokobi he had one real mourner in his senior wife—the mother of his two children. Stripped, but for some leaves, her body plastered with mud, she would wander about the town, carrying his looking-glass and spear, searching here and there for her husband, muttering to herself, "Ah! he has gone to Mopoko; I will look for him there"; and off she would start to visit some of the places which he mostly frequented when alive, only to return to the corpse of her husband, and grovel in the dirt beside it.

'On the night the body arrived, Ernest Hughes went and mingled in the crowd. While there he heard from one of our workmen that the people were going to kill two of the dead man's wives and bury them with him. Hughes, seeing them dragging away one woman, came and told me, and together we returned to the excited mob. I expostulated with them on the folly and wickedness of killing the wives because the husband had died, and emphasized the fact that, in a recent affair with the State, I was able to help them considerably; but if they killed these women now, I would not help them in future affairs they may have with the State. They assured

me they did not intend to kill any one, but were "only tying the wives to prevent their escape." After much talking it was arranged that I should be present at the digging of the grave, and also at the burial.

'When the time arrived they called me. I found that they had taken the front of a house out, and had raised the roof. In the middle of the house they dug the grave—about three feet deep; then bringing the body from another house, they placed it on the ground. The women sang a dirge, while the men formed a large circle round the body. It seems that the



POLYGAMY TERRACE,
MONSEMBE

deceased had killed seven men during his life—six in open fight, while quarrelling with neighbouring towns, and one, his own slave, he killed in anger. The skull of this unfortunate slave was sticking in the ground at my feet. Each one of these seven men was called upon by name to attend the deceased. Seven thrusts were made in the air with a spear, and then the body was carried away to the grave.

'It is the custom, when a head-man dies, to bury one or two wives with him, and to kill one slave, whose head is placed as a pillow for his master's head, the body being thrown into the river, so they say; but I think it more

probable that it is used to furnish a feast for the assembled mourners.

‘On this occasion, however, no victim was sacrificed to this horrible custom. As I knew the exact number of the wives and slaves of the deceased man, these were all shown to me, with the exception of one little slave girl, who they said had run away. They promised to bring her next day, which they did. Again, to show me they had not killed any one, they exposed the body, that I might see that there was no victim hid in the mats that covered the corpse. Then the body was lowered into the grave. Personal friends carried the feet, while some of the wives supported the head. The mats were thrown back, exhibiting the fine cloths in which the body was dressed. The favourite spear, the looking-glass, and several other things were placed in the grave. No sooner was the dirt piled up than the drums were beaten, and men and women, boys and girls, laughingly commenced a dance, which was carried on far into the night.

‘I cannot help contrasting the spirit exhibited during this affair and that shown about two years ago. We had not been here many weeks when I heard that a woman was being killed in the town. I instantly left off building, and went to the place. There I saw a woman, with her arms securely tied and pegged to the ground. Through an interpreter, I asked the husband, “Do you intend to kill that woman?” “Yes,” he said, “we were about to kill her, but somebody is going to buy her.” Then turning to me the old man said, in an angry and defiant tone, “It is not your business! Have you brought guns and soldiers with you? Do you want to fight us? If not, go back to your house and leave our palavers alone. She is my wife; I can kill her or sell, just as I like.”

‘During the two years we have lived here we have been engaged in building our houses, making our farms, teaching our schools of boys and girls, and above all, in reducing this language to writing. This last has been made very difficult, because, for a long time, the people purposely led us astray, giving us wrong words and phrases, and roundly

abusing those who would occasionally give us the right words. By our honest and truthful dealings with them we have won their confidence, and have also gained some influence over them. Sitting on a stool just against me now is one who, eighteen months ago, threatened to kill us, and who, for a long time, was foremost in abusing those who helped us with the language. His opposition is finished, for he has been explaining some words to me. May the day soon come when these Bangalas will be as fearless in the proclamation of the Saviour of men as they are now reckless in the destruction of life!

Stapleton, three years later, tells a story which shows the superstitious character of the people. 'One of the most curious superstitions of this people, the one which has perhaps the strongest grip on the public mind, is the notion that any man of importance who dies, leaves behind him an animal which has the power to plague the townsfolk. The relatives of the dead man are held responsible for the havoc wrought by the animal, and often seek to appease the wrath of the injured ones by calling in a witch-doctor to kill it. These animals have, however, a greater number of lives than the proverbial cat, and though often they be killed, again and again they rise to torment and destroy. A family whose ancestor's animal was supposed to have caused considerable sickness in the town lately, called in a witch-doctor to slaughter the beast. He came, arrayed as usual in his paint and feathers. A temporary shelter was put up, into which he crept to carry on his work unobserved. A string was stretched across from the top of this shelter to the nearest tree, and adorned with ribbons of grass and small bells, which the doctor shook and jingled in rhythm with his incantation. The people immediately concerned gathered in a circle outside, three of them keeping up an incessant drumming on as many drums. The witch-doctor informed the people that the animal had chosen a near house for his abode, and no one but himself must enter this house, or death to the intruder would ensue—an unnecessary warning, as the people's fear of the animal is very great. The drums were beaten without cessation day and night.

‘On the eve of the third day the doctor announced that the time had now come, and that he would kill this animal. Hearing this, several of the town boys who come to school gathered about the house. Shouting as if possessed, the doctor burst out of his shelter, rushed into the house, and came out quickly, holding in his two hands some object dripping with blood, hastily wrapped in a plantain leaf. Generally this is the signal for a stampede, and the doctor rushes off in triumph to bury the head. On this occasion, however, our schoolboys demanded that the head should be put down on the ground for their examination, declaring their belief that it was simply the head of a big fish of a common kind. Hearing the shouting, I ran along just in time to see the doctor running breathlessly away from a crowd of boys and young men, who were endeavouring to stop him from casting this head into the river until they had seen it. He got away from them, however, and rushing into deep water rid himself of this deeply suspected trophy of his power. As he hurried from the spot he could not fail to hear the lads’ loudly expressed opinion that the whole thing was a cheat. It is the beginning of the end.

‘Perhaps the most striking feature of this demonstration on the part of the lads is the fact that they are not lads working on the station, who can claim our protection, but live in the towns with their friends, simply coming to us for teaching in the day-school and the services. God grant that, as these delusions flee, Christ may win the faith of these awakening souls!’

The language of the Bangala has many affinities with that of the Bobangi. It was hoped that the Bobangi literature would serve among the Bangala. This, however, has been found to be impossible. One difficulty especially may be instanced; the formative prefix of the recent past tense in Lo-bobangi is one of the negative forms among the Bangala; so that what in one language would mean *I have found*, would mean in the other, *I have not found*. The differences in the vocabulary are also so great that another literature must be created for the Bangala also. Already the Gospels

have been translated into Bangala, and have been printed by the Bolobo Press; the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke by Weeks, those of St. Mark and St. John by Stapleton. There is also a hymn-book, books of New Testament stories by Weeks, and Old Testament stories by Stapleton. A Grammar and Dictionary of this widely spoken Boloki language is being prepared for the press.

School work has been well pushed, and a large number of these quondam cannibals can read. Two outpost schools have also been started, and maintained by advanced scholars. School work has thriven from the first, boys and girls coming in equal numbers, about sixty of each are in regular attendance. Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Stapleton have been indefatigable in work upon the women and girls. Itineration in the district is carried on by means of the steel boat Derby, which has added much to the effective service of the mission there.

So the work has been carried on, and already a blessing has come upon it. On January 5, 1895, the first four converts were baptized; Salamo, a girl from near to the Stanley Falls, and three Bangala lads. Salamo's town was raided by the Arabs at Stanley Falls. They fired the houses, killed the men, and captured the women and children. The Arabs gave Salamo to a trader, and he handed her over to a State officer, who handed her over to Mrs. Darby. So she came to the mission. When Mrs. Darby went home, Mrs. Stapleton took charge of her, and under her influence and training she was brought to the Saviour. We must tell more of Salamo later on, but this part of Salamo's story must be fitted into its proper place. When Mrs. Stapleton returned to England on furlough, she took Salamo with her. She has been most devoted in her service.

Good numbers of the natives are gathering to the Sunday services, and there are many things to encourage; but the present is the seedtime, and diligently is the seed being sown. Manjete, a large town four miles inland, accords a hearty reception to the missionaries when they visit it, and it is hoped that the confidence of the inland people will, by means of this town, be won.

The lowness of the land about Monsembe has already been referred to. It was hoped that the site of the station was above flood level, and so it was for seven years; but in the eighth the waters of the river rose and rose, until the towns were flooded, and the people had to live in their canoes. Still it rose, until the whole station was deep in water. The houses had been built on wooden pillars, so that they were a little above the water. This great flood, which covered many hundreds of square miles, did great damage to the



MONSEMBE STATION IN FLOOD

native plantations; it continued so long that the cassava rotted in the ground. The natives went about in their canoes, and pulled a great deal of it up to save it, but the flood was most destructive.

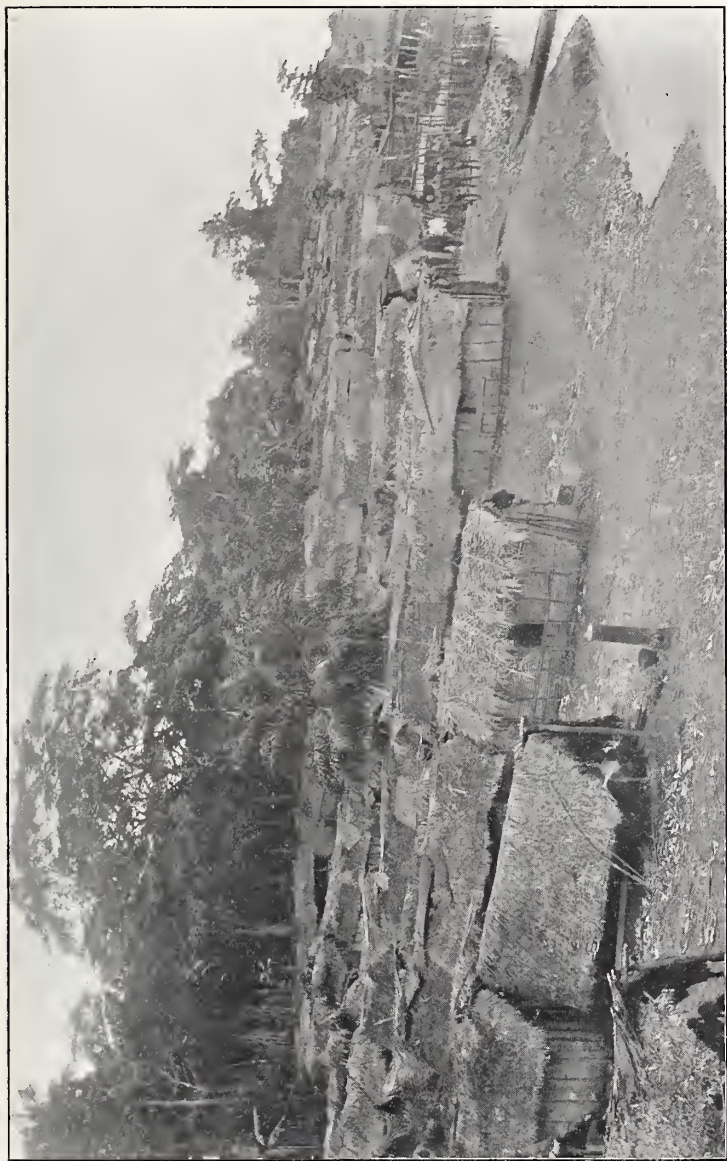
Next year, at the same time, the same thing happened, but we may well hope that these years of abnormal flood will not often occur. Anyhow the people are there in great numbers, and they must be evangelized; there is no reason to shift the station; provision must be made for such emergencies, and the work go on notwithstanding. Monsembe

is a station of great possibilities; and we may well hope and expect that large numbers of these wild people will be brought to the feet of Christ.

BOPOTO STATION.

The station of Bopoto (or Bofoto, or Upoto) is 200 miles above Monsembe. The riverine people belong to a series of colonies of Bangala people who have pushed east to the Bopoto hills. They preserve traditions of their coming, although there remains no clue as to the cause of their pushing so far afield. This tribe, like the Bobangi, dominates the banks of the Congo for a distance of more than 300 miles. Passing up the river from Stanley Pool there are 100 miles of sparse towns of people of the Bateke type; then 300 miles of Bobangi; and afterwards 300 miles of Bangala, but only in the form of colonists living on the river banks. The inland people of Bopoto are very different in language, are often at war with the Bangala, and never allow them to go any distance inland. For instance, the Bopoto-Bangala were not allowed to go fifty yards behind their narrow strip of houses on the beach. To break the rule meant death by the spear of any one who happened to see him. They were not allowed even to gather their firewood on shore. They might buy it from the inland women at the daily market on the mission beach; but if they wanted to gather for themselves, they had to go to Emanga, or one of the other islands. The ground landlords about Bopoto belong to a large tribe found inland on both sides of the river. The inland district is known as Ngombe, and the people are Moya. On the south bank, opposite Bopoto, the inland folk are called Ngunji, and call themselves Ngungulu-ngulu.

Bopoto occupies an excellent situation. In ascending the river from Stanley Pool, hills line the shores for 240 miles; thence not a hill is to be seen for 460 miles. Over the whole of that stretch the low banks are fringed with forest, with here and there a glade. From 100 to 30 miles below Bopoto there stretch seventy miles of dreary uninhabited swamp forest. In



BANGALA VILLAGE, BOFOTO

this region the water of the Congo, in high flood, flows over the land away to the south, and into the Lulongo river. Swamp, swamp, everywhere. But at Bopoto all this changes; a fine range of hills, rising to 200 or 300 feet above the water, comes down from the north to the river. The river above and below Bopoto is very wide, reaching out to as much as twelve miles in one part, but at Bopoto it narrows down to six miles in width.

The station is built on a terrace on the steep slopes of the hill, 200 yards back from the water. Immediately below the station, and on either side of the mission beach, stretches a long series of village quadrangles; each is composed of two long terraces of low grass huts; the upper end is closed by a shorter row of huts, and the lower end toward the river is open. There is of course a strategic purpose in so building. Quarrels and fights are of frequent occurrence; but these long narrow quadrangles are easily defended at their open end. On the same level as the mission buildings, on either side of the property, and again higher up, are other lines of villages, closely packed together. The lower line of houses constitutes the home of the Bopoto-Bangala; the upper lines are the villages of the Moya people. Between these two peoples a *modus vivendi* has been found, and the disputes and fighting, which are inevitable, are fewer than one might expect. The Bangala people are great fishermen; they make their living on the river, catching and drying their fish, and selling it to the Moya people, who are agriculturists. In this way they depend on each other. A quarrel with the Moya means no bread stuff; a quarrel with the Bangala means dry bread; the Bangala then are tolerated as useful members of the community, and their violence is tempered by the reflection that a combination of the Moya would clear them out in no time; so this 'happy family' manages to live together fairly well.

Every day there is a good market on the mission beach, while every third day larger numbers gather, and 800 people may be seen bartering fish for bread stuffs, vegetables, fruit, oil, pottery, and firewood. The women come down from the

hills with very heavy loads of wood and plaintain, and every one bargains and shouts at the top of his voice. It is a most interesting scene. The pottery is well turned by hand in a dove-coloured clay, adorned with scratched patterns and red marks, the whole being varnished by rubbing the hot ware with copal, when sufficiently baked. Cane baskets and mats of good make may be obtained. The men are always decently dressed, the women never; they are satisfied with a string of beads, and very often not even that. They adorn their bodies with marks and patterns in cam-wood powder, or pot-black and oil, and are perfectly unconscious of any impropriety. This undress of the women has not much improved even now in 1899; the ladies of the mission have tried their utmost to bring about a change. Now and then a woman may be seen wearing the grass petticoats of the Bangala lower down the river, and no woman is allowed to come to the station or to the services without a covering of some kind, if only a plaintain leaf, or a gazelle's skin.

The adornments most affected in the old days were necklaces formed of half-inch sections of the leg-bones of fowls. These were counted treasures indeed, and no slave girl might wear them; death was sure punishment for those who so far forgot their station in life: indeed, the man who presented beads to a slave wife would be put to death. Great was the delight of the natives when white men appeared, ready to buy food and wares for china pipe beads of the same size, and whiter even than their highly prized chicken-bone beads. Blue beads, red beads, figured beads were scorned, the cheap, coarse white china half-inch beads were jewels. For glass we had given them diamonds. Any one provided with these *perles* of great price was sure of loading up his steamer with food at Bopoto beach. It was well indeed that we found something that the people did want; it simplified very considerably the commissariat of the mission. The women seemed to be insatiable in their greed for beads, and after a while long rows of free-born women would appear on great occasions to dance in caps of white beads, with anklets, bracelets, and necklaces of beads, eight inches deep, their

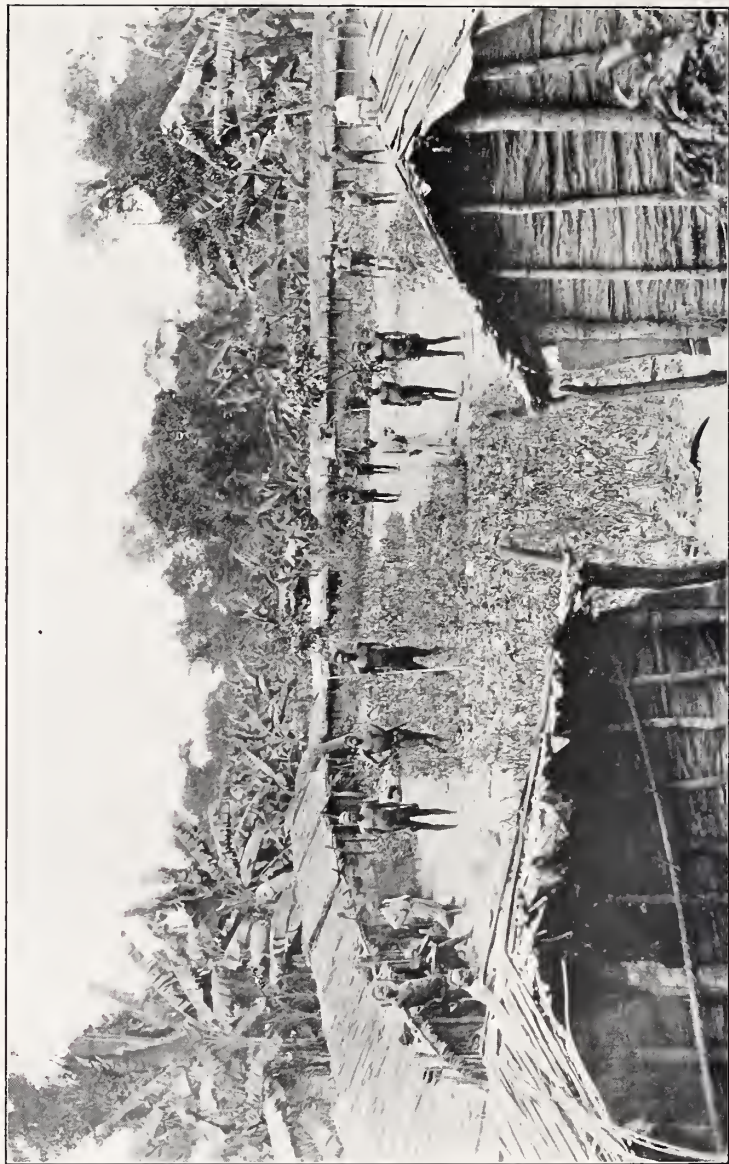
skins abundantly encrusted with powdered cam-wood and oil. The wealth and magnificence of Bopoto had reached a climax undreamt of—inconceivable.

Tattooing is wellnigh universal on the upper river. The neat close curves which score the faces of the Bateke near Stanley Pool have been already described. The Bobangi content themselves with a line or two across the forehead. This tattooing is not accomplished by means of pigments, that is out of question on a 'black' skin; but a number of little cuts are made in the skin. Over each of these cuts a cicatrix forms, more or less raised. When the cuts are thoroughly healed, they are cut again on one edge of the cicatrices; this raises them higher. This process is repeated again and again until, in the case of the Western Bangala, the tribal mark, which is a line down the forehead to the nose, stands out on the forehead like a cock's comb, nearly an inch in height. The braver the man, the less afraid he is of pain, the bigger his 'comb.' Among the Western Bangala the system reaches its extreme in size and boldness of outline; but at Bopoto it surpasses all in its elaborate character. Lines and curves of small cicatrices, each from one-sixth to a quarter of an inch in length, cover the entire face, rendering it very hideous. On the Lulongo river may be seen people who, by means of repeated cicatrization, have produced a sort of wattle of the size and shape of a pigeon's egg, which wobbles about and dangles beside the ear. These cicatrices require to be frequently recut to keep them prominent; otherwise the face becomes smooth again, and the mark almost dies out. It is no unusual sight to see a man, his face covered with blood, being recut. The cuts are made with a short pin having one end beaten out, with a curved chisel-like edge.

The Bopoto people were fierce cannibals. Through fear of the State the custom has been given up in its grosser forms, wherever there is a chance of the deed becoming known. This, however, is only of late; the custom was in full practice when our work amongst them commenced. The burial of those Bopoto-Bangala who attain to that blessedness is

accomplished on one of the islands. A case of cannibalism occurred as late as June, 1898, when some of the inland people, accompanying a State force, burnt some towns a little above Bopoto.

In the country, on the hills behind, are many villages of the Moya people; they, too, appear to consist of two tribes, for a second Moya language is heard at no great distance from the river. They do not build quadrangles, but instead two long curves of houses. At each end there is an entrance way, from which the curves sweep outwards, leaving an oval space about fifty yards wide. The houses are built on mud platforms, to raise the floors clear of the rain-water. These houses are about 18 ft. long, but very low, seldom more than 3 ft. 6 in. high at the ridge-pole; sometimes even not more than 2 ft. 6 in., only an inch or two higher than an ordinary table. The walls are of pieces of bark or of rough planks sewn together; the roof is thatched with large leaves of a species of palm, in which the frondlets are not separate, but grouped in series of five and six as one leaf. Many of the houses have no outer wall. Everything in this points to a very wild life. The huts are so low, and are thus arranged, to serve as a breastwork for purposes of defence. If either of the entrances should be carried, there always remains a way of exit through one of the wall-less houses. So these wild cannibal Moya lived, constantly prepared for war, fully armed with spear and knife, violent, and suffering violence. The open space of the town is sometimes utilized to grow a little tobacco, which is most carefully tended. When I was at Bopoto in 1896 I walked through thirty-five of these villages, groups of houses, or whatever they may be called, in a walk inland from the station of an hour and a half. At Ngali, ten hours distant inland, the State has a plantation and a Government post. The Mungala river is reached by a journey inland of five days. These Moya people, many of them, are less cut and tattooed than the riverine Bangala folk; but bad is the best. In iron-work they are very clever, their knives and spears display great ability; in wood, too, they make chairs, cups, plates, &c.



A MOYA VILLAGE, BOPOTO

The languages of the Bopoto people have been vigorously attacked. The language of the Bangala people has received the most attention, some 5,000 or 6,000 words having been acquired ; but only a few hymns, the first school books, and a Scripture reading book by Oram have been printed as yet. Although the Bopoto-Bangala are considered to be of the same tribe as those at Monsembe, there are such serious differences in words and grammar that the natives cannot understand each other, and literary work for one section is of no use to the other.

White applied himself for twelve months to the study of the language of the Moya people, and obtained some 2,000 of their words. He visited their towns, and once had a very narrow escape from some people who were hostile to his coming. Only a few words of the second Moya language have as yet been gained.

After the foundation of Bopoto and Monsembe stations, very great difficulty was caused by the delay in receiving fresh supplies, in consequence of the seizure of the Peace by the Government for the conveyance of stores and ammunition to Lusamba on the Upper Sankuru-Kasai. Barter stock and food supplies ran quite out. But for aid rendered very kindly by the Dutch Trading Company and the American Mission, very serious consequences must have ensued. Seven months had elapsed before fresh supplies were brought to them. House building and medical and school work progressed, and Oram and Forfeitt soon made themselves at home among the people.

When the school work had been carried on for four or five months the school 'struck,' and refused to come again without pay. After a while a new lot of boys were induced to come, the strikers holding out resolutely until after the Christmas feast and distribution of prizes. There was a week's holiday then, and on New Year's Day school was reopened ; a general invitation was given to all who wished to enter. The envy of the 'strikers' on the festive occasion was unendurable. They saw boys who had been but two months and less in the school enjoy a feast, while they had

to stand hungry behind the fence. That broke their spirit ; the result was an earnest plea for restoration to school privileges ; and from that time the school has been a most popular institution at Bopoto. There are now some sixty boys and sixty girls in regular attendance.

In February, 1891, W. P. Balfern arrived, and was located at Bopoto, to set Oram free to take his furlough. He only stayed six months in England, returning in November, 1891. For two years more the work was pushed on with great energy. Interesting itinerations were made, up, down, and across the river, and there was good progress in all departments of the work. In the end of 1893 Forfeitt returned from his furlough, bringing a wife with him, to the great joy of the girls and women folk of Bopoto. Balfern was thus set free to take his furlough, for he had been nearly three years in the country. He was in good health, but the Committee of the Society had very wisely decided that three years was to be the limit of the first term of service on the Congo, while ladies have to return home after two years. Early in February, Oram fell sick. His earnest spirit had overtaxed his strength, and this rendered him less fit to stand against the fever. Mr. and Mrs. Forfeitt nursed him with all care and affection, and the best was done, without avail. The Peace arrived with Grenfell, Weeks, and Clark, bringing letters from home, which much brightened the sufferer ; but on February 17, 1894, he very tranquilly breathed his last. Just before he died he was heard to whisper, ' May my testimony be made a blessing, for Jesus Christ's sake ! ' Then, after a pause, ' And now, dear Lord, take me ! ' and so he passed away. Brave, warm-hearted, intensely in earnest, plodding and energetic, Oram could ill be spared. He had won the hearts of the people to a remarkable extent. The boys knew how he loved them, and were much attached to him ; bitterly did they weep, when they heard that he was gone from them ; they realized that he had given his life for them. In the distribution of work upon the station the school work had largely fallen to Oram. Those wild Bopoto lads had never before known a friend so good, so patient, so wise, to help

them. The influence of his life still works. His dying prayer has been heard—his testimony has been made a blessing. His remains lie buried on the hill, 100 feet above the river, beside a beautiful cluster of palm-trees. No nobler epitaph could be written for him than the very words one hears from native lips: 'He loved us.' 'He died for us.' 'We loved him.'



ORAM'S GRAVE

Balfern was making a pleasant run home in company with Scrivener. Shortly after passing the latitudes of Sierra Leone, the homeward-going steamers encounter first the north-east trade winds. The sudden change of temperature is very dangerous to those newly coming from the tropics. When Balfern felt the first chill of the strong cool wind, he realized that warmer clothes were necessary; but half an

hour passed before he went down to fetch another coat. A fever resulted from the chill, which at one time was serious; the fever yielded to treatment, and Balfern landed at Madeira, hoping that a day or two would set him up. The doctor who was called found that his lungs were badly congested; this complication had not been noticed while the fever was on. Haemorrhage from the lungs followed, and the same evening, February 19, 1894, Balfern died—just two days after his colleague Oram. Mr. Smart, the missionary at Madeira, and Mrs. Smart, showed every kindness, having received him at their house. Balfern was a most lovable man, earnest, and thoroughly devoted; he seemed to be singularly fitted for the work to which God had called him. The loss of these two gifted brethren from one station, within two days of each other, was a great blow. If the Bopoto people were grieved at the death of Oram, the news of Balfern's death, immediately following, greatly affected many of them. G. D. Brown and Kirkland went to Bopoto to occupy the places thus rendered vacant.

As at other stations on the upper river, the spiritual work is still in its earlier stages. The firstfruits have, however, been gathered in. The first of the Bopoto people to come to the Saviour was Oram's personal servant, Linima-nima. He and another young man, named Likundu, were baptized on December 13, 1896. There are at present (September 9, 1899) five baptized converts at Bopoto, one of whom belongs to the Moya tribe. Four others will be baptized shortly.

The people are grossly superstitious and cruel, but there is a decided improvement since 1890. Kenred Smith was able to write in 1896: 'Cannibalism in the towns near the station is a thing of the past. The custom of killing slaves for burial with dead chiefs, common enough in days gone by, has received its death-blow. Poisoning for witchcraft is no longer openly practised. Faith in fetishes and medicine-men is gradually dying-out. These things in themselves are no mean results of the civilizing and Christianizing influences which have been brought to bear upon this stronghold of heathendom.'

The Bopoto station is in an excellent position for missionary work; the population within reach is considerable; everything is full of promise. A few years more of steady work



FIRST CONVERTS AT BOPOTO

should see great progress, and by the blessing of God we may yet see numbers of the present generation even, the adults of to-day, brought to trust in Jesus, and living noble, Christian lives, to the glory of God.

SARGENT STATION, YAKUSU.

When Darby was on furlough in England in 1890, he was expecting on his return to commence a new station on the upper river. At Bristol he appealed for help towards the initial expenses of the station. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Sargent, of Clifton, responded so generously that Darby promised that the station should bear their name. But Darby was never to found the station. It was intended that the work should be commenced on the Mobangi river, at Mojembo, a large town in a populous district; but on Darby's return to the Congo, the natives of Mojembo had been at war with the State, and the town was destroyed. Shorthandedness at the time made it necessary that Darby should remain for a while at Bolobo. Early in 1894, to his great regret and ours, he had to return home, the condition of his wife's health rendering further life in the tropics impossible. So it was that we lost an earnest, energetic, and very able colleague, who had done a great deal towards the reduction of the Bobangi language.

White was then selected to commence the new station, when there should be sufficient men for a forward movement. A point on the Loika-Itimbiri was then selected, but the State objected to our settlement there, on account of the hostility of the people of the district. It was resolved that a fresh examination of the main river should be made, with a view to ascertaining the best site.

Eighty miles above Bopoto is a populous district which was at that time very hostile. Two State posts are passed before reaching Basoko, the fortified camp of the State at the mouth of the Aruwimi (Aluhimi) river. This stronghold had been built some years before as a check to the Arabs, who at one time threatened a descent and the pillage of the whole river. Basoko is now a penal settlement for criminals of the lower river and the cataract region. Eighteen miles below Basoko and 150 miles above Bopoto the first high land appears. Thirty miles above Basoko the right bank of the river is eighty feet high, the swamp land is passed, and the hills appear.



THE GOODWILL LEAVING BOPOTO TO FOUND SARGENT STATION, YAKUSU

At the mouth of the Lomami (Lubila Loömi) river, explored by Grenfell in 1885, is a large State post and a trading factory, beside the township of Isangi. A great market of 2000 people assembles there. Great numbers of people in this district live in canoes, and not on land at all. A small shelter is built over the middle of the canoe, which serves as a house in which they are born, live, and die. These people live by fishing, bartering their fish, dried and fresh, on the markets for bread stuffs and other necessaries.

Above Isangi are the Lokele towns, which stretch for forty-five miles to Romé, the first great Arab settlement. It is now an hour's walk from the beach. When I visited the place in 1896, Musudi was the chief. There have been some pure Arabs at Stanley Falls; but many who are considered Arabs have very little Arab blood in them, many indeed have none at all. Half-caste Arabs have traded and grown rich, and so have some of their slaves. Some of the slaves of these again have become wealthy and practically independent. All such men have adopted the Arab dress—a long white gown and white cap. They build wattle and daub houses after the Arab style, speak Swahili, the language of Zanzibar, and affect the Arab civilization and the Mohammedan religion. Musudi can read and write the Arabic character, but how much he understands of his Koran is a very open question. They have built mosques in some places. Frightful atrocities have been committed by these so-called Arabs, but now their power has been broken by Baron Dhanis and his gallant officers during the Arab wars of 1892-4. Now they have taken to planting and legitimate trade, instead of slave-raiding; and square miles of rice farms surround their settlements. They are also planting coffee. In the neighbourhood of Romé there are Arab settlements on both sides of the river, and Arab influence is very great from there to the Falls. When Grenfell and White were making their voyage in 1895, to choose the site for the new station, the Romé settlement was all on the river bank.

Stanley Falls was visited, and it was decided that the station should be built at Yakusu, ten miles west of the Falls,



RUINS OF ARAB MOSQUE AT ISANGI

and 1300 miles from the coast. White remained at the place, being left there with a boat and men, to learn more about the district, and ascertain its fitness for the purpose of a station. These inquiries being made, White returned after a few weeks to Bopoto. He went back to Yakusu to start the station on February 8, 1896.

Sargent Station is about ten miles below the Stanley Falls, and a mile below the mouth of the Lindi river, which figured as the Mbura in the older maps. The banks there are high and very steep. The station is eighty feet above the river. It is built in a township of about 600 of the Lokele people called Yakusu. The Lokele are fisher-folk who spend much of their time in canoes, and build wretchedly small shanties

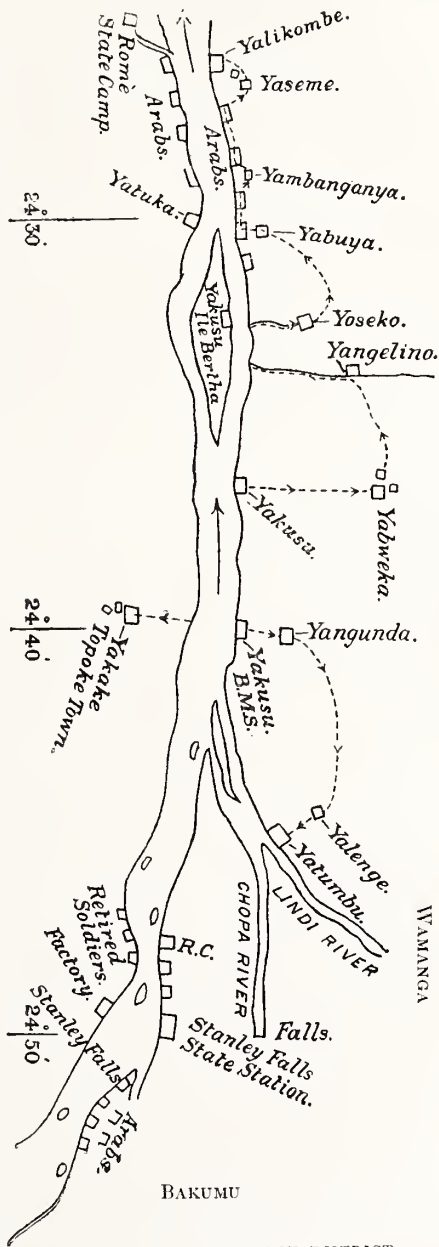


TURUMBU HOUSES

on land, often not bigger or higher at the walls than a dining table; 6 ft. by 4 ft., with 3 ft. 6 in. at the ridge-pole, is enough for a man's shelter at night, if he sits under a tree all day. Another shelter like it joined to one of the ends will suffice for a wife and a nursing family. 'Man wants but little here below!' The huts are arranged in parallel lines, like those at Bopoto. One wonders how they hold together, so frail and light are they; a few mats for walls, a few more for a roof, a stick or two to stiffen it all, and it is a house!

Five tribes are found close to the station, so that it is a fine strategic point for a mission. The Lokele appear to have their centre near the Lomami. They have six townships between Romé and Stanley Falls (twenty-five miles), three

Yakusu towns, Yatuka, Yatumbu, and Yalikombe. From Romé to the Lomami river there is said to be a line of towns of the Tofoke or Foma, a strong people who have their home on the Lomami. They have one town, Yakake, opposite our station, about forty minutes' walk inland, on the left bank of the river. The Tofoke people are hunters; they sell antelope flesh to the river people, and some india-rubber to the white men. By this town we have a link with the whole tribe. The Turumbu people live inland on the north bank behind the station, and along the north bank; they are great agriculturists, and supply the bread stuff of the district. The Wamanga tribe live up the Lindi, and in the hinterland. They are great carvers in wood, and make canoes, paddles, stools, and wooden utensils. Their language abounds in gutturals; they are



MAP OF THE YAKUSU DISTRICT

men with heavy jaws and deep bass voices. On the east (right) bank of the river, from the Falls to within one day of Nyangwe, is found the great tribe of the Bakumu, who live in the great forest. They have a town or two near the Lindi mouth. Beside all these tribes there is the so-called Arab population, who speak Swahili, the language of the east coast about Zanzibar, and constitute practically another—a sixth—tribe. The map on p. 283 will help to understand the positions indicated.

The presence of this mixed population presents great linguistic difficulty. It has been deemed right, for the present at least, to make Swahili the language of the station and schools; it is the language used by the State and the Arabs, and is becoming the *lingua franca*. It is well reduced, and has already its Christian literature and New Testament. The other languages are being studied for the purposes of evangelistic work.

The early history of Sargent Station has been very sad. White was back at Yakusu early in 1896, and Chas. J. Dodds, a new colleague, joined him on May 3. White suffered terribly from tropical diarrhoea, and was in such a weak and anaemic condition that he could scarcely attend to the building work at all. The Yakusu people would not work with any regularity, and the progress was very slow. The house in which they lived was small, crowded with goods and stores, and in no way suitable for anything but very temporary habitation. Dodds fell sick also. Mrs. White had not accompanied her husband when he returned to the Congo, but waited in England until he had had some time to prepare for her coming. When he commenced to build, he wrote for her to come, knowing how long it would take for his letter to reach home, and for her to arrive at his remote station. She arrived at Sargent Station in September, 1896; with her travelled Wherrett, a new colleague, who was to replace Dodds, and allow him to go to Bopoto. The frame-house was far from ready for occupation, and Wherrett had to make a room for himself with tent-cloths, in what was used as a carpenter's shed. However, they set to work with

energy to make life more livable. The house in construction was raised upon wooden pillars, and when the floor was put down Wherrett set up his tent in it, until the roof could be completed.

The rains were frequent in November; the river was unusually high, and had flooded some of the establishments of the traders, and of the Arabs at Stanley Falls. The weather was cool, especially at night, and Wherrett caught a chill, which induced toothache. On November 18 he had a slight fever. On November 20 he was better, but remained in bed. At night the fever was strong. Mrs. White was also suffering from fever. White himself was feverish. The next day Wherrett's fever became more serious; in spite of all treatment, cold sponging, and wet packs, his temperature rose; coma set in, and with a temperature of 110° he passed away on November 21, 1896, just two short months after his arrival at the station. He had struggled bravely with the difficulties of the early days of an advanced post; but the kindly gentle ways of Akèlalàn, *the well-doer* (his native name), will not soon be forgotten by the Yakusu people, especially the boys, who took to him from the first. A college friend of Wherrett wrote: 'He was admired by all who knew him for his quiet enthusiasm, his dogged perseverance, enabling him to overcome difficulties which would have deterred many another man from becoming a missionary at all, and for his kindness, which made him a general favourite.'

A month later Stephens, who had been engaged in some very hard transport work in the cataract region, arrived at Yakusu, to take the place left vacant by Wherrett. White's condition did not improve. Stephens had a bad hæmoglobinuric fever in March, 1897, and both he and White were so weak, when the Goodwill returned to Yakusu shortly afterwards, that it was decided that both ought to return to England. It was much against White's wish that he started homewards, he was so anxious to do at least six months more of work upon the languages; but it was impossible for him to remain

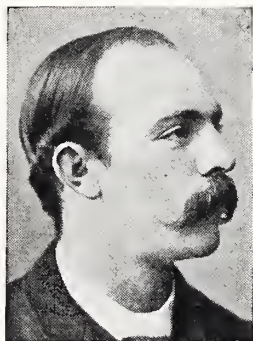
The Whites and Stephens descended to Stanley Pool in the Goodwill. After sixty miles in hammocks overland, they took the train at the Nkisi river, and so to Matadi, after a delay at Tumba. There was a steamer in, which was going first to Loanda; they were glad to take passage in her, and to get to sea. White had stood the journey well, but was very frail and anaemic. He went ashore with Stephens at Loanda, and seemed well; but next day he took a chill, and fever followed, with the trouble from which he had long suffered. The fever seemed to pass off almost in a day or two; but it returned, and on July 4, 1897, he died. The ship was nearing Mayumba. Stephens remembered that Thomas Comber had been buried there, and was successful in making arrangements for White's burial beside the white marble cross which marks Comber's grave. So the remains of Thomas Comber and White lie side by side on the beach at Mayumba, 220 miles to the north of the mouth of the Congo, 'Until He come.'

White was a man of a very strong character; wholeheartedly devoted to his work, he struggled with the difficulties which beset him with an immense determination and great fortitude; his linguistic abilities were very good. He was very earnest in his desire for the forward development of the work, and accepted his pioneer position with enthusiasm; but his long-continued disorder sapped his life energy, and cut him off after eight years of service.

The Goodwill had brought up Beedham to Yakusu in March, 1897, to relieve White. Cameron happened to be on board, taking the voyage for his health. When Cameron saw that Beedham would have to be alone, he volunteered to remain with him until Dodds could be fetched from Bopoto. Dodds had to leave on August 5, on account of another breakdown of his health, and Beedham was alone for three months. It was felt that relief should be sent as soon as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton were able to leave their work at Monsembe, to take permanent charge of the operations at Yakusu, and arrived at Sargent Station on November 4.

Mrs. Stapleton brought with her her girl Salamo, who had been baptized at Monsembe in January, 1895. Salamo was an earnest Christian girl. She was intensely anxious that her own people should hear the Gospel. Where they were, she did not know. It was somewhere up river. Often she urged that if a white man could not go, she might be sent up to live among her people, that at least she might tell her own friends of the Saviour's love. Her town had been burnt and looted by the Arabs when she was quite a little child, and no one had an idea where her people might be. She thought and prayed about it much, and longed to tell them of Jesus.

When the steamer which conveyed the Stapletons and Salamo was near to Yakusu, Salamo was delighted to hear her own language again—the Lokele. A little later, in a town very near to the station, she saw her own father again, and her cup of joy was full. The people were very excited when they heard of her return. Since then she has been most useful. Her language soon came back to her when she heard it spoken, and every Sunday she translates the address into Lokele, or delivers one herself.



W. H. STAPLETON

So marvellously does God work out His purposes, and accomplish His will, making use even of an Arab slave raid for the furtherance of the Gospel. In Salamo, then, we have already one of the Yakusu natives living an earnest Christian life, and seeking to lead the Lokele tribesmen to the Saviour she so strangely found.

School work is being carried on. In January, 1898, the Stapletons commenced it regularly, and at the end of the year there were thirty girls and forty boys in attendance.

Instead of a continued story of sickness and death, the health at Sargent Station is now good. There is some excellent timber in the neighbourhood; one tree felled yielded 400 planks, nine inches wide and ten feet in length.

Some bricks have been made from the clay of a great ant-hill on the place, and it is probable that some brick buildings will be erected. The first hard times are over, and Yakusu bids fair to have a good record in the future, now that proper buildings have been set up.

Itinerations have proved that the population of the district is dense. Lads of the Turumbu, Tofoke, Wagenya (Stanley Falls), and Wamanga tribes have been induced to stay on the station, and Stapleton has collected grammar notes and vocabularies of their languages, as well as of the Lokele. The languages are not mere dialects, but present considerable differences.

Stapleton writes: 'Our parish will extend to Stanley Falls on the east, to the Lomami river on the west, some thirty miles up the Lindi to the north, and two days' journey inland on the south bank of the river. We may hope to extend our influence even further than this. During the past year we have had visitors from every town between this station and Basoko, a hundred miles below (we have five workmen from Basoko), from a day's canoeing up the Lomami river, from Yambuya on the Aruwimi river, Arabs with their followers from 150 miles up the Lindi river, from Nyangwe in the Manyuema country (I have a boy from that district), from Kambambare, just west of Lake Tanganika (another lad from that district has been left with us for six months). We have also two men working for us, old soldiers of the State, whose home lies between the Itimbiri and the Welle, just south of the Niam-Niam country.'

The Stanley Falls are a series of falls and cataracts extending over some sixty miles. The Falls station of the State is a little below the last of this series, and ten miles above Yakusu. It is a well-built station; brick houses and stores make a fitting base for operations north, east, and south. Stanleyville will be the capital of Central Africa. As soon as the Cape to Cairo Railway is an accomplished fact, there will be a connexion between it and Stanley Falls.

The Falls themselves are a drop of about six feet only, over a hard step of red micaceous shale. The river there is

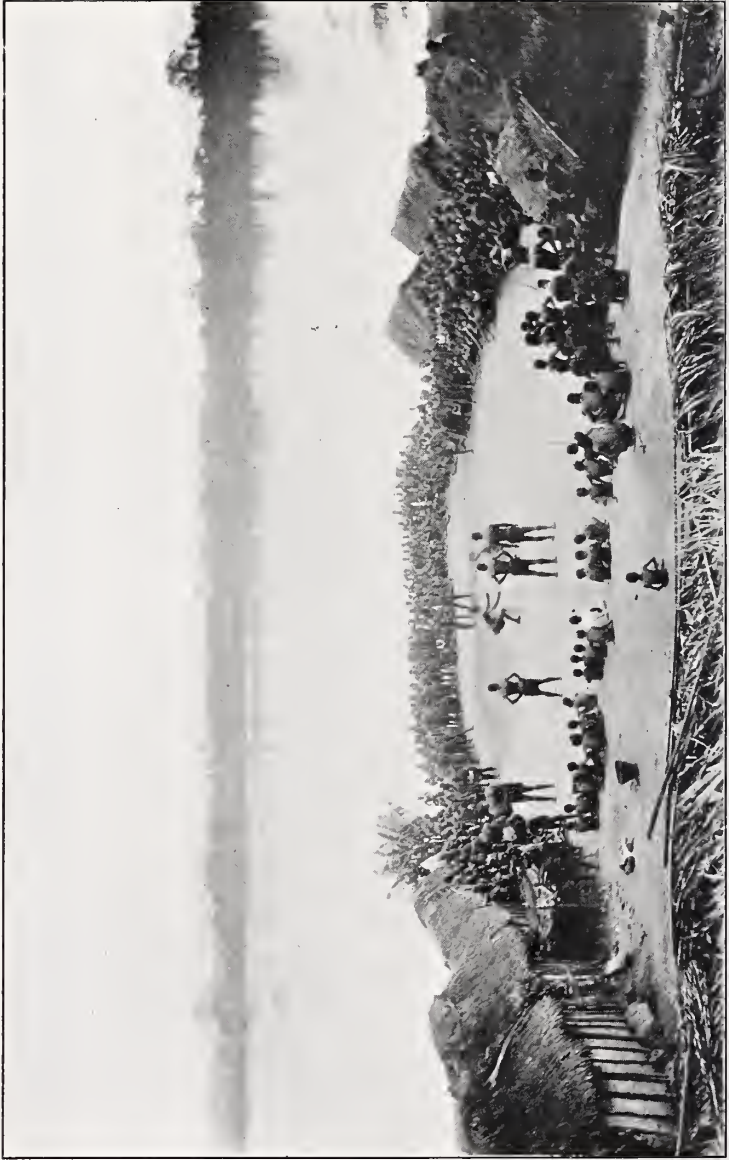
somewhat wider than the Thames at London Bridge, and the volume of water is about a quarter of that which passes Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, 1,000 miles lower down. The great Mobangi sometimes discharges more water than the river into which it flows. Of the water flowing into the ocean at the mouth of the Congo river, we may estimate its sources approximately as follows: a quarter passes over the Stanley Falls; a quarter from the Mobangi; a quarter from the Kasai; and the remaining quarter from the Lomami, Aruwimi, Mongala, Lolongo, Uluki, and the smaller rivers. The biggest island in the river is fifty-two miles long by eight miles in width, unless we consider the 100 miles strip of country separated from the mainland by the Bokatalaka creek opposite Bangala.

The people living beside the Falls are Wagenya; they are the finest watermen of the river. The fisheries at the Falls are very remarkable; they have called for and evoked consummate skill. Their management of the great canoes in the rushing water below the Falls surpasses everything on the river elsewhere. When I was at the Falls in 1896, with Consul Pickersgill, C.B., and Grenfell, Baron Dhanis called for two immense canoes to descend the cataract under the Fall. With thirty-two strong paddlers in each canoe, we descended the swift water at railway speed. It was the first time that a British Consul had visited the upper river, so Baron Dhanis received him with much ceremony, and a salute with his cannons, on arrival and departure.

One day while at Yakusu, we witnessed a display of wrestling, which may be considered the national sport from Bopoto upwards. It is not altogether neglected lower down river, but from Bopoto upwards it is a great institution.

The rows of low houses in the Yakusu town are at right angles to the river, and approach to within twenty paces of the laterite cliff (eighty feet high) on which the town is built. This space is the promenade of the town.

A tree grew on the edge of the cliff, and at its foot stood several great wooden drums, raised a foot from the ground on sticks. Beside the drums were grouped some twenty-five



A WRESTLING MATCH

men ; boys perched themselves on the drums, and spread out almost to the opposite group, which had its centre at the gable end of a house. These two groups managed the play, chose and directed the champions.

One sturdy fellow came out, wearing a cloth of beaten bark, which was hitched before and behind to a stout girdle of plaited raphia fibre. As he stepped out from his place beside the drums, one of his partisans followed and stopped him, to arrange his cloth. The champion picked up two pieces of dry plantain leaf. From the other side came out another man. They stood looking at one another, six feet apart. The first man offered a piece of leaf, which was accepted ; they looked at each other again. The accepter of the challenge then changed his mind, threw his leaf to his left, turned on his heel, and walked back.

Another man of his party stepped out instead, and rubbed his hands in the dust, to ensure his grip ; they looked at each other, and then put out their hands offering to grip each other's girdles, which is the sole clutch allowed. Each wished to have his arm outside on the river-ward side, but there was a demur ; the first champion retired¹ ; another replaced him, but the moment that they tried to grip, a lad came out from the house party, put his arms round the wrestlers, and stopped them. Then the two champions retired, and two others came ; they rubbed their hands in the dust, and again could not agree as to the outside arm ; then one retired and was replaced. The new man came out smiling, dusted his hands, had his cloth arranged, and handed a chip of wood to his opponent, who snapped it and threw it down. They clutched each other's girdles and bent down, each with his head on the other's right shoulder, and so locked and bent down they began to walk round. Arching their backs a little, their legs came nearer together ; then one endeavoured to twist his right leg round the other's left. Some rule as to the clutch or trip was broken, and the wrestlers were promptly seized ; one retired and was replaced. Then there was a mutual clutch, only to be interrupted again by an elderly man, with the approval of all, although we could not see what rule had been

broken. It began to grow monotonous as one after another offered, and were somehow disqualified before any great exhibition of strength had been made; but presently we saw that two were really at work. They had clutched, and the four legs belonging to the locked and straining bodies paced about; then they commenced to sway; an attempt was made to trip, but failed. Another attempt, and this time one man caught the other's leg with his own; a moment of struggle, a lift, and a throw, and the champion from the party near the drums was on the ground. There was a rush to extricate the fallen man, and he was safely pulled over to his own side, there to relate how he had nearly landed his conqueror but—— The victor's party were wild with delight, they shouted, and bore him off to his part of the town. All his section turned out; the women and girls to dance and sing of his prowess. Two small boys of the victor's party rushed up to the man who was thrown, and offered him some plantain, advising him to eat a few decent meals to get his strength up before attempting to wrestle again. Others came up to him dancing and deriding him; one naughty boy borrowed a monkey-skin hat, having at the top a bunch of the red feathers from parrots' wings; he ran up to the vanquished, danced derisively before him, with his back to him; then with some more expressed contempt, he threw a couple of plantains into his lap, and danced back with more taunting words. We expected to see the beaten party become angry, but the best of temper was observed throughout; never the slightest appearance of annoyance or impatience. The defeated party seemed to be amused at the derision of which they were the objects, and to enjoy it as much as the victorious party. The facetious boys were laughed at by all. The match, customs, and elaborate rules were very interesting, but the general tone of good humour and self-control was still more remarkable; it was excellent.

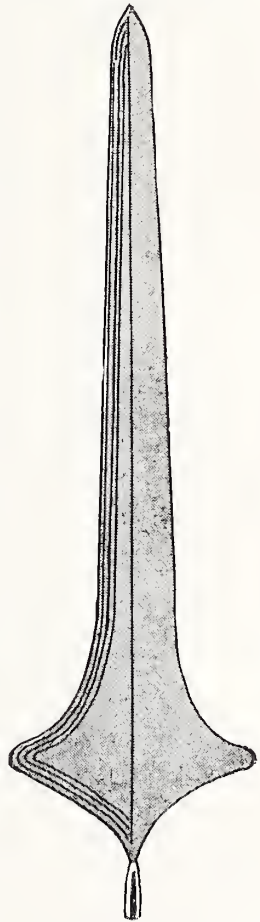
One should hesitate to call such people savages; wild they are, certainly, sometimes—often it may be—but not savage. It is somehow possible for 500 of them to live together in one town, although the variety of their tattooing evidences their

mixed origin ; it is also possible for them to play thus together without loss of temper.

After this throw there was some waiting, and then the wrestling recommenced ; but although there was some good practice, no one was actually thrown. There was intervention in every case.

There is another game much played by the boys on the upper river. Various beans and seeds are pierced, and are mounted on a splinter of wood as teetotums. Two players will provide themselves with a teetotum each, and spin them together. The player whose teetotum is thrown out by that of his playmate, loses. They gamble in this way on the upper river for brass rods and food ; it is no uncommon sight to see boys staking the provision for the next meal over the play ; they will sit playing the game with a number of plantains for stakes. As a good smooth table is a *sine qua non*, they will make a small table of earth, and stretch a plantain leaf upon it, and thus secure an excellent surface. When not in use, a boy often carries his teetotum by passing its foot through a hole in the lobe of his ear.

The currency at Yakusu is of an interesting character. The unit is a piece of fish-net of a standard size. Three of these are equal to a conventional iron spear-head, called a *shoka*. The *shoka* would require some working to convert it into a real spear-head ; but it represents a certain definite quantity of well-worked iron, and as such has its own specific value. There are double *shokas*, and five-*shoka* pieces, and



NGBELE, A PIECE OF
IRON CURRENCY
SIX FEET LONG

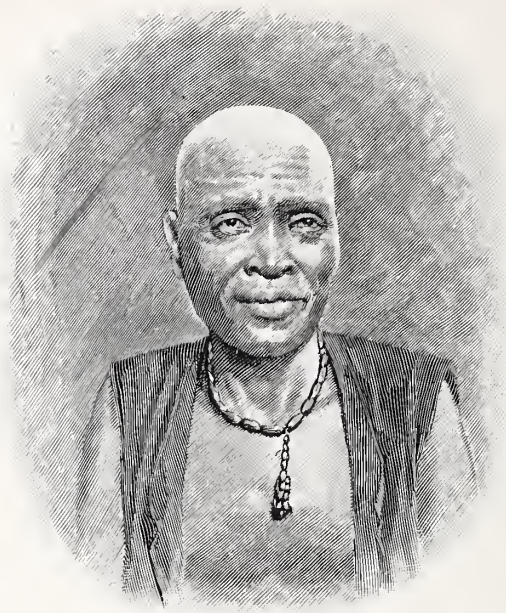


SARGENT STATION

there is also the great *ngbele*, which is really like a spear-head, but for the fact that it is six feet long. Ten of these would buy a canoe thirty-five to forty feet long. These, then, constitute the Lokele currency. Copper bracelets and beads show that copper mines are worked somewhere in the wide district.

The story of our work on the upper river has, so far, been told. It is a story of the beginnings of things; the work is all too new for it to be possible to tell of large ingatherings to the fold of Christ. The firstfruits have been brought in, an earnest of future blessing; there must, however, be the patient continuance in well-doing, without which we cannot hope to be rewarded.

The field is wide, and the possibilities of extension are very great; the great Mobangi and other affluents are still untouched; there is a wide country to be evangelized between the Congo and Lake Albert Edward; there are also the upper reaches of the Congo itself. There is room for expansion far beyond the extent of our means in new fields, and in all the forms of work; in Gospel preaching, schools, itinerations, industrial teaching, &c. 'The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth labourers into His harvest.'



MBUMBA OF MPUTU

CHAPTER V

DEVELOPMENT IN THE CATARACT REGION: 1887-99

‘My word . . . shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.’—ISAIAH lv. 11.

IT now remains to note the developments of the work in the regions between Stanley Pool and the sea, and at San Salvador and Zombo, bringing the story up to date (1899).

SAN SALVADOR.

With such completely illiterate people as the Congo natives were when we first came to them, our second great duty was to teach them to read. The first duty was to sow broadcast the good seed of the Kingdom, by the preaching of the Gospel. But for a truly healthful development of the work, there must be not only the spoken word, but also the written

Word. A translation of the Scriptures into 'such a tongue as the people understandeth' is a great necessity; but that again presupposes a reading people. Whatever may be the views adopted as to the wisdom of devoting missionary energy and funds to educational work in other fields, in Africa such work is of the utmost importance, and must go hand in hand with the proclamation of the Gospel. Unless the missionaries establish schools, the people must go ignorant—ignorant to a large extent of the Scriptures, and ignorant of much that would fit them for higher knowledge and development. School work has therefore been carried on at all our stations and outposts. It has been truly said, that the young are the hope of Africa; but while that must be true, we are not justified in despairing even of those who are old, steeped in sin, cruelty, and superstition. We have on our Church rolls the names of those who have been converted after reaching sixty years of age; and there is a large number of middle-aged folk who have been brought to Christ from among the heathen.

The Christian Church was formed at San Salvador on December 4, 1887—eight years after our first arrival. The native Christians commenced at once to form a fund for evangelistic work; a box was placed at the chapel door, and a regular collection was taken every Sunday. They did not contribute money, for they had none, but what passed as money in the country: the contents of the box were an *omnium gatherum* of beads, knives, cloth, and barter stuff of all kinds. By the middle of 1888 the Church numbered seventeen members. The weekly contributions had by this time grown into a considerable pile, and the question was raised as to the object to which they should be devoted. After some consultation it was decided to support an evangelist, one of their own number, who should spend his time in visiting the towns round, to preach to the people. One of John Hartland's personal boys was chosen, and he accepted the charge. The funds were not equal to his entire support, so for three days a week he worked for the mission, and the rest of his time was spent in the service of the Church. Lewis made a tour with the evangelist through the principal towns

to the south and east of San Salvador. They were well received, and arrangements were made for their regular visitation. Besides this, the Church members undertook the visitation of other towns every Sunday; each had his own district. This work soon began to bear fruit.

Mputu is a town to the south-east of San Salvador, about an hour and a half distant; the chief Mbumba was a man of great influence in the country. In the early days of our mission, the old King of Congo and Mbumba hated each other fiercely; there were no communications between the two townships. Mbumba was a man of great energy, and was feared by all in his district. He did not allow any to cross his will; his vengeance was swift and terrible. He was very strict in the etiquette required of all who approached him. It is considered very improper to sit in the presence of a great man, other than with the feet tucked under the thighs, 'tailor fashion.' To ease the cramped limbs by stretching them out before one, is a gross breach of decorum; any one who ventured so to do in Mbumba's presence was taken out, and was fortunate if he lost only an ear. We have known several great chiefs who would order a man who sat carelessly to be thus mutilated. His own people were much afraid of him on account of his cruel, murderous ways; for a small offence he would kill them relentlessly. He was superstitious, and very ready to kill witches. Through his evil temper, pride, and superstition, his town of several hundred people was reduced to eighty or ninety souls. He was of a bellicose disposition, and forced the towns around to join in his wars. He was, in fact, the terror of the neighbourhood; his town saw many horrible sights, his feet were swift to shed blood. We often heard of him, and wondered what that fierce man was like.

Nlekai, a young man who had been well educated and trained by Weeks, and had accompanied him to England, was a member of the Church; he chose Mputu as his town for visitation. The people liked his pleasant ways, and readily gathered to listen to his teaching; even Mbumba would sit down, and hear of the loving Saviour who died

for our salvation. Nlekai was of a type which he had never met before, he could not understand his refinement and agreeable manner. He had many talks with Nlekai, and wondered as he talked of righteousness and of the judgement to come. He consulted him, and admired his shrewdness and right-mindedness; he was certainly one of themselves, and yet how different! So simple and transparent, and yet not foolish. He conceived a great liking for Nlekai, and always heard him gladly. As he gathered week by week with his people, to listen to the Gospel story and learn to sing the hymns, Mbumba began to feel that if all these things were true, there was a bad time coming for him. How could he, who had shed so much blood, stand before the just and holy God to give account for his awful life? He felt the weight of his sins, and became very anxious. On one occasion when Lewis visited him, he asked, 'But what about the sins of the past? Will God pardon the wicked things of which I have been guilty?' He earnestly sought, and found the forgiveness of his sins, and a marvellous change came over him: the lion had become a lamb!

The neighbouring chiefs were astounded. The man who had been so hard and unreasonable had become gentle and just. Before, he stirred them up to war, now his efforts were on the side of peace. He had always urged the killing of witches, and was always a leading spirit in any local witch palaver. Now he went about to urge, with all his power and authority, that the custom should be abandoned; they had to obey, for they had long feared him. Mbumba became the talk of the country; they wondered how Nlekai had tamed him, and what sort of sorcery had been exercised upon the man, to bring about such a change. It was certainly Mbumba as far as the body was concerned, but he had a new heart!

Well might they wonder, and so did the missionaries even. It seemed too wonderful and good to be true. He wished to be baptized. Lewis and his colleagues, Graham and Phillips, felt that they must be careful, and in no hurry with so prominent and notorious a man; but his sincerity was unmistakable, and although his awful past was a very

sad memory to him, yet he realized that the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin, even such crimes as his. His period of probation was somewhat extended, but in due course he was baptized with several of his people. Ever since he has lived a consistent Christian life, and has done much to further the Gospel in his district. He is now an old man, but is able to take a long journey in a good cause. He is a remarkable instance of the miracle of conversion, and of the power of the grace of God. His people were delighted at the change which had come over their once cruel chief; they destroyed all their fetishes more than ten years ago. Mbumba's conversion has brought about a great change in his district; and a good number have been baptized at Mputu, and in the towns round. School work is also being carried on.



R. H. C. GRAHAM

To the south and south-east of San Salvador stretches a wide district, called Madimba. Witch palavers and many evil practices could no longer be accomplished at San Salvador, because of the presence of the white men; but away in Madimba these things could go on, and never be heard by the white men at the capital. The missionaries felt that it was desirable that some work should be

commenced in that direction. Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis made an itineration in the district in August, 1888, with Matoko, and the evangelist of the Church. In some towns the people were very unfriendly; in some they would not even return the customary salutation. They visited Mfutila, the king's nephew, who succeeded him on his death two years and a half later; he was very friendly, and wished to be visited whenever it was possible. Three hours beyond was Lovo, the town of Lewis's boy, Elembe, where there was another hearty welcome. On the Sunday 200 people gathered to listen to God's message. Afterwards, Mrs. Lewis invited the women to gather round her, and talked to them for some time. If a boy from a town has been in one of our station

schools for a while, there is nearly always a hearty welcome in his town.

In one town, further on, the men of the place were away helping a neighbour who was at war. The chief was much afraid, and dared not show himself until he had sent for his warriors. When they came, he ventured to show himself with his armed men. With some difficulty he was persuaded to sit on a mat near Lewis, and his mind was a little more at rest after a chat with him. In the evening, when the moon came out, he gathered his people to hear Lewis preach. In the morning he expressed his satisfaction that nothing had happened during the night, and that the carriers had been well behaved; Lewis might visit him again if he liked. So they progressed, making friends with the people, and opening the district for evangelistic work.

At one town, Etoto, they were very well received; the chief placed at their disposal a house built of planks instead of grass. There were about ninety houses in the town. Lewis, Matoko, and the evangelist, felt that Etoto was just the place in which to start new work. After a while they approached the chief on the subject, and had some difficulty in making him understand that they were in real earnest; it seemed to be too good. It was decided to leave the evangelist there. Two of the elder scholars were sent over from San Salvador to help in the building of the evangelist's house, and some good work was done. The Church at San Salvador took a great interest in this, their new undertaking; and after a while the work was carried on by relays of Church members who went to stay there, two at a time, for a month each, without any payment. A senior scholar from the San Salvador school conducted school in the town, attended by twenty-five to thirty boys.

The work was carried on until, in 1891, one of the advanced scholars of the Etoto school, who had been transferred to San Salvador for further teaching, was accidentally shot and killed by a boy from another district. The Etoto people demanded that the unfortunate boy who had caused the accident should be killed. The Portuguese Resident inter-



EJOTO

vened, and sent the boy to Loanda for trial, well assured that it was an accident; he was a long while in prison there, and eventually returned, when the excitement had cooled down. The Etoto people were so angry that there had not been a life for a life, that they threatened reprisals upon the San Salvador people, and it became necessary to abandon the outpost for a while. After nearly three years it was reopened.

In 1892 another such outpost was started at Mawunze, about twenty-four miles to the north-east of San Salvador, where a good work has been done. There are others at Kimpesi, an hour from Mputu, and elsewhere. In some towns the work has been carried on by the Church members without any pay. In some towns the preaching has resulted in conversions; and after a start given, the people have maintained schools themselves, the most advanced scholar helping the others, and very remarkable results have followed.

Our old friend Ntotela slowly changed in his demeanour towards us. The constant pressure of the Portuguese priests, and his fear of deposition and disgrace if he showed much favour to us, made him cool toward us; at the same time he affected more of state. Comber was pained at the change which had come over him in the end of 1886. I had noticed the same in 1888, although he did melt towards me to some extent. The poor old man was indeed to be pitied; it was as he said—we had taught him, and he heard us gladly; the priests came with force behind them, and taught him to pray to the Virgin Mary. What was he to do? He would do both, pray direct, and pray to the Virgin, and God would accept him, and punish those who misled him. At one time in 1888 the pressure became so great that the king, in a fit of desperation, ordered our Christian people, and those who attended our services and wished to follow our teaching, to build a separate town elsewhere, and to leave the old town to those who favoured the priests. Our friends begged leave 'to drink water,' i. e. take time to consider the matter. They replied after a day or two, that the king was their king, how could they leave him? God Himself taught them in His

Word to honour the king, and to love one another ; this they desired to do, and they could not think of dividing the town. The king was pleased with their answer, and the matter dropped.

In 1891 the king became seriously ill, and on February 14 he died of apoplexy. Graham wrote at the time : ' We had seen him several times during his illness, and sometimes were able to speak of spiritual things. He was glad to hear us, but as far as we could judge seemed little affected ; however, it is well to remember that we do not know what the end was, and we must leave him with Him who cannot err.'

Certainly our mission has cause to think of him kindly. He helped us to the best of his power in the early days ; he might have given us a great deal of trouble by greedy demands, but he knew that we were God's servants, and that we had come to do His work. His fear of God, and this thought, restrained him.

The king was not buried for many months, but four or five weeks after his death all the chiefs of the district came together, at the suggestion of the Portuguese resident, to elect a new king. Mbumba of Mputu, the story of whose conversion has been related, had a certain claim to the throne, and was the head of a very powerful clan ; but for the change of his own heart, and the new circumstances at San Salvador, there would probably have been some fighting. It was decided unanimously, however, that Mfutila, the late king's nephew, should be king, and Mbumba should be *Nosso Principe*—in Kongo, *Noso Mpidishipi*—a title equivalent to prime minister. So the matter was settled amicably, and the Resident confirmed their choice, and appointments.

The new king was a heathen man, who would have overthrown all the work which had been done ; if he had been able, he would have driven out the Portuguese, and all the missionaries. He was an altogether bad man, superstitious, greedy, cruel, mean and reactionary.

Soon after his accession to power he attempted a *coup d'état*. He called together the chiefs and people from the whole district. More than 1,000 chiefs and their retainers

obeyed ; they came armed with flint-lock guns. It is uncertain whether all or any knew of what was intended. They discussed for many days the new state of things which had been inaugurated in the country ; the restraining force of the Portuguese, the prohibition to kill witches, and other like disagreeable civilized laws which had been promulgated. Mfutila felt that the new régime was intolerable ; it was secretly urged that decisive action should be taken. They sent word to the Resident that he should go to them, and learn their will as to the government of the country. The intention was to use their opportunity, assassinate the Resident, and attack and drive out the others. The Resident was probably informed of the trend of things, and sent a reply that it was not customary for a Portuguese Resident to wait on the natives in that way ; but the proper way would be for them to visit him the next morning ; he would then explain to them fully the laws which would be for the benefit of the country, and which he intended to enforce. He begged them to have no apprehension in so coming, for he would keep his soldiers (there were only eight or ten) shut up in their barracks ; no one should do them any harm.

This method of talking to the 1,000 armed men was very disconcerting to them ; it suggested unknown resources. Instead of being cowed, the Resident had replied as though he were master of the situation. The Portuguese are very good at this sort of thing. Soon after their arrival at San Salvador, the chief of a town near the road, two hours and a half away, sent the Resident two bullets, and the message that he was going to attack him in two days' time. He replied, urging the chief to attack by all means, and sent him a couple of barrels of powder to help him, inquiring politely whether he needed any more guns. This sort of thing takes the heart out of an African : he is bewildered by it. The barrels were returned, for fear that an exorbitant price would be levied for them, and the intended fight was declared ' off.'

At the appointed time Mfutila and his crowd of 1,000 men appeared before the residency, and were requested to spread their mats in the shade. They sat down, their loaded guns

resting on their shoulders ; every one wondered what was going to happen, and at what point Mfutila would give the word. At such times one's heart or something has a way of coming up into one's throat. Just as they were seating themselves comfortably, some one discovered that he was sitting on a sharp root, and wriggled a little aside, the better to accommodate his anatomy. In doing so his gun slipped ; in clutching it, he accidentally touched the trigger ; the gun went off, and the slugs broke the arm of a man sitting behind him. Every one jumped up and bolted, and in half a minute there was only the wounded man to be seen. When the dust cleared, the Resident coolly inquired what had happened. The wounded man was taken to our mission to be cared for.

The people were with difficulty gathered together again. When they did muster, it was with the feeling that no one could trust the others to stand by him in any act of violence. The Resident told them very straightly what he would have, and what not, laying down the law wisely but firmly. The native chiefs accepted the situation, and probably felt that if the new régime had its inconveniences, it had also its advantages, and one result would be a great increase of security to life and property. So a great crisis came and passed ; a gracious Providence protected our mission and the work from the forces of evil which would have wrecked everything, and extinguished the light which had begun to shine in the darkness.

The old king, Ntotela, Dom Pedro V., was duly enshrouded, and Mfutila was very strong in insisting that all his predecessor's wealth should be buried with him. Three days after his death Phillips wrote : ' The body of the king is *partially* wrapped up, and at present it is hard work for ten men to lift it. All the uniforms and expensive clothes given by the King of Portugal, with the exception of a scarlet gold-braided coat, were put on the body, to say nothing of cloths and a dozen frock coats.' Much of the shroud was not put on until near to the time of burial ; then the cloth which we had given him in the early days was brought out, and old cloths of patterns and styles long forgotten, which had been hoarded from the

times before he was made king, all was brought out and used as his shroud. Nothing was saved but the royal coat and robe and the silver ware ; these were considered to be crown property, and not to be buried. Mfutila would have included those things as well, but the people would not allow it.

This loyalty and ungrudging faithfulness in burying a man's property has an air of *noblesse* about it ; but it must be remembered that if Mfutila had tampered with his predecessor's belongings, his successor would have done the same when his own turn came to be enshrouded. So, to



NEW MISSION CHAPEL IN BUILDING, SAN SALVADOR

ensure a royal funeral for himself, he had to be honest, and affect the greatest horror at the idea of withholding anything. Mfutila and his people would have liked to keep the body for a long while, in order to accumulate more cloth for the shroud and funeral festivities ; but the Resident would not have the burial put off indefinitely, and insisted upon a comparatively early date. An immense crowd gathered for the interment.

Mfutila had much less of the kingly quality than his predecessor. Mean, cruel, avaricious, and wicked, he was

heartily disliked by his people. In 1894 he was suffering from a very painful disorder, and finding no relief elsewhere, he came to Wathen to ask Dr. Webb to treat him. He stayed with us for two months, and went away no better; but there was no ground for surprise in that. Before he left San Salvador he asked Lewis to write him a letter commending him to our care. Lewis did so; but when Mfutula received the letter, he could not read it on the way, as he would have wished to do. We allowed him to stay in a room in the store, beside the dispensary, and Dr. Webb tried to do his best for him. The king's wicked heart suggested that as he had not been friendly to our mission, it was probable that Lewis, in his letter, had asked us to kill him. He therefore feared to drink his medicine. When he left, we learned that he had never taken his medicine, unless one of us happened to be present when it was sent in to him; so that in the two months he had taken but very few doses. Again and again he asked me the contents of the letter which Lewis wrote, and as often I told him. He had some kindly feeling towards me, and often I went to talk with him. I had visited him in his own town in Madimba in 1880, and my medicine had been the means of his restoration to health and strength. On one occasion at Wathen we were talking of the old times, fourteen years before, and the two intelligent young relatives of his who then lived with him, but were long since dead; he burst into tears at the memories raised and wept like a child. I hoped that some softening influences might be working in his heart, but was disappointed. On his return to San Salvador, the Portuguese Resident sent him to Lisbon; there he had to drink his medicine, and recovered for a while.

In 1896 the king and another chief in Madimba made some charges, believed to be false, against another chief, for a pretext to fall upon him, and rob him and his people of their goods and property. With guile, lies, and false oaths they captured their man, and carried away everything that he had, as well as things belonging to his people. They had no sooner done this than the king's accomplice was suddenly

taken ill, and died within a day or two. The king became uneasy, and returned in haste to San Salvador. He himself became very ill, and died on November 18, 1896.

Once more the question arose as to whether Nosso (Mbumba) should succeed him ; but as he was a Protestant he could not be acceptable to the official Portuguese. A young man named Henrique Nteye-kenge Kondwa was appointed his successor, and he is the present king. *Nominis umbra.*

1892 was the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society. The Christian people of San Salvador wished to add their offerings to the centennial gifts which were being sent in to the Society ; a collection was made, and barter and money were given to the local value of £33 14s. 3d. ; this was sent home in December, 1891. During 1892 the membership of the native Church had grown to forty-seven. New seats were wanted for their chapel, and once more a collection was made. They raised £50 at the local value of barter stuff, and paid all the expenses of seating the chapel.

In 1893 the Congo Railway Company brought out a number of Chinese to help in constructing the line. The climate did not suit them, and a great number of them died. The greater part of the survivors ran away into the Portuguese possessions, and about twenty reached San Salvador. The people had heard of the Chinese, for they knew that Dixon, one of their own missionaries, had been transferred to China when his health broke down on the Congo. The advent of these runaway Chinese quickened in the hearts of the Congos a great interest in mission work in China ; they collected £15 4s. (cash value), and sent it as a donation in aid of Dixon's work in China.

Since then the San Salvador people have been busy with building a fine stone chapel. For five years they have been collecting money for this purpose. The foundation stones were laid on April 11, 1898, amid great rejoicings. There were some useful flat stones in the brook at the foot of the hill, and it was requested that every one who came to the laying of the stone should bring a stone. On the morning in



NEW CHAPEL, SAN SALVADOR, COMPLETED

question, when the bell rang, the women and girls first came in a troop bearing stones and offerings, afterwards came the men and boys, each with his stone, until some 500 were present. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Phillips laid two memorial stones. Prayers and addresses followed, and so the work was commenced. Barter has been contributed for the purpose, which amounts to nearly £300. The chapel measures inside 70 x 37 feet. The walls are built with haematite iron-stone from the ruins of the old city wall and the stones of the house which we built in 1880. The wood-work is of native wood, with the exception of the window sashes. The roof is covered with galvanized iron sheets. All this is paid for by the natives. The platform, baptistery, and desk are the gift of the San Salvador missionaries, in memory of their colleagues who worked there and have died. The chapel took eighteen months to build, and the natives who built it under Lewis's direction are justly proud of their work. The chapel was opened by services on September 16-18, 1899. A thousand people gathered to them, the average attendances being 800. The building of so fine a chapel with local materials was a fine industrial training for the people, and does great credit to Lewis.

In 1885 Mr. Josiah Wade, of Halifax, presented us with a very complete printing press and plant, to be known as the Edwin Wade Press; it was first set up at Underhill, where Scrivener was for some years in charge of it. When he was transferred to the upper river, the Underhill Press was sent to San Salvador. A little later, Mr. Wade gave the other press for the upper river, which has been mentioned already. Mr. Wade's gifts have rendered most useful service to our mission, and have turned out a great deal of work, especially of late. Since 1896 Phillips has been superintending the press work at San Salvador, and is publishing a monthly magazine, *Ngonde ya Ngonde*, 'month by month,' which is now well on in its third year. It has a circulation of 250 per month. Each number contains portions of translations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by Lewis; the *Holy War*, by Phillips; and Dr. Newman Hall's *Follow Jesus*, by Nekaka, a native;

also other matter of interest. The translations of the three books are nearly, if not quite, complete, and the books will soon be printed. Meanwhile they are being read in the serial form.

All departments of the work have been vigorously carried on; since the formation of the Christian Church at San Salvador in 1887, some 200 natives have been gathered into fellowship, thirty-five have died, and in June, 1899, there were 145 names on the Church roll. There are four outposts, in each of which a native evangelist and his wife is supported by the Church. At seven other places voluntary work is being carried on by the natives, and schools are held regularly there also. In January, 1899, there were in the station and the outpost school some 327 boys and 256 girls, a total of 583 children under instruction. The average attendance is not far below the register numbers. Sabbath-school work is also carried on, 433 being in attendance.

Three of our number lie buried at San Salvador: Mrs. Comber, who died in the early days, in 1879; Wilkinson ten years later. After another ten years, Mrs. Phillips was called away, and is buried in the public cemetery there.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the work carried on by the missionary ladies at San Salvador. Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Phillips, have worked hard among the girls and women of the town, and have exercised a great influence for good in every way. A large number of women, old and young, are members of the Church, and their training and teaching, apart from the regular services, has been entirely in the hands of the ladies; in school work and special classes they have been indefatigable. What would the mission have been without them?

Mrs. Phillips was a very earnest worker, who was greatly loved by all the women-folk; they felt her loss very keenly. Her influence will long be a power in the country. For a week Mrs. Phillips was feeling unwell, then four days of fever, and on April 26, 1899, she died. Mrs. Lewis wrote: 'If you could have heard the prayers offered by the women this evening—prayers for the friends at home, for us who are

left, and for themselves in their sad loss—you would have felt, as I did, that our work has not been in vain, and that Congo women are priceless jewels to be won for the Saviour's crown.'

San Salvador has seen wonderful changes. We found its people twenty years ago in heathen barbarity; poor, only a few wore European cloth, the rest were dressed in native cloth. Now the people have contributed £300 to build their own chapel, and a Christian Church is gathered of 145 members, supporting their own evangelists and active in Christian work.

UNDERHILL STATION.

Our base station at Underhill—Tunduwa, as the natives call it—has been mentioned from time to time. It was built on a rocky headland 200 feet above the river. The river is less than half a mile wide just above the point; the current sometimes flows through the constriction at the speed of ten miles an hour. Opposite the point is a deep bay in which the water seethes and swirls, gaining for it the name of Hell's Cauldron. On the further side a red cliff rises 350 feet sheer from the water, and the hills rise behind it to 800 and 1000 feet and more beyond. The view extends five miles down river to the hills about Noki, and seven miles above to the heights of Vivi. Behind the station, the hills are piled one on the other to nearly 1,800 feet; the top is really the old main level of the country, all below is the gorge rent out by the fierce flood, as the waters of the inland sea made their way to the ocean. As may be imagined, the heat is great at the foot of the gorge. The sun beats upon the rocks, and makes them so hot that they are scarcely cool by the morning; so that by night and day the heat is great. The necessity for climbing up and down the 200 feet hill in the hot sun, to attend to the unloading of steamers and boats, was often very troublesome.

Underhill was not built for convenience in mission work, but as a base station for the supply of the mission, at the highest point which the steamers of the time could reach.

In June, 1889, it was discovered that the ocean-going steamers could make their way through the shallows and sandbanks to Boma, and stem the stronger currents beyond, right up to Matadi. Until then Banana was the port of the Congo, and all our goods were brought on to our base at the convenience of our friends the Dutch House, and in their river steamers; this latter service costing as much as the freight from Liverpool to Banana. When Matadi became the port, the ocean steamers delivered our goods there into our own boats, and so the goods were conveyed to our stores. Great iron buildings were erected on the top of our hill to receive these goods, and to them came the carriers, who were sent down from San Salvador and Wathen to fetch the supplies up country. Four houses were built for the staff and to accommodate missionaries coming and going. For several years the station became a sort of hotel for all the missions working out there. The American and Swedish Missions borrowed a piece of land, and set up galvanized-iron stores on the beach, and their missionaries coming and going stayed with us; so we helped each other, and have ever worked in harmony and brotherly love. Later on, the American and the Congo Balolo Missions built at Matadi, and the Swedish Mission a mile above us, at Londe.

Very careful attention was necessary to keep a proper supply of cloth for the payment of the carriers; large stocks of cloth and barter had to be kept, to provide for the irregularities and 'rushes,' which were frequent. Sometimes we had to keep over £1,000 worth of barter for this purpose. There were times when, in consequence of rain or fighting on the road, carriers could not be had, and the Underhill stores were choked with supplies in transit; then with the dry season, or peace, would come a rush of carriers, and over 2,000 loads would be carried in a few months. Had we been short of cloth then, the supplies might have had to wait another twelve months for carriers; and serious would have been the results to the stations on the upper river, without food and barter. Each station ordered its own goods from the Liverpool agent, and Wathen supplied and managed

the transport of them. Ferries had to be arranged for and paid, for many years, until the State levied a tax of two francs per load from Matadi to Stanley Pool, and managed the ferries and bridges itself.

There were several standard cotton-cloths which we had always to keep in stock. Three were especial favourites: an indigo-blue drill, and a cloth with a white ground and three or four bands of blue stripes; also a piece of twelve red bandanna handkerchiefs. These were the main lines most liked; but perhaps the best thing we had was a cotton counterpane in two and three colours. It happened that when a quarter of a dozen of cotton counterpanes were ordered for the visitors' bedrooms at Underhill, by some mistake a dozen were sent. John Pinnock, who has attended to the practical business of the transport there since 1887, offered the excess to some carriers; they were readily taken, in preference to cloths of higher values. Next day there was a rush of men who wanted to carry for counterpanes. The nine were exhausted, but the excitement which they caused led Pinnock to order 200. They were quickly exhausted, and were soon known as *tundurwas*. After that they were ordered by the 1,000, and drew great crowds of carriers, to the immense benefit of our transport service.



J. PINNOCK

Some of the cloth earned by transport was worn, but the greater part went in providing funeral shrouds, so that the demand for cloth was very great. Many a man was buried in more cloth than he had used up in the whole of his life. But for this custom, it would be hard to know where all the cloth earned by the carriers went to. There must have been 100,000 men at one time serving as carriers. But while ordinary cloth would do for the enshrouding, what could be more magnificent for the outermost cloth of all, than one of those cotton counterpanes, with red and blue patterns

on a white ground, and little tassels all round? The idea took at once! It was real splendour! Henceforward it became every man's ambition to possess one of these counterpanes for his own enshrouding. They were never worn, only stowed away in the innermost cupboards of the native houses, in preparation for *the* great event of life—death! We have our weaknesses as a nation, and certainly the Congos have theirs, and this is the greatest of them. It is not, Wherewithal shall I be clothed? but, In what shall I be buried? and the answer to that must be—A counterpane!

The Congo Free State was proclaimed in July, 1885. In 1886 a party of engineers commenced a study of the country, to trace a route for the railway. The initial difficulties were very great. Fully half of the labour and expense of construction lay in the first twenty miles. A way had to be made along the steep banks of the Congo to the mouth of the Mpozo river, which was ascended for two or three miles, and then crossed; after that a long climb over Mpalabala Hill and down again. This was the great difficulty, and a marvel of engineering skill it is. At the twenty-fourth mile a station was opened in 1893, but was little used. In 1894 a station was opened at the thirty-sixth mile, east of the Luvu river. The railway company met us with an offer of free storage for 1,000 loads, if we would use the railway to that point. It was only a help of thirty-six miles, but they were the worst miles of the whole route, hilly, and largely strewn with loose quartz-stones. We accepted the offer, and the transport difficulties were appreciably lessened. Carriers worked from Luvu to Lukungu; Wathen stores being conveyed by another route to the south.

In May, 1896, the halfway station at Tumba was available, and the same storage accommodation was accorded there, so we were able to transport from that point to Stanley Pool without any intermediate change of carriers. Stephens took up the work there for a few months, until Pinnock and Pople relieved him in December. In July, 1898, the whole line was complete, and was officially declared open with all due ceremony; Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons organized an ex-

cursion, and catered for a company of 100, including Government delegates and other officials.

Pople was in charge at Tumba for four months in 1897: both he and his wife suffered a great deal from fever during the time. This was due very largely to the fact that his roof of felt and wood had no lining, and the wooden walls were not

screened from the sun by any verandah; the result was a house in-sufferably hot.



TUMBA AND RAILWAY STATION

While in a condition exhausted with fever, he was attacked with dysentery, which is

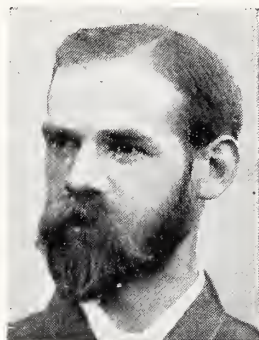
endemic on the upper river; he succumbed to it on April 12, 1897, after four years of work in connexion with the mission. The work of the base station in those days called for a great deal of devotion; there could not be much of real missionary work. It was largely a holding of the ropes, and prosaic maintaining of others who were carrying on the work.

Pople realized that his work was as important and necessary to the general work as was theirs who were at the stations ; so he struggled with the difficulties, and bravely did his part. He felt that the position at Tumba was temporary ; in little more than a year the railway would be open through to Stanley Pool, and he was anxious to manage with a very simple house, to avoid expense to the mission ; but the fierce sun was inexorable, and so we lost a brother loyal and brave, affectionate and ready to do and to bear much for the work which was so near to his heart. Six weeks later, on May 28, his wife succumbed to puerperal fever, leaving a little son three weeks old. The child was taken homewards by Mrs. White, but it died a few hours before Mr. White, and was buried with him at Mayumba. So Tumba has its sad story as well as several of the other stations.

The work at Underhill consisted very largely in the receiving and forwarding of goods, but there were also some opportunities for missionary work which were not neglected. The carriers coming to the station in great numbers were gathered to Gospel services, and those at the trading houses and the State forwarding offices were frequently visited and addressed. The missionaries of the other societies united in this work. The railway brought great numbers of people from the West Coast to work in various capacities ; many of these people had been more or less under the influence of Christian missions, and some were members of Christian Churches. As these increased, the various missions united to organize regular services for these people in English, as also services in Kongo for the natives. The coast people were liberally minded, and they collected money until they were able to build and seat their own chapel. There was also work to be done on the steamers among the sailors, and Lawson Forfeitt, who has for nine years been in charge of our base station, has kept himself well supplied with literature suitable for the sailors and coast people. So in a variety of ways mission work has been carried on at Underhill and at Matadi, although there was no fixed native population in the immediate neighbourhood.

The seed has been sown, but it has not been lost. Some years ago I was visiting the remote south-western part of my district, and in a town seventy-five miles to the south of Wathen I commenced to speak to the people, believing that they knew nothing of the Gospel. A man interrupted me by saying, 'I know all about that.' He said that he had heard of the Saviour when at Matadi, and mentioned especially Pinnock of our mission, and Harvey of the American Mission. He had picked up a very fair general idea of the Gospel, and brought home to me very forcibly the importance of the seed-sowing which was going on at Matadi and Underhill.

One of the duties which devolved upon Lawson Forfeitt, in consequence of his position at the base station, was that of the secretariat of the mission. The State required that one of our number, in a convenient position, should serve as official representative of the mission; with him the State could communicate in all the business matters of the mission, such as the collection of taxes. In consequence of this, the senior missionary at Underhill becomes the official representative of the mission.



J. LAWSON FORFEITT

The completion of the railway rendered Underhill, with all its storehouses and conveniences, no longer necessary. It was too far from the railway, and wild strong water lay between. The stores have disappeared, and the property is to be disposed of when opportunity offers. In the place of it, Lawson Forfeitt is building two or three houses on a capital site at Londe, near to the Swedish Mission, and this will become a new and smaller Underhill Station, from which he will manage the business affairs of the mission, and entertain the home-going and arriving missionaries.

Our goods now come out consigned to the railway company, and are by them transported to Tumba for Wathen, and to Arthington for Stanley Pool and the upper

river. The rates are very high, both for goods and passengers. The single ticket from Matadi to Tumba, 114 miles, costs £9 6s. 4d.—1s. 8d. per mile! Everything else is in proportion. We must hope that the tariff will some day be reduced to a figure more likely to tend towards the development of the country. The rates on goods passing interiorwards are very high on everything but salt: they amount to £40 per ton for the whole journey from Matadi to Stanley Pool. The tariff on raw produce coastwards is much more reasonable. This system is specially heavy on the missions, for all our goods pass interiorwards, and at the high rates. The passenger trains run every other day up, and every other day down; three each way per week. They accomplish ten miles an hour, including stoppages, doing the 114 miles from Matadi to Tumba in twelve hours, and completing the journey the next day. There is a comfortable 'first-class' carriage for white people, and any coloured people who can pay the fare. Natives may travel on the goods trucks for 19s. for the half-journey to Tumba.

The railway is a fine piece of engineering, of which the Belgians may justly be proud. The rails are twenty-nine and a half inches apart, and are laid on iron sleepers thirty inches apart; it is 250 miles long. The company is Belgian, its capital is £2,600,000; its receipts average £32,000 per month. Another railway is in construction northward from Boma, and others are projected.

Matadi is growing very fast, and will soon become a large place. As many as 1,500 people gather to its market every Sunday, and opportunities for Christian work are increasing. It is highly probable that in a year or two the importance and opportunities of the place will be such that, apart from any considerations as to a base station, it would have to be occupied; that being the case, it is with greater satisfaction that we commence the erection of the premises at the new Underhill Station, Londe, Matadi, and we hope that when the time comes to continue the present story, there may be as much to tell of fruitful mission work at Underhill as at the other stations; we may well expect it.

WATHEN STATION.

The present Wathen Station is 100 miles in a straight line from Matadi, seventy miles from Stanley Pool, and thirty miles from the railway station at Tumba; the winding of the native roads protracts these distances to 144, eighty-five, and forty-five miles respectively. It is situated on a water-torn plateau 1,732 feet above the level of the sea. The Congo river is about three miles distant, flowing in a gorge more than 1,000 feet deep. It is generally marked Lutete on the maps, after the name of the old chief of Ngombe.

We have already noted how the station was shifted from Manyanga to its present position in 1884. The old clay buildings have long ago given place to a brick house, having the ground floor used for storage, and the first floor as a dwelling-house. There are three other houses built on iron pillars 2 ft. 3 in. high; the walls and roofs are of iron, the latter being lined with match boarding, with an interval between the iron and the lining of four inches. An eight-foot verandah keeps the walls cool; they are not lined. There is a large iron store, part of which is fitted up as a dispensary. Another iron building, 80 ft. by 36 ft., is half of it used as a dormitory for 120 boys, the other half is the school-room and chapel. These, a dormitory capable of holding sixty girls, another boys' house, a printing office, hospital huts, farm and other buildings, constitute some extensive premises.

The station is well laid out, and planted with fruit trees. Beautiful mango trees, plantains, bananas, cashew, alligator pear (*Persea*), *usafu* (a native fruit, *Canuarensis*), custard-apple (*Anona*), *maracuja* (a large passion-flower and fruit), Barbadoes cherry (*Malpighia*), loquat, papaw, orange, lime, bread-fruit, bread-nut, cocoa-nut, and other palm-trees in abundance, adorn the station and bear fruit. There are several hundred coffee-trees, some of which are bearing; and some cacao (cocoa) bushes. The pathways and roads outside are bordered with pineapples, which grow as readily as weeds. English roses, agaves, aloes, bougainvillea, allamanda, frangipani, oleander, hibiscus, crinum and gloriosa lilies, convol-



MISSION HOUSE, WATHEN

vulas, *Euphorbia splendida* (a crimson-flowered thorn), scarlet acacias, pride of Barbadoes, poinsettias, and graceful dracaenas lend their beauty to the gardens, which are fenced with fragrant lemon-grass or an andropogon-grass (*Cuscus*), or tall poplar-like trees which bear a white, bell-like flower, streaked with violet. With care, shade, and water, English vegetables can be raised; Messrs. Sutton & Sons, of Reading, have been good enough to present each of our stations with a large assortment of seeds year by year, much to our appreciation, and to the advantage of our physical health.

Our plot of land measures 200 by 400 metres, and upon that we have built, and we grow our fruit and coffee trees; but all round the station many broad acres of cassava plantations have been laid out by our boys and girls. They combine with the farms of the people of the village, which has grown up beside us, to make nearly a square mile of cultivation.

When Nlemvo (my *pundit*) married, he built beside the station; some others of our young people have done the same since; some natives, oppressed and wronged in their towns, have also built there, so that quite a village has sprung up. It has been neatly laid out, with convenient roadways, and the building plots are 50 by 25 metres each. This village bears Thomas Comber's native name—Vianga-Vianga (*restless activity*)—in memory of him.

The plantations yield cassava or manioc (from which tapioca is made), ground-nuts (*Arachis hypogoea*, sold in England as 'monkey nuts'), yams, beans in great variety, onions, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, taro, a little mountain rice, which should be more planted, millet, maize, Congo pea (*Cajanus indicus*), plantain, bananas, pepper, spinach, aubergines, salads, tough native cabbages, sesamum (an oil seed), and many things not known to English readers, such as helmia, *voandzeia*, &c.

Fowls, goats, and a few sheep make the staple of our flesh food. There are fine fish in the great river, but few of them find their way to Wathen Station. Pigs are nearly always 'measly'; the natives ignore the condition, but we cannot,

so native pork is absent from our tables. There are a fair number of wood pigeons about, and some guinea-fowl and hares, but antelopes are not common.

The supply of flesh food for the natives is altogether inadequate; its lack has to be supplied by dainty stews of tadpoles, caterpillars (of certain kinds only), frogs, fieldmice, &c. Fish on the markets is always dear, and, except that which comes from the great river, is very small and bony. Little siluroid cat-fish are caught in the small streams; several are stuck on a spit and sold on the markets. Cabbage, pumpkin, cassava, and spinach leaves are stewed with palm nuts to make an oily stew; strongly seasoned with pepper; they often serve instead of meat. In September fine mushrooms are common, and a large number of edible fungi are known to the natives, and much eaten. Our school-boys are largely fed on pumpkin and gourd pips, crushed and boiled; these help down the cassava pudding, and are rich in oil. The perfect insect of the white ant, as it issues, winged, from the nest in which it has been brought up, is considered a great delicacy. As they stream from their holes, towards the end of the rainy season, the natives place a number of branching grass-heads over the holes to entangle the ants, and so catch large numbers. The pupae of the unicorn beetle are found in the palm-trees, and are much esteemed. Those insects which they eat consist very largely of fat, and are very nourishing.

The founding of the Christian Church at Wathen in 1889 has been related. The six young men and two women who united to form it, began from the first to do what they could in the way of Christian work. They visited regularly six friendly towns, and tried to reach others. The work at Wathen at that time was rendered very difficult by the spirit of turbulence and unrest which possessed the people. They began to realize that the Government of the Congo State was a power in the country. The old violence and lawlessness could not exist as before; those who robbed people who were travelling in the line of the transport were liable to be called to account. The weak in some cases appealed to the State for redress; and unscrupulous men began to feel that

they could not have things all their own way. This rise of a new power for justice, peace, and security, was much resented; the people talked of attacking the State, of driving the white men from the country, and a return to the *status quo*. They concerted a foolish plot among themselves; they would build secret towns, hidden in the fastnesses of their woods and deep valleys—towns of which the white men did not know; in these they would hide their women and their property for safety, and they would be in a position to fight. If the old towns were burnt, it would not matter. We noticed that the houses became more dilapidated, and no new ones were being built, but the locality of the new towns was kept a secret. We had a general idea as to where they were being built, but there was no need to intrude too soon; indeed, the natives declared that any of our station people, or even the white men themselves, would be shot if they ventured to pry into the hidden towns.

The people would not allow the women to light a fire during the day-time, lest the smoke should reveal the position of the new town; crowing cocks were not to be kept; but the footpath to the town became day by day broader, and more strongly marked. In October, 1888, Fred. Oram and I started one Sunday afternoon alone to visit one of the towns being built by the people of Ngombe, the large town beside us, for we did not like to be thus cut off from our people. We followed a broad road for three-quarters of an hour, which led to the village. The people were astonished, and inquired who had shown us the way. We told them that the town boys can recognize the faint trace of a rat's path in the jungle, and we could not but follow a broad, well-used path, and know that since it was so often traversed, it must lead to a town. No one needed a guide to find where they lived. They were much disconcerted, and vexed with us, but no one did anything. We passed on, and found another such town on the way home. By degrees we visited others in a simple, friendly way, which prevented them from doing any violence; the people came to feel that it was impossible to hide from us, and that it was indeed scarcely

necessary ; they continued, however, their preparations against the State.

The second man in the Ngombe town, Wayiza, was the leader of the local rowdies. It was a fine, populous town, and the Ngombe people were the strongest in the district. The rowdies helped themselves from the baskets of the women of other towns as they came up to the market, and no one ventured to punish them. On one occasion Wayiza was more or less drunk, when a caravan of the Dutch House



MAKITU'S VILLAGE, MATADI

passed through. He seized two of the bales, saying that his friend the chief agent up country would not mind his taking a couple of bales. The contents of the bales were soon squandered. The chief agent sent a man to inquire into the matter, and to demand the cloth. Time was asked for consideration, and some months slipped by. The Dutch agent moved again, and Lutete and Makitu, the local chiefs, contributed cloth of the quality and quantity of that in one of the stolen bales, and told Wayiza to make up the

rest, and send it to the Dutch House. Wayiza and his young friends squandered the contribution, and nothing was done. Months passed, and once more the Dutch agent threatened to take the matter to the State; once more Lutete and Makitu contributed a bale. Wayiza squandered it as before. The chiefs were angry, but they could not bring themselves to punish a man of their own family, so nothing was done.

A few months later a force of eighty soldiers of the State were sent to patrol the district, as a sort of demonstration of their power to keep the roads open. It had nothing to do with the two bales, for the Dutch House was buying on the lower river large quantities of ivory from the Ngombe people, and did not wish to seek the intervention of the State. As soon as the soldiers arrived, the people came to the conclusion that they were come to fight with Ngombe over Wayiza's theft. The Ngombe people ran away to their hidden towns, and from that day to this the fine populous town has been deserted. When the fruit of their *usafu* (*Canuarensis* ed.) trees was ripe, they feared that strangers might eat the fruit on the trees in their abandoned town, so they lit fires at the bases of the trees, and destroyed them, lest others should eat their fruit. They would prevent others from profiting, if even they had to go without themselves. Such is the heathen mind! How often have we urged the planting of more fruit trees, only to receive the reply, 'I might not live to eat of the trees!' We urged that their successors would be benefited. 'Plant for other people? Not I!' So they forego their own profit, lest others should share it.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the deplorable anarchy and violence of the country. There was no paramount chief; each town and village was practically a separate state. Fortified in their towns, surrounded by dense jungle, they defied their neighbours, robbed strangers who traversed the roads, and worked out their own sweet wills. They had a remarkable custom of 'pass it on.' If a man was robbed or ill-treated, or was troubled with defaulting debtors, he would catch passing travellers of some other town. Let us draw a picture of the state of things, using the names of English

towns, to give a better idea of the case. A man of Bournemouth marries a woman of Southampton; a quarrel arises over some trivial matter, and the woman takes her large basket, puts into it her hoe, two small cooking-pots, her pipe, a well-worn knife, some fetishes, a spare loin-cloth, and one small basket. She ties the legs of her fowl together, and hitches the bird by a string to her shoulder, while it dangles head downwards. After much passion, shouting, and denunciation, she goes away in a fury. The husband comforts himself with the thought that she will soon come back to look after her plantations, and hopes that she will go no further than the next village. He learns, however, that she has gone home to Southampton. There she tells her people (falsely) that her husband is always beating her, and she will not return to him. Now the truth may be quite the contrary, for the strong women of the towns work on their farms, and develop such an amount of muscle, that wife-beating would often be a perilous undertaking. We do hear of such a thing, but so we do of husband-beating.

After waiting some weeks, and hearing that his wife has been married to another man, the husband goes to his wife's relatives to ask for her return. He is received with indignation and insult, and is happy to get away alive. The wife's friends shout after him to bring a respectable force, and come and fetch his wife. He had paid 3,000 brass rods to her parents for her dowry, and he wishes to get that back; he considers that 15,000 is a fair demand. Two Salisbury people happen to pass through Bournemouth soon after; the wronged husband catches them, and ties them up in his house, intending to sell them. The captives' friends come to Bournemouth to inquire the reason of this act of violence, when no dispute exists between them. The husband tells them to go to Southampton and get back his wife, then their people shall go free. Perhaps they do as is suggested, but the Southampton people say that they have no business on with Salisbury, and advise them to let other people's affairs alone, and clear off. Salisbury people catch some traders from Winchester; and as some Reading folk

pass through Winchester with goats to sell on Portsmouth market, they are seized, and sold as slaves to recoup Winchester. Reading captures Bristol folk, and they capture Birmingham people ; and so it goes on until the origin of a 'palaver' ten times complicated is quite unknown.

This sort of thing was going on constantly ; the whole country was embroiled, it was not safe to travel. Sometimes a prompt resort to arms or other influences stopped an affair, and made it purely local ; but nearly every town was at feud with its neighbours. People waited for years for a chance of revenge.

It may be imagined that such people would be glad of the intervention of a strong European power, which would cause this reign of violence to cease ; but it was not so. Every township feared that the force would be employed against them ; then, too, they wanted to pay off their grudges when they had a chance ; and further, they knew that if the wrongs which they had committed were inquired into, the case would not go well with them. The general feeling was that the advent of the State was a nuisance, and a danger which menaced their 'liberties' (for wrong-doing). Even we were disliked and feared ; not that we did any harm, or burned towns, or were in any way judicial, but it was felt that if we went about, we should get to know too much. Whole districts were closed to us, and we often heard that if we visited certain towns, the people were resolved to shoot the visitor.

With the people near our station thus opposed to us, through their folly of the secret towns, and the wider district opposed to us as above shown, the outlook was not encouraging ; but time, tact, and patience broke down the opposition. Kiula of Kindinga, a town a mile to the south of Wathen, had relatives in Madinga, four hours to the east ; he urged me very strongly to accompany him to Madinga, to take medicine to his uncle, who had a very bad ulcer on his leg. Now the rowdies of Madinga had talked very loudly on their market of what they would do to me if I visited their town ; but I believed that I had little to fear if I went on such an errand. I went there several times, passing one or two towns on the way.

Zeka, a friend of Kiula, was anxious that I should go to preach to some of his friends. He said that the people of Ngombe-a-Kiana were very anxious to hear the Gospel, and he wanted to take me there. They said that the rains were not sufficiently regular, their manioc was a failure, their ground-nuts were dying off, and things were generally in a bad way. They believed that their ignorance of God and indifference towards Him was the cause of all their misfortune. They wanted to know God. I told him how anxious I was to visit Kiana, for I had been on each side of it, but not through the district; I would start in five days. He was very urgent that there should be no such delay. The story was very plausible, but I wondered much at this earnestness and interest in such a man as Zeka. He was a bad man. A year before a slave of his had taken some pieces of handkerchiefs as rations for a caravan to fetch up goods from Lukungu to Wathen. A day or two later, Zeka told us coolly that he had killed him. 'What for?' 'I do not want him to carry for you. He is very likely to run away with the loads, so I killed the fellow!' He was strongly remonstrated with for the monstrous crime; but he assured us that we need have no anxiety for the rations given out, he would send some one else to bring up the loads. He could not understand that there could be any other reason for remonstrance. It would be difficult to say how many free men he had sold into slavery for trifling debts, and generally he was considered a very bad man. Still, as long as he let the general public alone, the general public felt no call to punish him for his wickedness. He was considered to have a 'very bad fashion,' but as he seldom ventured far from his own village, he was fairly safe. I became suspicious that Zeka was wishing to collect debts in the Kiana districts, or that there was some ulterior object in his mind. I asked Nlemvo to sound him, but to no purpose; he declared that there was no other motive but his desire for the evangelization of the Kiana folk.

I went in due course, and was very kindly received by the Ngombe people. I told them why I had come with Zeka, and how often I had been wishing to visit them. They were

glad that I had come. We had an interesting talk with them in the afternoon. They said that next day there would be a gathering of the neighbouring chiefs. My old friend Lulendo, whose acquaintance I made first at Manyanga in 1881, came to see me. He was the most noted native advocate in all the country, and Nlemvo told me that the Kiana people had called him to talk a palaver for them. Their market had been destroyed by a riot, and they were wishing to get all the chiefs to re-establish it, and to settle the matter which caused the riot. He was to get 1,000 brass rods for his services.

I thought that Lulendo had been talking about us, and therefore they had sent for me, and asked no more questions. Next day a number of chiefs and people assembled, and I had a long and interesting talk with them. They were very curious as to why I had come.

The truth as to Zeka's zeal for the Gospel eventually came out. He had wished to get a present over the re-establishment of the Kiana market, but was afraid to make the journey alone, for he had many enemies; so he had invented this story, and his anxiety was due to the fear that he would arrive too late. The whole thing was a pure fiction on his part.

I was not surprised to learn that Zeka had an ulterior motive, but was very glad to get an opening into the Kiana district by any means, for the door was never again closed. So in one way or the other the barriers were broken down, and the towns once hotly opposed heard of our visits, medical work, and quiet pleasant ways; and the talk of shooting and violence toward us was dropped. It was not all talk, however, for Cameron was hunted out of one town, and chased for a long distance.

A few weeks after the Zeka episode I went on a little itinerary with my wife. It was a most bewildering thing to these people to see a woman sit at table and eat with her husband as his equal, respected, cared for, and honoured.

They had much to say about it—indeed, it was very amusing to hear their remarks, and the questions they asked. How much dowry did I pay for her? When I told them

that sometimes parents would hand over a handsome dowry with a wife, they were convulsed with laughter at the idea, and considered that white folk must be a very innocent, simple-hearted lot.

We used to take our meals under a shady tree rather than in the small native house—for we did not burden ourselves with a tent—and there, in public, would undergo their criticism. The men would chaff the women, and the women the men, over our subversive customs, and comment as freely as if we did not understand a word.

My wife sometimes carved, and sometimes I did, the result being that they became quite confused as to which was lord and master, and as to which had the right to divide the food, and what proportion fell to each. My wife went into the women's houses in the evening also, and talked to them as they cooked. So we mixed with the people, and made ourselves at home with them, our daily life and behaviour closely scrutinized. Any little acts of kindness or attention were carefully noted. They came to the conclusion that we white folks love and respect our wives, and sometimes they remarked, 'You know how to marry'; meaning, of course, that we know how a wife should be treated, and that our customs are the best. 'After all,' they would say, 'it is a matter of custom. You do so and so in your country; but we do so and so.' This seems perfectly natural and reasonable to them.

On one occasion I was strolling with my wife through Ngombe, and we sat down to talk to the women in a compound; they had a number of questions to ask, and were very curious as to why I was content to have only one wife. They insisted that it was far better to have a good number—why, if a man had only one wife, he would have only one woman to cry over him when he died! One might as well be a slave, and have a pauper funeral!

The marriage customs of the people are a frightful source of trouble in the country. In the Wathen district a slave girl may be bought and taken as a wife; in that case both the woman and her children are the property of the husband.

Such property would not be sold, but the children would tend to strengthen the position of their father, for they and their children would stay in the father's town. It is far more common for a man to marry by the payment of a dowry to the wife's parents; not that the payment is a purchase, for the woman does not in any way become the man's slave, neither has he any control over his own children. They belong to the wife's family, and as they grow up they go to live with their uncles. The wife then is handed over in marriage by her family, and the man may pay 2,000 brass rods to them. The woman's mother's family reap the main advantage, although the father gets a share. The dowry money thus paid constitutes the husband's right to the continued companionship of his wife. The wife's friends get for her as much as they can, and very soon spend it, or use it in trade or family business; anyhow, it is speedily dispersed.

But the matter does not end there. If the woman dies, the family has to provide another wife to the man. That often lands them in a great difficulty, for there may not be a marriageable girl or a woman of the family available; in such case they may ask the man to receive money instead, offering him back the money he paid for the deceased wife's dowry. This he refuses, unless a substantial increment be added. He demands interest on the money. What might he not have made by it in trading, if it had not gone in dowry? The local interest paid on a loan would be fifty per cent. for eight days. Compound interest on the dowry money at that rate would amount to a great sum; the man, therefore, has no hesitation in asking 12,000 or 15,000, when he gave 2,000 only for his wife. Then follows a long bargaining, and the man makes a reduction or remains obstinate. In the later case, some of the junior members of the woman's family are sold as slaves, or pawned to provide the necessary means. It often happens that greedy uncles absorb the dowry money, die, and leave their nephews to refund money which they never received.

This dowry custom, universal as it is, is a constant source of trouble, fighting, oppression, and slavery; but it is not an unmitigated evil, for it is the sole bond in marriage among

wild and wicked people. If a man gets tired of his wife and wishes to put her away, he hesitates to do so, because, if the divorce proceeds from him, he has no ground upon which to demand the refunding of the dowry money which he has paid. If the woman desires to leave her husband, she and her family become liable to the extortionate demands of the husband. The dowry money thus tends to the permanency of the marriage bond. Notwithstanding, divorce is by no means uncommon; in some parts, indeed, it is very frequent.

Another story of Zeka's lawless behaviour serves as an instance of native 'justice.' Zeka became tired of one of his wives, and wished to get rid of her, but did not know how to do it without losing his dowry money. His wife's mother came to visit her, and while there fell sick and died. Zeka's ready wits seized upon this event to serve his ends. He abused his poor wife for bringing her mother to die in his compound, and so to bring a spell upon him. On the strength of this, he demanded more than 20,000 brass rods (5,000 yards of wire, 7 gauge). The matter was to be arbitrated by certain local chiefs, and the wife's people were sure of winning their case; but Zeka undertook to share the spoil with his judges, so the case was decided in his favour, and the wife's family were ruined; several of them became slaves. The decision was quite contrary to native custom, but the rascal Zeka knew how to manage things. Natives hearing of it only shrugged their shoulders and laughed. When an injustice falls on another, they are utterly callous about it. So a wicked man is able to accomplish his unscrupulous will, and stories of wickedness and wrong might be multiplied. People were trapped into small debts, and sold under that pretext. Charges were trumped up, and shameless extortion practised. Old palavers, long since judged and paid, were raked up; and since judges and all concerned were dead, no witness of the payments could be found, so artful nephews brought up old matters of which their uncles had told them, and these were once more made the basis of extortion.

It frequently happened that baby girls a month old were betrothed to grown men; often when a birth was expected a betrothal would be arranged, in case that the child should be a girl; so tiny mites of children were betrothed, and money was paid down to heads of families who were hard pressed for money. If one of these children died, the unscrupulous man who had paid money on account of the child had his chance. One would think that a few such experiences would make a man wise, but the obtuseness of the heathen mind is terrible. With all these affairs there would be reprisals and captures, if they were not soon settled; so the violence, anarchy, and misery of the country may be to some extent imagined.

How idyllic the life appears on the surface! How simple the wants of the people; and yet what superstition, misery, cruelty, vice, and violence underlie the simple exterior of the native life! Heads of families and leading men have nearly the whole of their time taken up over palavers in which they are extorting or suffering extortion. The financing of a large family is a great and dark business.

The country round us was thus still steeped in superstition and wickedness; even the town nearest to us was as unmoved by our teaching as those further away. Kiula, the chief of the town, had relatives in Mpete, a town two hours distant; one of them died, and the accusation of the cause of the death by witchcraft was fastened on an old man of Mpete. Kiula and his party urged that he should take *nkasa* (the ordeal). There had been no intervention of a witch-doctor, but the old man had outlived all of his generation, and the people said that he survived because he was the cause of the death of all of them; he was the witch, so of course he survived. We cautioned Kiula, and he was afraid to make things take the usual course, for fear of the State; he therefore determined to put him to death without actually killing him! He took a party up to Mpete one moonlight night, caught the old man in his house, and bound him. They dug a hole in front of the house, put the old man in, and buried him alive. If he died, that was his business;

nobody had killed him! So the foolish people thought. Makitu, who has been several times mentioned, had been made a native magistrate, and although he was not specially averse to such deeds, as long as he and his were not touched, he feared that if he did not report the matter to the State, we should; accordingly, he informed the district commissioner, and Kiula did navy work in a chain for the next three months, to the great surprise of himself and the people generally. The ease and promptness with which he was arrested made all feel that the State was an intolerable nuisance, interfering thus with people's liberty (to do wrong).

Proud of his position, authority, and privileges, Makitu esteemed highly that side of his magistracy; to secure it, he had, *nolens volens*, to exercise some measure of influence for the quieting and civilization of the district. The fear that we should report violence if he did not, and thus bring upon him censure and degradation, made him report when otherwise he would not have done so; and the fear that he would thus be forced to report such deeds, and bring down justice, made others hesitate to do violence; so our simple presence in the district and knowledge of its affairs tended towards a new state of things, and forced the local authority to repress violence. Not that it was all repressed, but these influences worked until a great change has come over the district. The presence and work of the Congo State has thus exercised a very great influence for good in the neighbourhood of Wathen. We have often wished that the wrongs which were committed were more promptly and frequently followed up; but the introduction of law and justice into such a country must go slowly. The commissioner would gladly have conferred upon us magisterial powers, but that was impossible: the missionary should never be a magistrate as well; the two *rôles* are incongruous.

For many years the evangelization of the wide region round our station seemed an almost impossible task. We were able to do something in our own immediate neighbourhood; but twenty, fifty, seventy miles away, what could we do? A visit of a day or two, once in six months, would do but little to

stem the tide of heathen superstition and wickedness. From high points in the district, whence broad stretches of country lay open, I have looked at the villages spreading away over the country, and wondered how the people of that wide land were to be won for Christ. I have wrung my hands in distress at the vastness of the appalling task. To-day I could stand on those same heights, and note the principal points of that wide country as centres of Christian work; the homes of those who have learned to love the Saviour, and are seeking to make Him known. We must now tell how this was accomplished.

From the foundation of the present Wathen station, school work has been carried on; but in the early days things were on a far from satisfactory basis. There were some twenty bright boys living on the station; but while they were fed, and clothed, and taught, they would not do any work, unless they were specially paid for it. For more than two years this was borne patiently; food was cheap and plentiful, and it was hoped that soon discipline and work would not wreck the school. There came a time of famine in 1887, when food could scarcely be had. The parents of our scholars, instead of helping us in the food difficulty, by selling us food for their own children to eat, came and begged from the boys part of the rations with which we supplied them. This was too much for Thomas Comber. The school was disbanded; a few boys, just enough to do the house work, were retained, and with them a little schooling was done, when possible. Meanwhile the building of the station was pushed on.

On October 14, 1888, Oram visited a town two hours to the west of the station, and while there two active traders handed over to him each a boy. They begged him to take and train them carefully; they were to be made to work when we wished, and to be taught as much as we could put into them; they were not to be paid—their masters were rich, and could keep them in pocket-money. This was a satisfactory basis. These boys became the commencement of the present Wathen school, for another chief to the east of

us heard of it, and brought two boys; others came, so that by the end of the year we had ten boys and two girls. In July, 1889, my wife returned to Wathen, and took over the school work. Five of our workmen, twenty-six boys, and five girls were in attendance at the end of the year, and since then it has steadily grown until in the end of 1897 we had 183 boarders and some fifteen day pupils on the station.

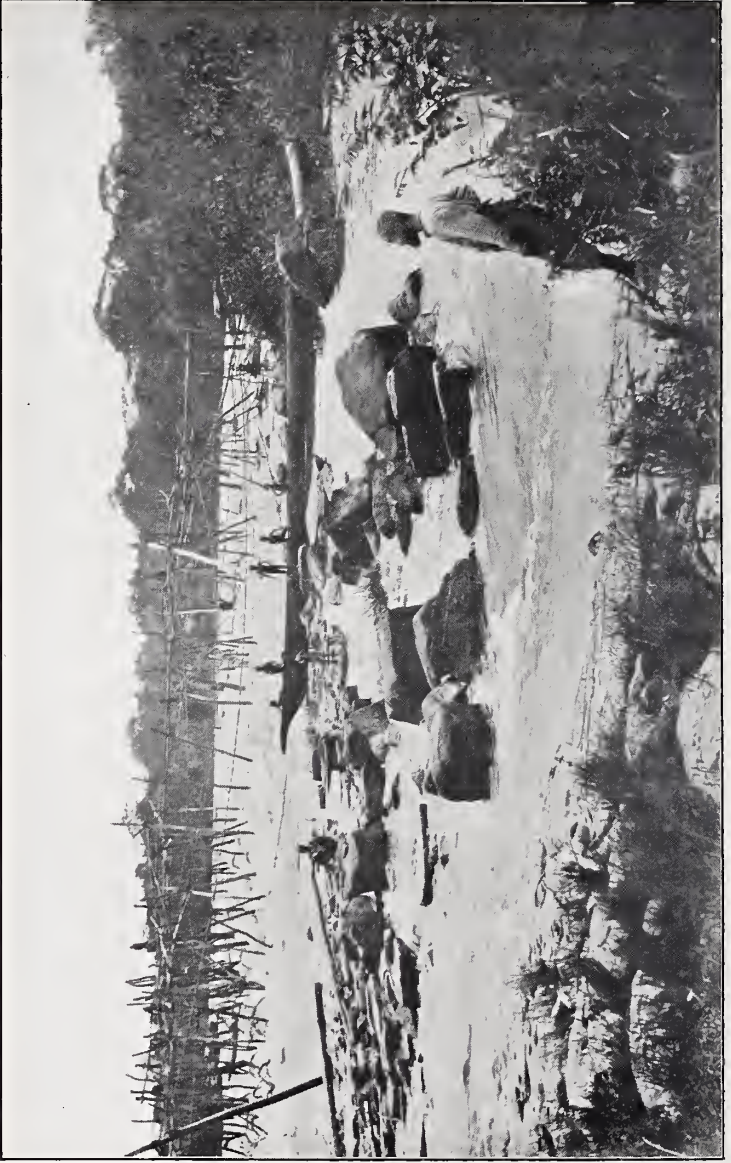
It was very difficult to teach without books, so Scrivener printed a primer for us in the Edwin Wade Press at Underhill; there was also Cameron's translation of Mark for them to read, and my wife brought back with her from England her translation of *More about Jesus* in the *Peep of Day* series, which the Religious Tract Society had printed as a small edition. These, with a little hymn-book, were the beginnings of a literature. My wife pushed on with other translation work, and prepared later on a translation of half of Foster's *Story of the Bible*, and a series of 1,500 arithmetical problems. What with her domestic duties, the care of the girls and babies, the help she rendered me in looking after the work of the boys from my district, the school, and translation work, her life was very busy.

Evangelistic work in the neighbourhood of the station was carried on by the members of the Church, as well as the missionaries; the seed was sown, but the soil seemed very hard and sterile. In one town, however, Vunda, some hopes were raised. A man named Ntetela, and two or three of his friends, evidenced an interest in spiritual things. Ntetela, a tall, thin, quiet man, was thoroughly roused; he sought and found the Saviour. We did not baptize him forthwith, but allowed an interval to elapse before his admission to the Church. He was earnest in seeking to lead his friends to Christ, and commenced visiting the neighbouring towns to preach to the people. A great deal of opposition was raised, which frightened the two or three who had shown some interest. The rumour was spread that Ntetela had become our agent to bewitch the people, and to sell us their spirits. The people became afraid of him, and threatened him. He was chief of a large part of Vunda, and a man of good

family ; indeed, he was one of the few men in the country who was not of slave family. This, however, did not avail him ; he had to leave his town, and went to live with friends at Nkondo, an hour to the east of us. He still went about preaching, in spite of the anger and opposition which it raised.

In December, 1890, he disappeared. Two women said that they had met him going to Kimbenza, an hour to the north of us. A report spread that he was dead, so we called the Kimbenza chiefs, and interrogated them. They declared that Ntetela had come into one of their towns, and had told the people that he was going to commit suicide ; he then passed down the road leading to the river. No one would give us any other information, although we tried for months to learn the truth. We did not think that the story of suicide was true. For seven years the matter remained a mystery, until a Vunda man told us that he had heard from a woman of the town that the suicide story was false. Ntetela went into one of the Kimbenza towns to preach ; but the people seized him, hurried him down the long slope to the river, fastened a great stone to his neck, threw him in from the rocks, and drowned him. This is probably the truth. The Kimbenza people have been strongly opposed to the Gospel, but some day the truth will become known.

The kindness shown by the people of Tungwa-Makuta to Thomas Comber in the early days made us wish to do something for them ; their town was fifty or sixty miles to the south of us. I had met Kusakana, the chief, in 1882, and had promised him a visit. In the end of 1889 the four missionaries at Wathen divided the surrounding country into four districts, and each took charge of a district. My own district lay to the south, and included Tungwa. In 1889 Kusakana came again to Ngombe, and once more urged that I should visit his town. I had other engagements at the time, and could not go ; but I sent Nlemvo with him to spy out the land. At one town on the road the people wanted to kill him, because he was in the service of a white man. Others thought that it would be a foolish thing to do, so they allowed him to pass. He took notes of the road, and brought back a good report.



STANLEY FALLS (see page 289)

In 1890 I was able to go myself, and to take my wife with me. There were no special incidents to mark the journey to Tungwa; the people who were going to kill Nlemvo raised no objections to our passing. Food was scarce over a great part of the way, because elephants were so common, and wrought such havoc in the plantations. In some towns we were well received, and the people were very friendly—delighted above all to see a white lady. The men would crowd round me to shake hands; then they told the women folk to go and shake hands with my wife. ‘Go and shake hands with her; she is one of yourselves.’ One or two women would venture, then all would come, and they would say, ‘You men have your white man, and we our white woman. *Nkento eto!*—our woman, our woman!’ It was not so in every town. Half an hour after one of the best receptions, we came to a town, and on the outskirts the women fled.

We passed the Makuta market-place—a clearing about 400 yards in circumference, with a few bushes, and some large trees of a species of ficus, which are commonly planted for shade. There, every four days, the people met from far and near towns.

Very near to the market was the great wood in which was the town of Makuta, where Comber was shot; we passed it at a distance of half a mile, a valley intervening, then crossed a stream, and over a ridge, and before us lay a very flat plain of five miles wide. On the other side was Tungwa, our destination.

About four o’clock in the morning we heard a wailing in the town across the valley, and learned that a man of the town had died of small-pox in the hut which they had put up in the jungle. Makuta had been suffering terribly, and this, as well as all their woes for the last ten years, was put down to be a punishment for the shooting of Comber. They believed that God was angry with them. Their chief, Bwakamatu, died very soon after the crime, and the once very populous town was then of very ordinary dimensions, and had only recently been ravaged with small-pox.

Before we could start in the morning the son of Kusakana

and another boy had risked capture on the road to come and meet us. After nearly two hours we reached Tungwa. Our reception was hearty, and we were shown a fine house. Some fifty or sixty women, beside men and boys, sat down to watch the preparation of the house and the meal; meanwhile we chatted with our new friends. The town is built on the banks of a small river, the Lulewa, and is better described as a township, for our friend Kusakana was only chief of part of it. It takes eighteen minutes to walk through the town itself, but the banks of the Lulewa are lined with small towns for several miles. We stayed there eleven days.

In the morning at seven o'clock we had breakfast, then a morning service—singing, prayer, and an address: this was sometimes very well attended, but varied; next, medicine to those who could come for it. Then Binta, a son of the chief of the town when Comber visited Tungwa, told me of some one ill in a suburb fifteen minutes distant. He carried my medicine-case, and off we went to see the patient. Then he told me of another, then another; it was generally twelve o'clock before I was back. We scarcely finished lunch before more people needed medicine; they had come in from neighbouring towns, or had been too late for the morning doctoring. While I was attending to them, Binta would come and say, 'You did not see So-and-so, to whom you gave medicine yesterday.' So once more he would pilot me off, carrying the case. He was a fine, bright lad—such an amount of life and fun.

It was fairly late in the afternoon before I could sit down, then I was generally tired; and, after a little time at charting out the district round, or reading, the table was spread for our evening meal; then evening prayers with all who came. My wife superintended the purchase of food for ourselves and men, chatted with the women, nursed the babies, and made many friends. She had been having such a spell at schooling at Wathen, that there was an understanding that this stay at Tungwa was to be a holiday; but she set the elder boys who had come with us to teach the younger boys, and to take an alphabet class with the town boys. So we gave

ourselves up altogether to the people. There was a great deal of sickness in the town; for, beside the ordinary woes and ailments, the season was very cold: nearly every one had a cold, and some were very ill. It was very sad to see the hold which the terrible superstition of witchcraft had upon them—everything was attributed to it. If a man was sick and starving to death, not having any appetite for the ordinary food, there was no attempt to make anything tasty: ‘What is the use of troubling about food? the sick man is bewitched, and until the spell is broken or taken off, medicine, food, and everything is of no avail.’

The second day at Tungwa I was walking in the town with Kusakana. I said to him, ‘I must go back to the house; I have a lamp to clean.’ ‘A what—a lamp? What lamp? what is it for?’ ‘A lamp with which we make beautiful pictures come upon a white sheet; but it is no use to show such a thing here; you can only see it at night, and every one would be frightened.’ His curiosity was roused; he had heard of something of the kind. He came to the house to see it. I cleaned it, and showed him that there was nothing to be afraid of; but, of course, it would never do to show it. He begged to have it shown that very evening; so the news went through the town. The best compounds are enclosed by lines of tall, straight, poplar-like trees. I soon found a place to hang the sheet, and as soon as it was dark the lamp was arranged and lit. A few gathered. I put a chromotrope on the screen, then yells and screams of delight for ten minutes brought a crowd of 300 or 400 quickly together. After a few preliminary pictures, which sufficed to work off a great deal of superfluous energy, the people began to quiet down, and for one and a half hours they sat quietly and intensely interested while I talked to them about the series of Old Testament pictures. I had to show the New Testament series the next night to about 500, and again on the evening of the market day to about 300, many of whom were strangers.

It was a great opportunity to present the Gospel to them; so many subjects, phases, and aspects present themselves with

such a series of pictures. It was only at Tungwa that I could exhibit. I offered to do so at the second stage from Wathen, but it was declined on account of the timidity of the people. The difficulty is due to the fact that it must be shown at night, and things at night are uncanny.

After eleven days we started homewards. Every one was sorry. Many boys wanted to come with us to live for a few years at Wathen ; only six could do so ; some said that they would not rest quietly in the town. The people begged us to return soon ; it was really a hard parting. A seventh boy, Kalu, came with us the first day on the road, to ask his uncle's permission to come to the station, but did not get it. So, loading up the new boys with extra stores of food for the road, we started. We did not return by the road by which we had come, but instead of going due north we turned to the west for two days to Kinsuka, thence to Kimpese, which is now a station on the railway.

From that point we travelled for two days along the foot of the precipices which form the escarpment of our lofty plateau. In many places it towered 800 to 1,000 feet above us, almost perpendicular. It is a wonderful formation, which puzzles me much. At the end of the second day along the base, we ascended to the top at Kongo Vungu, and so on to Wathen. It was a tour of 120 miles, which opened a wide district to our influence. I paid them another visit four months later.

Many such itinerations were made by each of the four of us in our districts round Wathen, staying here and there in friendly towns. Percy Comber established a good connexion with another town called Tungwa, four hours to the east of Wathen, and made many trips to it, using it as a base for further operations. Davies crossed the river and visited the north bank, which is French territory. Cameron worked to the west, and so we began to get the country in hand.

In travelling about we sought to get some boys from the principal towns in the districts, and soon found that in those towns from which we had boys we rapidly gained influence. Whenever we visited those towns, we took their boys with us, and were greeted as though we ourselves belonged to the

towns. The difference between the town of one of our boys and one with which we had no such connexion was very marked. In the latter the people were strange, shy, and indifferent; in the former they were hearty, homely, and interested. They would wonder at the change which had come over the boys. Very often a boy comes to us an undisciplined, rough young cub, wearing a rag of a cloth, dirty, grimed, with a grey black skin, scratched, and generally with some measure of skin disease, or a sort of itch, which is known on the coast as 'craw-craw.' A few months of cleanly ways, regular feeding and washing, sleeping under a blanket at night, healthy exercise, plenty of fun and play in playtime, school and work at proper times, and the bright happy life of the station—these have developed a well-favoured appearance, a healthy clean brown skin, and a new intelligence beaming in his face. He is an altogether changed lad, and has much to tell them, and many questions to ask of the home folk. It does one good to see the happiness and the change.

The boy, thus on a visit home for a day, would bring his old playmates to see me, take me to chat with his mother, and to ask her opinion of her boy. His father would be no longer timid or indifferent; his uncle would discuss with me the family troubles, and the oppression and extortion to which they were subjected by others. To a hamlet near by the boy would take me to see his married sister who had a baby six weeks old, which had arrived since he had been with us. He is very proud of his little nephew, who would some day be his heir. I could not fail to admire the chubby little thing, and say some kind words in the home. Then an aunt who lived twenty minutes away over the ridge, down in the next valley, had a bad ulcer—would I take her some medicine? The aunt and her friends were pleased at the visit, and there was a chance for a little talk there. In this way one got to know the people, and to like them. Whatever one might feel as to the people in the aggregate, their superstition and violence, sin and misery, this homely intercourse tends to draw out one's soul towards them, to enable one to realize their deep need of the Saviour, and to make

them know something of Him as dimly imaged in us. Without such contact with the people, even a missionary might easily become hard and unsympathetic, aye, and hopeless too. At the same time, such visits break down the barriers between the people and ourselves, and narrow the gulf between us. They yield also many precious opportunities to commend the Gospel to our hearers. One or two such visits change entirely the attitude of the people, and prepare their hearts to listen to the message which we have come to deliver.

Other town boys become anxious to go back with us. They would like to have the missionary for their friend, to wear a nice clean cloth and 'jumper,' like their quondam playmate. They have heard so much of the happy life at Wathen that they want to go too. They urge the matter with their mothers and friends. Sometimes it is easy to arrange, but at other times the boys are flatly and obstinately refused when I ask for them. It often happens, however, that a man wishes to have us for his friends, and for that reason brings his nephew to live with us; others have the sense to see that a boy so trained will be useful later on. Some men have so learned to admire Nlemvo (my literary assistant) that they have brought nephews, relatives, or slaves to be trained, that they may become like him.

Thus in a variety of ways our boys have been gathered to the station, and our desire is to get some from all the wide district. What has come of it, and how far our aims have been accomplished, the story must show.

I was busy translating the New Testament in 1891, and could not make many itinerations in a year, but from Saturday to Monday I frequently managed to visit the district nearer to hand, going two to four hours from the station on Saturday, and sleeping in some town; from it visit others on the Sunday, and return on Monday to the translation work. This has been the endeavour continually, although it is not always possible. My colleagues got out into their districts as often as they could, for longer or shorter trips, and so the work progressed. The further tours were undertaken in the dry season (May 20–September 20), or the 'little dries' in January.

In the dry season of 1891 I visited Tungwa again, but first went to Kinsuka, halfway on the direct road to San Salvador. The second chief of the township had begged that a teacher should be sent to live in his town. We laid the matter before the little native Church, and Lo volunteered. He had been for some years the personal servant of Philip Davies, and had accompanied him to England when he took his first furlough. Lo knew how we leave our homes and friends, and give ourselves to foreign missionary work, in obedience to the Lord's command, and for the enlightenment and blessing of his people. He had received a good education from the mission, and had learned to know and trust in Jesus himself; he felt that he ought to be ready to make sacrifice himself. He was senior teacher in the station school, and for that, and his other work, he was in receipt of about 150 brass rods per month. The Church was not rich, and it was felt that not more than 100 rods per month could be given to evangelists; Lo was willing to undertake the work at two-thirds of the salary which he was then getting, and did so gladly. He went with me to Kinsuka; but we found that the chief who had begged for a teacher was gone on a trading expedition. Lo remained in his new home while I went on to Tungwa with the boys, who had been with us for a year at Wathen.

The senior chief of Tungwa, who had been ill when I was there the previous year, was quite well. All attributed his recovery to my care and treatment, and I was known far and wide as the white man who had cured Dom Daniel. I stayed there some days, and then, as I wished to make a detour and return to Lo, I left the Tungwa boys to go back to Wathen direct. With them went a new boy or two; one of these was Bukusu, who later on added a further characteristic to our Wathen work, which must be referred to a little further on.

I then struck twenty miles to the south, crossed the State frontier, and back to Kinsuka, thus visiting a new wide district. When about fifteen miles from Kinsuka, I stopped for lunch among some very friendly people; a good number gathered, and asked me to tell them 'God's palaver.' I did so. After the more formal talk, the men came to chat with me as

I ate my lunch ; and when that was over, I left the boys to clear away and tie up the loads, while I went to some houses near by to give some medicine. Just as I was giving the last counsels as to treatment after I had gone away, I heard a man shouting to the women, and vowing dreadful things. The women rushed away ; the men stood up, and some went away. Surprised, I asked what was the matter, and noticed a man whom we had passed on the road going away in an excited manner.

‘Oh, it is that wild Kianda come back from Ndanda. He is drunk. Go away as quickly as you can. He is gone to get his gun. Oh, what a shame it is! Such a kind white man too ; he has just been teaching us about God, and giving medicine to the sick. What does he want to shoot him for? What a shame it is! Go away as quickly as you can ; we will help you!’ There was great shouting in the upper part of the town, and the people begged me to go away quietly. My carriers and boys were in a great fright. In their hurry and fear they could not cram all the things into the canteen, and a lot of tins lay upon the ground. We bundled them into the hammock ; one friendly native took up the canteen pan, another my spare hat and walking-stick, another my tin medicine-case, and so they led us out of the town. It was a very large town ; I thought that we should never get out of it. I told the boys to go as quickly as they could, no running, scattering, or breaking the file ; this they did. At every group of houses there were demonstrations of regret and apology ; but no one suggested to quiet the fellow, or stop any party of his followers. Women and men followed wringing their hands, and unfeignedly sorry, but individually helpless.

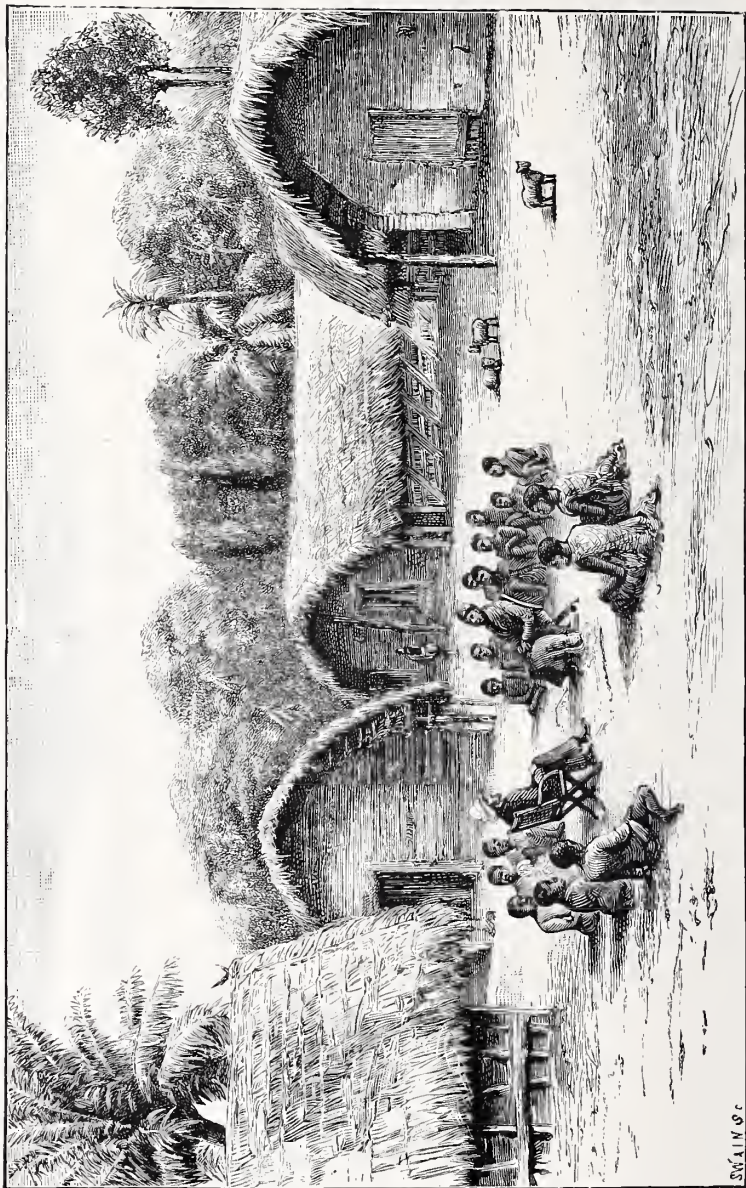
I felt half ashamed at leaving in this way, and yet what else could I have done? One drunken man, and he nobody of importance, yet the terror of the town, and no one with sufficient energy or public spirit to stop him! This is thoroughly African.

For three hours we had to force a way along an unused path, across which the jungle was tightly matted. Often it

was difficult to tell where the road was, for it was obliterated by the tangle of the eight-foot grass. The road wound about in a valley between two rows of the great limestone rocks already described. The scenery was grand, and often I rolled down, caught in the jungle, as I looked up at the beautiful rocks. For two and a half hours I forced the road myself, for the carriers were all loaded, and the guide behind; and when he did come up and relieve me, I was glad very soon to reassume the forcing myself, for he had a gun with him (his own), and every minute I feared that it might catch and go off. At five o'clock we sighted across the plain the trees of Kongo-di' elemba, and just at sundown entered the little town, and put up for the night.

At Kinsuka we found the chief returned from his trading, and he gladly undertook to find Lo a house, and promised great things. There were some fourteen towns which make up the township of Kinsuka, but a year previously small-pox had carried off 700 of the people—nearly half of the population!

Lo carried on the work at Kinsuka for three or four years, but the mutual jealousy of the chiefs prevented the formation of anything but a small school. Lo visited the district round, and one or two of the people were converted, but they died soon afterwards with 'sleep sickness.' The work at Kinsuka was otherwise a failure; we have reason to believe that it was blocked there by the bad feeling among the chiefs. We can well afford to chronicle our failures, for they have been comparatively so few. Lo was not to blame for his non-success, so far as we know; he did a noble thing in giving up his good position, and the happy life at Wathen, for this outpost work, at two-thirds of the pay which he had previously been receiving. He did it, and in so doing set the example of self-sacrifice which others have followed since, and gave character and tone to the whole work of the Wathen Church. Lo was a very gifted speaker; his addresses were always interesting, and exhibited a great deal of thought. His father was the king's spokesman and public orator at San Salvador. The last news that we have of



KINSUKA VILLAGE

SWAIN & C

Lo (1899) tells us that he is dying of 'sleep sickness' at San Salvador.

This terrible disease—sleep sickness—has wrought great havoc in the country; whole districts have been decimated by it, and yet there is no definite knowledge of its true nature, still less of any palliative or curative treatment. It comes in a district as a slowly-spreading epidemic. Its first symptom may be a singularly unreasonable outbreak of temper, or some such sign of cerebral disturbance. Sometimes nothing is noted except an unwonted drowsiness; but as it is often complicated with feverishness, it is regarded as a continued fever. The symptom may disappear after a while, and then recur, and this at shortening intervals, until the drowsy habit is confirmed. Suspicion of its nature is expressed, but the person suspected stoutly denies that there is any ground for such an idea. They deny so positively any drowsiness, or even that they have slept, that it seems as though they were not conscious of it. There appears to be a measure of moral obliquity with it. The drowsiness increases until a man sleeps at his work; as the disease takes further hold, he sleeps until he is roused for meals; eventually he cannot be roused for that even, and so dies. Long before the end comes, the sufferer is in such an apathetic condition that he does not trouble to take out his jiggers, and in consequence they burrow by hundreds in his feet; he becomes anaemic; a serous suffusion causes fugitive swellings, and sores break out. The man lies and sleeps and does not wash, so that with his dirt, and jiggers, and sores, he becomes a pitiable object; fever recurs ever and again to add to his discomfort and suffering, if indeed there is much consciousness with it.

The disease appears and disappears from time to time in Africa, and so far no case is known of a white man having been attacked by it. Half-caste children of Moorish and negro parents have been affected, but it appears to be a disease peculiar to the African negro. The disease has been studied carefully by medical men in Africa, but no satisfactory clue as to its nature has yet been found. Several Congo

natives have suffered and died in England, two having been brought home by Mr. Richards, of the Manteke Station of the American Baptist Mission: they died in Charing Cross Hospital in 1899. Some years previously, a good Christian native, finding himself affected by the disease, came to England, in the hope that living or dead some knowledge might be gained from his case. He died in the London Hospital.

Dr. Patrick Manson, the highest authority on tropical diseases in England, has suggested that the disease is due to the presence in the blood of a minute wormlike parasite, the *filaria sanguinis hominis* of the diurnal type. It is a theory of great possibilities, but it is hard to make it fit in with all the observed phenomena; at the same time, the presence of the filaria is in no way new, either in whites or blacks. It has been suggested that it is due to poisoning by the eating of raw manioc, which is rich in prussic acid; but that habit existed long before the epidemic appeared. The mosquito may be the agent, but it too was a pest long before the disease appeared. It may lie dormant in the system for many years, and then develop; for a fatal case occurred in America of a Congo native who had been some years away from Africa.

The disease must be contagious in some obscure way; and the opinion is gaining ground of late that it is spread by the saliva. An old chief falls sick of the disease, and those who have long met with him daily, and drunk palm-wine from the same cup day after day, as they met to discuss the local palavers, soon follow suit. They too sicken and die. The loving-cup in such a case is the only means of contact, for they do not shake hands. Another case we have noted in which a family became extinct. A girl died of the disease, and her mother who nursed her died also later on. When the mother began to exhibit symptoms of the disease, one of her sons, who was cook on our station, fetched his little brother away to the station. After a while the little brother died in the same way, and then another brother in the town, an active trader in comfortable cir-

cumstances. Last of all the cook himself died. In this case the circumstances of those affected were very different ; if there had been a measure of squalor in the case of the mother and daughter, it was not so with the elder sons. The cook lived under the best of circumstances. They had evidently eaten together, and as they pulled and ate with their fingers from a pudding in common, the saliva on the fingers must have conveyed the contagion.

When the disease appeared first in the neighbourhood of the Manteke Station of the American Baptist Missionary Union, the Christian natives died at a terrible rate, until fifty or sixty per cent. of their number were dead. It is believed that the communion cup conveyed the contagion. We are now careful to isolate those affected, and those who nurse them are enjoined to be very careful, and to wash their hands before eating, and never to eat or drink with the sufferer. Where such precautions are taken, no evil results are noted. In the neighbourhood of Wathen whole districts have been almost depopulated by it ; so too at San Salvador, and on the upper river ; in fact, the mischief seems to be working throughout the whole country. It is to be hoped that some further light on this obscure but terrible disease will soon be found.

Percy Comber came out to the Congo in 1885, and returned from his only furlough in 1889. In June of 1890 Miss Annie Smith came out to him, and they were married at Matadi. Mrs. Percy Comber entered very heartily into the work of the station, assisted in the school, and made good progress in the language. We rejoiced in the accession of an earnest worker to our staff. In the end of the year her health failed ; repeated fevers so reduced her, that her return home became imperative. She succumbed, however, to a further attack of fever at Banana, at the mouth of the river, while waiting for a home-going steamer. It happened that a steamer was going for repairs to the Cape of Good Hope very shortly after, and Percy Comber went there and back in her with Lawson Forfeitt. This very fortunate change set him up, and enabled him to return to his work with good energy. On January 20, 1892, he was attacked by a slight fever ; by midnight haemo-

globinuria had set in, and was abnormally intense. Fifty hours later (January 23) he passed away.

The loss of Percy Comber was a very sore blow to the mission, for he was much beloved. He was of a very bright, hearty, affectionate disposition, active and energetic. He soon won the hearts and confidence of the people, and was specially loved by the boys of our large school. He had done good work in itineration, having travelled a great deal in his district. He was a good practical all-round man, and earnest with all. So passed away the third and last of the brothers Comber, who with their sister, Mrs. Wright Hay, laid down their lives in African mission work. With them too we must remember Mrs. Thomas Comber, who died at San Salvador in 1879, and Mrs. Percy Comber, whose death we have just noted—six names which will be long remembered. The story of the Combers is unique in missionary records. Mr. Comber, senior, is still (1899) living in California, where he has for some time made his home. He counts it a privilege and a joy that he was able to give four of his children to this blessed service.

Percy Comber had just arranged for the starting of another evangelistic outpost in his district. An active trader and sub-chief of Tungwa kia Londe, a town four hours to the east of us, had built, *at his own expense*, a fine bamboo house to be used as a school, and had begged for a teacher. The chief arrived the same day that Percy died, and was much distressed. He said that he had built the school-house for nothing; Percy Comber would never come and sit down in Tungwa again. We told him that another missionary would come in his place. The chief replied, 'Oh, but perhaps he will not be as friendly and as good as Mr. Comber. He was like one's own brother, you know. How can we have another like him?'

One of our Church members volunteered to go as evangelist to Tungwa kia Londe, and following Lo's example, he went for a less allowance than he was receiving on the station. He thus commenced an interesting work which has borne good fruit.

Shortly after the death of Percy Comber I took my second furlough, and completed in England the translation of the New Testament by the help of my faithful assistant Nlemvo. This was published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1893. The first edition was 600 copies. Eighteen months later another edition of 1,000 was printed. These books are not given away to the natives; all are sold, and the cost is remitted from time to time to the Bible Society. There is no need to sell under cost price, as in India and China. Our literature is all published on a sound commercial basis, and pays its way.

The literary work which had been carried on by us had revealed some 4,000 new words, and by means of it, it became possible to solve and explain some grammatical obscurities; so an Appendix to my Dictionary and Grammar was published, embodying the new words and the further grammatical notes, thus bringing the words found up to 14,000. These might have been multiplied almost indefinitely, had the derivative words been noted, but that was unnecessary, for the rules of their formation were regular. My wife had prepared a Bible History, and a series of 1,500 arithmetical problems; these were now published. Of the former, the Religious Tract Society published an edition of 1,000, also 2000 each of a second edition of my wife's *More about Jesus*, and a translation of the *Peep of Day* by Nlemvo. We returned to the Congo in the end of 1893.

In May, 1891, Miss Silvey, who had done such good service at Bolobo, returned to the Congo to become the wife of George Cameron of Wathen. They were married at Matadi; but in less than two years—March 8, 1893—Mrs. Cameron died of haemoglobinuric fever.

Percy Comber's place had been filled by Sidney Roberts Webb, M.D., who arrived out in the end of January, 1893. Dr. Webb had come as medical missionary. He had been a very earnest worker among children and young people in England, and threw his whole soul into the Wathen work. His high medical qualifications enabled him to extend very considerably the medical work of the station, and he had some-

times as many as 120 patients to see in a morning. People came from long distances to avail themselves of his skill. The King of Congo came from San Salvador, as has already been told.

Dr. Webb was by no means a strong man, but during the second year of his stay at Wathen he enjoyed better health than he had done in England. He had a few simple fevers, but his general health was better than usual. After a little more than two years of work Dr. Webb started homeward, with his wife, on furlough. As they neared Matadi, three of Dr. Webb's boys fell sick; two of them had to be helped for a while in the doctor's hammock, and another child needed such help later on in the day. He reached the first station on the Congo Railway, fifteen miles out from Matadi, very tired, and a fever followed. We had a small store and house at the railway station, held jointly with two of the other missions, and there the doctor stayed for three days; meanwhile Mrs. Webb fell ill. Happily, they had communicated with Underhill, and John Pinnock arrived to help them. Next day they went down by train to Matadi, and so reached Underhill. There haemoglobinuria set in, and the doctor's case became critical. Lawson Forfeitt treated him on the lines which he wished, and the following day the serious symptom disappeared, but he was very weak. Two days later he was able to be put on board an English steamer, homeward bound after a call at Loanda. High fever returned, and the next day, April 12, 1895, he died, and was buried at sea off Ambrizette.

A bitter wail went through the station at Wathen when the news reached us; the doctor was so much loved by all. He was a deeply earnest man, and had exercised a great influence over the boys on the station; he loved them, and was very anxious to lead them to Christ. His first address in Kongo, without an interpreter, eleven months after his arrival, was the means of the spiritual awakening of three of the boys. So it was that we lost a man very richly endowed with the gifts and graces most useful on the mission field. As soon as possible his place was filled by John Bell, who arrived out five months later.

At the time that Dr. Webb went down country and died, there was a great deal of sickness on the road; a terrible percentage of the carriers died. Dr. Webb's caravan numbered forty men; of these, three died, one on the road, and two immediately after their return; a fourth would have died, but for two months of careful nursing in my own house. All the carriers suffered acutely from fever, and this was the case with all caravans on the road. This mortality was largely increased by the improvidence of the carriers themselves. Thousands of men were engaged in transport work at the time, but very few troubled to carry enough food with them, or money wherewith to buy it. As a rule, the young men stayed in their towns as long as they had anything to buy food with; when that failed, they borrowed until their debts became too great. Then they arranged to go with some caravan to carry, and received ration money for the road. This would be partly used up in the towns, and the rest go to those from whom they had borrowed. When they started on the road they lived largely on palm nuts and raw cassava, and returned to their homes in a terribly exhausted condition. With the influx of cloth gained by transporting came hunger, for wealth made the women lazy; they preferred to buy food rather than produce. This could not last long; the gardens came to an end, new supplies not being planted; then hunger followed, and sickness, and death. Women stayed at home to mourn, and the mischief became worse. 'Sleep sickness' and small-pox spread into the district thus prepared for disaster, and, what with one trouble and another, the population of the cataract region is not more than half of what it was fifteen years ago. The railway is now complete, and the country will adapt itself to its new conditions.

We have done a great deal of vaccination with very remarkable results; so remarkable that the natives, slow as they are to adopt new things, gladly availed themselves of the immunity or mitigation thus afforded. We commenced vaccinating in the days when the people were building their hidden towns, and the women were very timid; but when they saw how small-pox died out when the people were

vaccinated, the people came in crowds, and fought for places near the door of our house. In other conservative towns, and those far from the station, the people are not vaccinated, and when small-pox comes the death-rate is high. We have a couple of vaccine tubes sent out to us every month, and thus are always ready for those who seek it. Small-pox sometimes assumes a mild form, probably identical with what is called chicken-pox, but ever and again it reverts to the virulent type, and kills great numbers. Measles is not uncommon; whooping-cough is rare, but known. The people suffer much from ulcers, which yield very readily to simple antiseptic treatment.

Early in 1890, the growth of our school at Wathen brought us face to face with the necessity for larger and more permanent buildings for our school-children. In June we wrote to Sir Charles Wathen, then Mayor of Bristol, after whom the station is named, and stated our case. We needed a dormitory and school-room for 120 boys. The dormitory which then existed had twenty-one beds, while we had thirty-nine boys, and twenty more were promised. We suggested an iron building, which was estimated at £500 including freight and transport, and asked Sir Charles Wathen to give it, if the scheme commended itself to him. He very kindly promised the amount asked for, assuring us of his deep interest in the work. An iron building was accordingly constructed, and sent out to Wathen. It is thirty-six feet wide by eighty feet in length, being divided into two large rooms thirty-six by forty feet. The estimated cost was exceeded by the addition of a verandah all round the building to keep it cool, and iron bed-racks for the dormitory. The latter were provided from a fund raised by Miss Silvey, when she was on furlough, before her marriage to Mr. Cameron. The balance of that fund provided the school-house at Bolobo. The transport up country of all this iron-work was much delayed by war on the road, so that the building was not finished and opened until June 14, 1895. By that time we had over 150 scholars in the school, and had to provide further dormitory room. The congregations

gathering to our services on Sunday, combined with our scholars, show us very clearly that before long the school-room will be too small to contain them, and we shall have to build a chapel.

Philip Davies, B.A., came out to the Congo with Percy Comber in 1885, and from October, 1886, was stationed at Wathen. He re-

turned from his second furlough in June, 1895, but was by no means in good health. He had been suffering from influenza in England, and seemed unable to shake it off. He came back to Wathen, believing that the Congo climate would set him up again ; but instead he suffered from frequent slight attacks of fever. On November 30 hæmoglobinuria developed ; in his enfeebled condi-



PHILIP DAVIES, B.A.

tion he was unable to stand against it, and on December 4, 1895, he died. It was a most serious loss to us, for Davies had an unusual amount of shrewd common sense. His view of a complicated difficult question was always a safe one. His remarkable and finely balanced judgement was of great value in dealing with the questions which were constantly emerging in the development of Christian work in the towns,

in the growth of the spiritual life of native converts, and in the training of our young people. The problems and difficulties of our work were ever before him, and his co-operation was always hearty and earnest. His judgement and advice were much appreciated in the difficulties of translation work. He was blessed with a cool temper, and while he knew how to be firm he could make allowances for the failings of the natives. He never did or said anything to cause pain or annoyance. He rendered a great service to the mission by his able management for many years of the transport from Underhill to Stanley Pool, in the account-keeping, store-keeping, and general business of the station. It was a drudgery which he willingly undertook year in year out. His knowledge of the language was good. He was thorough in all that he undertook. Philip Davies was loved and highly esteemed by us all, and by the natives. Davies' place is filled by W. B. Frame, who came out in July, 1896.

In January, 1894, the little Church at Wathen numbered eleven members only. There were several candidates for baptism who were still on probation, and among them Bukusu, of Tungwa-Makuta. I had brought him to the station on my return from an itineration in July, 1891. He was about fifteen years of age when he first came, and I wondered much that his brothers should send to me a grown lad, who should be useful to them in their trade and work. The boys usually sent were smaller; about eleven or twelve is a good age, some were only nine or ten. We found a solution to the mystery of his coming in due course. Bukusu was incorrigibly lazy. To shine in this quality in a native town, a lad must have a gift that way, and certainly Bukusu had. If his brothers were building a house, and invited Bukusu to accompany them to the wood to fetch sticks, he soon discovered that a bundle of sticks is heavy and hard to the head, and he was soon missing. If they were cutting grass for the thatch, he objected to scratch his skin in such operations, and disappeared. If they killed a pig to sell on the market, Bukusu preferred to gad about after

his friends whom he met there, to selling pig meat. No matter what work they had in hand, they received no assistance from Bukusu, unless they were discussing a cassava pudding with a tasty stew; then Bukusu was well in evidence, with plenty to say for himself. He looked to his brothers for a new cloth occasionally, or powder for his gun in the hunting season, but in other matters they had to manage without him.

When I was at Tungwa, asking for boys to train, the brothers said, 'Here is Mfumu Bentele asking for boys; let us give Bukusu to him, and see if he can put any sense into him.' Bukusu gave us a great deal of trouble. If he was sent to work in the plantations with a gang of boys, very little work would be done. He not only stopped working himself, but his garrulous tongue kept the other boys idle also. He gave so much trouble in this way, that we had finally to set him to work alone. Our patience and long-suffering were rewarded in his case, for in 1893 Bukusu began to feel the truth and importance of our teaching. He realized his sinfulness and need of a Saviour, and sought and found Jesus.

The conversion of a heathen African is a blessed change, there is plenty of scope for its becoming evident; it was so in the case of Bukusu. He put some conscience into his work, and it was not long before the youth who had been so serious a hindrance to the work of the others was appointed as leader and overseer of the work-boys, and set them a good example by his diligence. He had been revengeful in his play, and very rough on a smaller boy who ventured to take the ball away from him at hockey, but the boys noticed an entire change in this respect; he was as fond of a good game as ever, but he was fair and considerate. Some interval was allowed to elapse, but when he applied to join the native Church he was gladly welcomed, and was baptized in April, 1894.

A month or two afterwards Bukusu's brothers sent for him. They said that he had been a long while with us, the girl to whom he had been betrothed was grown up, and it was time

that he returned and married her. We wished to retain him for another six months if possible, but they would not hear of it; so commending Bukusu to Him who was able to keep him from falling, we sent him home. His people were very glad that we had raised no serious difficulties as to his return, neither had we made any extortionate demands for his keep and education; nothing, in fact. They felt that our behaviour and work were very good.

When Bukusu had been home a month, I went on my long dry season tour to Tungwa, and married him there in an open square of the town. A good number of natives gathered to see the first Christian marriage. The bridegroom and bride sat on one mat, while I read our Kongo marriage service, and they made the responses and solemn promises before all, and signed the register in due form. The general opinion was that it was a 'good fashion,' and a very tight knot.

On the way back I visited Makuta, and was well received. I slept in the town, and asked them to let me have some of their boys to train; they gave me four, but wished that Ponde, the nephew of the chief of Tungwa, who had been nearly four years with us, would stay with them and teach them, as Bukusu was doing; this I could not do then. When the boys had been a fortnight at Wathen, some of the scholars asked them about the shooting of Comber. Two of them were only babies at the time, and two were unborn, but these questions filled them with the fear that revenge would be taken on them. Perhaps they would be converted into tinned meat when properly fattened; so they ran away, and we never got them back.

A few days after Bukusu's return to his town he told some of the other young people that if they liked to come to his house after the evening meal, he would teach them some of the hymns which were sung at Wathen. They liked to hear them when my boys came with me to the town, and were glad to avail themselves of Bukusu's offer. He taught them 'Jesus loves me,' or one of our simplest Kongo hymns, and after a while he read them a passage out of his New Testament, and explained it; then he offered prayer, they tried

their hymn through once more, and went home. They liked it very much, and soon Bukusu's house was filled evening after evening. On moonlight nights they sat under the gable of the house, and many other people gathered, so that from fifty to eighty would be present. He also started a school in the afternoon, and a few came regularly.

A little later small-pox came into the district. A woman died of it at Tungwa, but no one seems to have recognized it. The usual crowd of women gathered to bewail her, and to prepare the body for burial next day. A fortnight later, on one day, fourteen of the women came out with small-pox. The town broke up, and the people went to live in the woods and jungle all round. They were all afraid of each other. The disease spread among the little groups, and about thirty people died in the township. Bukusu's work seemed to be at an end, for the people talked of building in the hamlets round. He sent for vaccine, and vaccinated a great many; then the disease ceased to spread.

After a few months the people returned to their town, and Bukusu recommenced his evening services and the school. In June, 1895, Kalu, one of the young men of Tungwa, came to call me. He said that I need not fear to visit Tungwa, for all the people were back in the town, and the small-pox had ceased. There were five young men who wished to be baptized, and he was one of them. I could not start for three weeks, so we had opportunities for conversation with Kalu, and were delighted to see how well Bukusu had taught him. His apprehension of Christian truth, his faith in Christ, and the excellent spirit which he showed, were a joy to us all. He was able to read his New Testament intelligently, and so could three of the other candidates; the fifth was well on in the *First Reader*.

Kalu told us of the persecution and trouble which had come upon them on account of their conversion. Selutoni had been chief drummer at the town dances, and now his Christian conscience would not allow him to assist at their unseemly dances. Some of the people had threatened to kill him if he did not give up his new-fangled nonsense. Another

had been in great trouble because he would not take part in fetish ceremony ; and with one exception they had all suffered from abuse and threats of personal violence on account of their firm stand as Christians. The people said that it was bad enough to have small-pox kill off so many, but it would be worse if these young men became witches, and were in league with us. They stood fast to their faith and defied their opponents.

I went back with Kalu in July, taking with me seven of the members of the Church, that they might represent it, and give me also their advice and help. We visited Lo at Kinsuka, and then went on to Tungwa. Some of the people came fifteen miles on the way to meet me.

At Tungwa I further examined the candidates for baptism, as did the Church members who were with me. They were all very satisfactory. When a convert takes a definite and determined stand, and has to endure all sorts of trouble, and incur great danger, the question of ulterior motives disappears ; and when the character, daily life, and all accord with the profession, our task is much simplified. So in these cases the strongest evidence was the patient bearing of persecution for Christ's sake, while the gentleness of disposition, earnestness, and general tone, left us no room for doubt or delay. The measure of persecution which exists is so far a help. Accordingly, it was decided to baptize them on the Sunday, and we endeavoured to make it well known.

I found 250 people gathered before the service commenced ; but after the first hymn, so many more had gathered that there were close on 400 people around me. I told the people how we had come to preach to them, and once more rehearsed what our great message was ; then I told them that some of their townfolk had accepted this Gospel, they had realized their sinfulness, and had sought and obtained the forgiveness of their sins ; now they wished to live a new life, to do that which was right, and to behave as followers of Jesus should, kindly and well to all. After seeking to impress upon them their own personal need of the Saviour, and of His readiness to save them, and explaining the meaning of the ordinance

about to be administered, we sang another hymn, and then each of the candidates spoke. They reminded those present of their own wicked lives, which were well known to all; how they had at first been indifferent to the Gospel message, and treated it as a 'white man's palaver'; but now through Bukusu's teaching they had come to see their lost condition, and had sought and found the Saviour. They spoke of the folly of their fetish customs, and the wickedness connected with it all, urging all present to abandon these ways of the devil, and to serve and love Jesus. Two of them specially referred to the Ndembo 'Mystery,' in which the initiates are supposed to die, and after many months to come to life again, just before they return to their native town. They said, 'You know very many of you here that it is all false; we did not die; it is only a wicked custom, and very wicked too.' No one denied the truth of this. They spoke very earnestly to all, and specially urged the chief to abandon his charms, and to come out on the Lord's side. Nlemvo next spoke; it was a capital address, well to the point. Then Ponde followed. He was a young man of Tungwa, who had been in our school four years, and had been baptized at Wathen nine months previously.

Some hymns and prayers had been interspersed, many Tungwa people joining in the singing, and then I invited them all to come to the water. We had chosen a spot where some flat rocks almost block the course of the Lulewa, with a convenient pool above. Fifty yards above were other rocks on the upper edge of the pool. On these rocks, on the banks, and in the trees the people crowded to witness. After a hymn, I went down into the water and baptized the five.

Later in the afternoon we held a Communion Service, and fourteen of us gathered round the Lord's Table; eight of them belonged to Tungwa.

Several of the Tungwa people brought their fetishes to me, and told me that they were no use any more. My dinner on the Sunday of the baptism was cooked with the wood of a fetish image four feet high, which was publicly hacked to pieces, without a word of dissent, by one of our new Church

members, to whom it had belonged. Its name was Kinene, *the Great One*; it used to be considered a potent charm against sickness, and had taken many fees. In cooking my dinner that day, Kinene had at last been of some use. I told the chief that I hoped some day to take home with me Kavolo-ndondo, that great fetish which had been until now his mainstay. It was a charm from Zombo, away to the south-west of Tungwa. It was a bundle which looked like a dead baby in its shroud. It used to be kept in a little house four feet by three, beside the chief's house, with a lot of crooked roots and other fetish apparatus. But the little house was then used as a fowl-house, the apparatus had disappeared, and Kavolo-ndondo was stuck up on two pieces of bamboo in the front of an old house. I expressed the hope that I should soon be able to carry it away. I might have taken it violently, and 'bluffed' him into acquiescence even then; but people's hearts are not to be changed that way.

Bukusu had fifty-two scholars in his school, attending with more or less regularity. I examined forty of them, the rest were away carrying loads up country for the State. All this had been done without any payment being made to Bukusu in any form. Freely he had received, freely he gave the instruction. He had assisted Dr. Webb in the surgery and dispensary at Wathen, and the doctor had taught him how to treat the common ailments of the country. Bukusu had been practising medicine, and a great many had benefited, beside those who had been to him for vaccination.

Ponde, one of our first scholars from Tungwa, was a member of the Church. He had developed gifts and graces, and was an earnest and active Christian young man. An important chief at Bangu, four hours to the east of Tungwa, expressed a wish that he should come and live in his town, and teach there as Bukusu was doing at Tungwa. The Church had undertaken his support; but when we went to Bangu, we found that he had changed his mind, and would not receive him. Ponde was returning to Wathen very dejected and disappointed. On our homeward way we visited Makuta, and there we stayed the night. The Congo State had a post

there for the recruitment of carriers. The people were very vexed at the foolishness of the boys whom they had sent with me the previous year, in running away; they promised to send me two more boys, but not for a week or two, for there was to be a great funeral in the town very shortly, and all wished to be present. Then they said that they had heard that the people of the town to which Ponde was designated had declined to receive him; why should he not stop there? They had begged for this last year. Why should he not stop now? I was not surprised at this request. Ponde felt once more consoled; he was ready to undertake it. I asked them whether, if he came, Ponde would have to sleep in the jungle; they assured me that if he came, a house would be no difficulty, they would see to that.

Next day we had only a march of two hours, for I wanted to stop at Mongo, a town which had always been very friendly; I had long heard that they wanted to send us some boys. We found our friends there still in the same mind. I sat down beside one of the houses, and soon noticed an unpleasant odour; then I saw that just beside the house was a newly-made grave, with the thorny bases of some palm fronds arranged above it to keep jackals and civets from digging. They pointed out that the old chief of the town had died a year ago. He had been carefully dried beside a slow fire, indeed, over it for part of the time; as he was properly dry, and it was still the dry season, with no chance of rain, they had placed him in a shallow grave, and had lightly covered him over with earth, until the proper funeral, which was to take place in about a fortnight. To suggest to a man that he had buried his uncle 'wet,' would be as irritating a remark as the native mind could conceive. I shifted my seat, and preferred another house. My friend said that, after the funeral, he was coming to the station to bring the boys himself; he had been so busy trading, to get the cloth necessary for the shroud and funeral entertainments, that he had thought of nothing else during all the last year.

Next morning our caravan was divided up, and most of the boys went straight to Wathen, while I went with a smaller

party to Kinsaku. It was a large cluster of villages at which I had spent the night, and in passing through one of them the people wished me to dismount and wait a bit, for they had a boy ready now to go on with me. He was rattling in the newly-burnt jungle, so they sent off to call for him at once. He came all in due course, fetched a new white cotton vest and his best cloth out of his house, received a present of twenty-five brass rods from his elder brother, bade 'Good-bye' to his mother and aunt, and started off with us, glad to come to the station to be taught.

The journey through the new country was very interesting. I was well received; there were plenty of people; promises were made of boys for the school and of visits at our station; I had interesting talks in some places. At Kinsaku the people were very glad to see me; they gave me one boy, and begged for a teacher, who was established there later on, and so a new wide district came under our influence.

The anniversary of the Wathen Church is celebrated on January 1. Until 1896 the celebration had been a very quiet affair, but the little Church had been growing, and the membership had reached forty-nine. We felt that it was very desirable that, as far as possible, the members of the widely scattered Church should meet together once a year; accordingly, we expressed a wish that they should gather together to the station to celebrate the seventh anniversary. They came in goodly numbers, bringing with them some of their friends. Thirty-five came out of the Tungwa and Makuta districts, and others from nearer centres. The women folk of the country wear heavy brass anklets, but the Christian women put off these much-prized adornments, because they could not walk if they continued to wear them, and so they travelled the sixty long miles to the station, two with babies on their backs. The women who thus came were not members of the Church, but they were hoping shortly to join it, and wished much to see the place about which they had heard so much from the men. It was a happy time to all of us, and we felt that great changes were indeed coming over the people, when women, who never travel far, would come such a long journey to take

part in the anniversary of the Church. They came in time to spend Christmas with us, and stayed to a series of meetings held during the week—conferences in which a series of subjects were freely discussed by those present. The subjects were interesting:—the duty and privilege of Christian giving; the attitude of the Christians towards their neighbours, and in reference to the customs of the country; war; slavery; and drink.

Then there was an enthusiastic missionary meeting, at which Bukusu and the evangelists spoke of the work at the outposts, and told of the spirit of inquiry which was moving among those who frequented their services. One evening there was a magic-lantern display, another evening was devoted to a survey of missionary work throughout the world, and a more special address on India. The boys of the school, the Christian natives, and all gathered together were deeply interested in the proceedings, and many of the boys hoped that when their education was complete, they too might be able to work among their own people, as Bukusu and others were working elsewhere. The spirit and influence of the meetings were excellent, strengthening and helpful to those who were seeking to live the Christian life in the darkness of their heathen towns, and to carry on Christian work in the face of much prejudice and opposition. All felt that such gatherings should be held annually, and that all who could do so should gather to them. They have done so since then.

Three weeks after the people had returned to their towns, I started to visit the southern district again. On the way I met messengers who were hurrying to call me, because Ponde, the evangelist at Makuta, had lost his reason. The poor fellow was probably suffering from a solar fever; a type of fever which had only recently appeared on the Congo. At times he was nearly sane, at others he was very violent, and had to be secured to a block of wood. A piece of plum-tree wood, about sixteen inches long and seven inches in diameter, was taken, and a square hole cut into it 4 in. by 6 in. Ponde's foot was inserted, and a pin of wood

was driven through the side of the stock, which prevented the foot from being withdrawn. It is a humane fetter, and I had no better suggestion to make. During one of the first mornings he was quite sane for an hour or two, and I could talk to him about four of the Makuta people whom he had proposed for baptism. Later in the day the fever returned, and his reason went again. After about twenty-five days he was quite well again.

Ponde's work at Makuta was very remarkable. He had been our cook at Wathen, and after his conversion he felt the hindrance that his duties were to Christian work. Other of the Church members could go out on Saturday afternoon, and stay out in the towns for evangelistic work, until nine or ten o'clock on Monday morning. He begged us to let him train another boy, so that he might take his place in the kitchen from Saturday to Monday; this was done, so that he was freed. He gladly undertook the work of a regular evangelist at Makuta when an opportunity offered, a little later on. He had not been six weeks at the place before Bula-kati was converted. Bula-kati was a leading spirit among the young men, a keen and energetic trader, general of the local 'army,' and chief rowdy of the district. His uncle, Nzo-kamengwa, was the second chief of the town, an old man much respected. Bula-kati was very kind to Ponde from the first, and lent a ready ear to his teaching; indeed, he spent the greater part of his time with Ponde. When the news reached us at Wathen we were much surprised, and wished Bula-kati to visit us; when he came, we could but recognize the power of God, which had made so great a change in his heart. We had many conversations with him, and were thoroughly satisfied. He was warmly recommended for baptism when I visited Makuta at the end of January, 1896. But not only Bula-kati, his wife also gave good evidence of conversion; there was also Nkuzu, a relative of the chief, as well as a nephew of Bula-kati, a poor blind fellow named Nswela, who had lost his sight through scarlet fever some eight years before. All these were the result of Ponde's first six months' work in Makuta. After careful

inquiry, there was no reason to hesitate to baptize them, although their period of probation had been shorter than was our custom. There had been so much persecution, abuse, and trouble, and such boldness and grace evident, that there was no room to question; they were well instructed too.

At Tungwa also there had been great progress and blessing. Eleven were proposed for baptism; two of them were deferred for further instruction, but the other nine were quite satisfactory; five of them were women, and four were men.

One of the women was old Madia (Maria) Kiavevwa. I had known her for some time; for on a previous visit Ponde had asked me to go and see his father in the lower part of the town. Congo people call their paternal relatives fathers, and the maternal relatives mothers, but it did not occur to me that when Ponde took me to see his father he was going to introduce me to this old lady. We sat down in the gable end of her house, and Madia gave me an empty gin case to sit upon; after a little talk I innocently asked Ponde where his father was. He replied, 'She is my father.' When I recovered myself I remembered the native parlance, and understood that she was of his father's family. She was a sister of the chief who had been friendly to Thomas Comber and Hartland in the early days, and the only one remaining of the family. She was therefore quite a leader of society, and much respected. The old lady was ignorant, superstitious, and strong-minded withall. She was a bit of a doctor too, for she possessed some of the ancestral fetishes, and made some good fees thereby. Such old ladies, steeped in superstition, are very dense, and I well remember how I once went away, after a talk with her, thinking that if the grace of God could do anything with a dark heathen heart like hers, it could do anything. A talk with her appeared to be about as useful as talking to one of the three big stones of her hearth. Hopelessly stupid and dark she was.

The story has already been told how the Makuta people attacked Comber and Hartland in 1880, shooting Comber in the back, and bruising both of them with sticks and stones.

After a long chase over the plain of Pikita, the pursuers, being unable to catch them, turned back, and Comber and Hartland, terribly exhausted and thirsty, longed for water. Twenty minutes later they came to the Tungwa farms, and saw a woman hoeing; they begged her for water. She knew nothing of what had happened, but went to her basket under a bush and brought them a calabash of water, and a root or two of cassava to eat on the way. They drank deeply of the water, and then offered some payment. She refused

to take payment for a drink of water, but at last they forced her to accept a string or two of beads for the cassava, and hurried on refreshed. That 'cup of cold water' given to Christ's servants in their need, did not lose its reward. The woman was Madia Kiavevwa! Fifteen years later, when Bukusu and Ponde were working there, she was the first woman in the district to accept Christ's salvation, and has lived a bright, useful, Christian life ever since. The change in her is marvellous, and very delightful to see. The old woman, who, by her rank and position, used to lead the



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women of the town in fetish ceremonies and all superstition, hopelessly stupid and dark in her mind, became now a bright, intelligent, Christian woman. The mental change in these Congo converts is very wonderful; it is, indeed, an opening of the eyes, 'that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Christ' (Acts xxvi. 18). She had attended the meetings of Bukusu, and at one of them stood

up, and told those assembled that 'all knew her, and her manner of life; what evil thing had she not done? She enumerated a dark catalogue of sins, and said that she was guilty of all these; her heart was dark and wicked; she had many sins to be forgiven; she needed the cleansing of the blood of Jesus, and a renewal of heart: and then, lifting up her eyes to heaven, she cried out, 'Oh! Lord Jesus, have mercy on a poor woman, a sinner!' The other women were deeply moved; Madia had great influence with them, and when, a little later, she had found the salvation which she sought, her conversion gave things a new start.

Ponde's services at Makuta were attended by the men; but the women folk considered that 'God's palaver' was not for them. Madia heard of this, and walked over. She called the women together, and told them that the Gospel concerned them as much as the men. She had accepted it, and was looking to Jesus for salvation; she urged them to do the same. From that time some of the women began to attend the services.

In July, 1896, I visited the district again, and in the two towns there were six men and six women to baptize. At Makuta we were heartily greeted. There were four candidates for baptism; two lads of seventeen and fourteen; the latter, Bula, a very sharp, bright boy from a town close by. Since he had become a Christian, his father wanted to kill him, so he dared not visit his town. His father had been stirring up the district against the Gospel, and had done a great deal of mischief. Two were sisters of fifteen and sixteen, both betrothed to men having several wives.

This custom of betrothal is our greatest difficulty now; nearly every girl is betrothed from childhood, often from babyhood, and payments are made on their account by their prospective husbands. Of course the poor girl has no choice in all this; by the time that she is grown up, it frequently happens that her husband is old, and has several other wives. If such a girl becomes converted, this betrothal gives her a great deal of anxiety and trouble, when she tries to free herself. If the prospective husband hears of it, he naturally

demands the return of his money, with, however, an impossible interest thereto ; if he has paid 2,000 or 3,000 brass rods, he will demand 50,000. What is the poor girl to do? How can she, as a Christian, marry a man having already several wives? She cannot pay 50,000 rods. Her friends often are angry at her conversion, and only add to the difficulty.

One of the cases at Makuta was simple. The would-be husband, her cousin, was dying of 'sleep sickness'; the disease had taken such hold of him, that often they had a difficulty to rouse him to take food. Bula-kati was her cousin, and he was an earnest Christian ; her father, Nzo-kamengwa (let us call him Nzo), had made a public declaration at one or more of the services that he wished to be a Christian. Nzo would not throw any difficulties in the girl's way. The dying husband wanted some one else to betroth the girl, and to repay him what he had paid for her to his uncle Nzo, that so he might add the proceeds to his own funeral shroud and festivities. His brothers and Nzo would not hear of it ; they said that the poor girl should be free to marry in Christian fashion, and the dying man was not allowed to have his way.

The elder sister was demanded by her 'husband,' and her people were afraid to break off the match. The Christian cousin, Bula-kati, had acted nobly throughout ; he said that he would find the money somehow. While he was away ten days previously, the husband came and tied her up. Bula-kati's wife, also a Church member, cut her loose, and she ran away, and hid at Tungwa. Then he threatened to tie up the evangelist Ponde, and to sell him, but had not done so. They were anxiously waiting my interposition, now that Bula-kati had returned home.

Next morning I went to the town of the would-be husband Mbangi. He sent for his chief to help him ; while waiting I did some surgical work ; when the chief came, he sat under the gable of Mbangi's house. He ought to have come to me instead ; but I did not stickle for forms, so went over to them. They were sullen and very disagreeable ; they would not discuss the matter of the breaking off of the match, but

fixed two days later at Makuta. We agreed to this. The girl's cousin, Bula-kati, was determined to get her free, cost what it might; her father wished it, but did not care to refund any of the cloth which he had received. Another cousin was also wishing that she should be free, but would have nothing to do with the business. The chief of the town saw a chance of making a fee. The would-be husband Mbangi and his party had arrived.

When we had arranged ourselves, some extravagant demands were made; four miles of brass wire of the thickness of a straw, and this to open the question only; the sum to be paid in settlement of the affair would be an after consideration. Angry words passed; then an amicable settlement was recommended, and so things went; sometimes it seemed hopeless; then again hope returned. What could the poor girl have done alone? After a while it was agreed that the fee for the opening of the question should be but nominal, only a leaf of tobacco. Then they reverted to the four miles of wire, and we seemed to have made no progress.

Old Nzo, the girl's father, once more urged that it was not a matter over which to quarrel, nor to demand excessive damages. If the girl had listened to some other suitor, it would be a different matter; but the girl had become a Christian, and now she could not marry a man who had other wives; to attempt to force her to act contrary to God's will would be an act of direct hostility to God. New and good fashions were being taught, and when any one became a Christian they should be allowed to follow the teaching of their faith. He himself was anxious to learn and accept the Gospel. He had been a long time in the devil's service, and had found no profit in it; he was wishing to follow Jesus. He did not want to become a 'chunk of the devil's firewood in hell' (a realistic expression which they often use). He appealed to the man to be reasonable, and urged that the matter should be settled amicably, that the long-standing friendship between Makuta and Nkumba be not impaired.

Then the man began to detail the payments he had made whenever Nzo's family had been in difficulties—such being

the time to squeeze a prospective son-in-law—and proved to cloth, and other things, to the value of half-a-mile of wire. We went aside, and the chief, who came with us to consult, said that it was of no use to talk for ever. Bula-kati must pay on the girl's account 10,000 rods, and 1,000 more to him (the chief), 11,000 in all—i.e. a mile of wire. We urged that 1,200 yards was enough; but he would not listen to it. After a lot of talk, the mile was agreed to, and Bula-kati fetched a heavy instalment in cloth. Then more 'palaver' about the proportionate value of cloth and rods. Twice there were grabbings and scufflings, and at last the rate was determined. The chief took his fee, and divided it partly among his people. A day was fixed for the final payment, and all was settled. Kundava had been away hiding in the woods, but as it was settled the poor girl had nothing further to fear.

Old Nzo early stood up in the services, and professed an interest, and a desire to accept the Saviour. He did so several times, but we feared that his greed and superstition were sometimes in evidence even then. Later on the Christian people were more hopeful of him. In conversation and life he seemed to be sincere, and to have a definite faith in Christ. We felt that there could be no harm in an extended probation. Towards the end of 1896 he fell sick, and we have good reason to believe that he died trusting in Jesus. He would in all probability have been baptized, had he lived until my next visit. He had been opposed to the shooting of Thomas Comber, and it is very interesting to note how the man who would not lend himself to the opposition against the Gospel was spared for sixteen years, and lived to embrace the Gospel himself and experience the saving grace of Christ. He must have been seventy years of age when he died; *very* few reach those years at the present time in Congo land. Many of his children, nephews, and adherents have become members of the Christian Church, and are carrying on good work in their neighbourhood.

In August, 1897, Nkonzi, a nephew of Bwaka-matu (who ordered the shooting of Comber), was baptized; a month or

two later he was very anxious to make some amends for the great sin of his family. He wanted to send a present to the father of Comber, but as he was so far away, he could only send some little thing. He wrote him a letter deploring the wrong done to his son, who was the bearer of such good news from God. He urged that his uncle Bwaka had done it all in ignorance, and he begged him to forgive it, and to be his friend. He had learned to know and trust in Jesus, and was indeed thankful that the Gospel had been brought to his people. He had little to offer him that could be sent so far, but he begged to send three fine leopard's claws, one for Mr. Comber, sen., and one each for his two sons by his second marriage. It was a great joy to Mr. Comber to hear that one of Bwaka's nephews had been brought to Christ, and the leopard's claws are highly prized. Mr. Comber has written Nkonzi a letter full of joy and earnest desires for a blessing upon him and upon his people.

Nswela, the blind young man, came to live with us for a year at Wathen. He sat in the school and listened until he knew the order of the words in the primer, and could give a reading lesson himself. He got the boys to read to him the New Testament and the other books, and much enjoyed the services on the station. He was allowed to play the harmonium, and picked out some of the tunes; he would soon have learned to play, had he continued a little longer where there was an instrument. It is our custom to invite one of the members of the Church to conduct the daily morning service on Mondays, and when Nswela had been a while with us he was asked to officiate. He astonished us all with an address of singular power and richness of thought. Nswela is a great power for good among his people, he was much loved on the station. What a joy the Gospel has brought to that blind Congo man!

The Christian people of Tungwa have been a great power for righteousness in their district; they have gained considerable influence, and have interfered in cases of violence and wrong. The threat to take a matter to the State is often sufficient to stop wickedness and oppression; but where there

has been defiance, they have helped the sufferers to appeal to the State, or have acted on their behalf. The prompt intervention of the State, and the imprisonment or other punishment of the wrong-doer, have been a very salutary lesson to the district; at the same time the people of the town helped have been ready to listen to the teaching of their Christian friends, and so the influence has spread.

The Christian people of Tungwa are the pick of the town; there is a wide difference between the dirty, dissolute, superstitious 'great man' of the old style, who may be found sometimes lying drunk in the squares of the town, and the kindly, well-dressed, cleanly, educated young native who keeps his bottle of quinine and a few simple medicines by him, reads his New Testament daily, and lives the Christian life. Even a heathen native can see a difference, and wonder how it comes about. This is a new type of greatness.

Luyambula, a young man, came to us many years ago. As his master handed him over to us, he said, 'Go and learn all that you can in school, and about God, and then come and teach us in the town.' He came, and made fair progress; after about three years he was converted, and later on became an evangelist of the Church for a year at Kinsaku, thirty miles to the east of us. He worked well there, and after serving the Church for a year he went to live in his town. His people had broken up their town and scattered, to avoid each other and the recruiting officers for the transport. When Luyambula returned, they built a new town, on a new site, with Luyambula, in order to be near to him, and to have the advantage of his teaching. We may well hope good things of such people.

Percy Comber had arranged for one of the evangelists to commence work at Tungwa, four hours and a half to the east of Wathen. He died before the young man could be sent. The work was commenced all in due course, and after a while Percy Comber's personal servant, Kidudu, took it over. Kodia, the chief of the town, was a bad man, very superstitious, and opposed to the Gospel; but for the friendship of Mena-yaku,

a rich trader in the town, we should never have gained a foothold in the place. About twenty-five people used to gather regularly in the services, fifteen came to the school, and Kidudu preached a good deal in the towns round. In 1895 one of the people was baptized, a most intelligent man named Mvika, a carpenter of some ability. In March, 1896, Mvika's wife, three men, and a girl of fifteen named Ndala, made their profession of faith in Christ. The heathen people were not surprised that the men made profession, for they had been diligent at the school and services; so, too, with Mvika's wife's conversion, it did not disturb them; but they were indignant that the girl Ndala should profess Christ. 'What has a girl like that to do with God's palaver?' they said. They were angry when it was first talked about, some months before.

One of Ndala's sisters was dying of 'sleep sickness,' and she was accused of causing it by sorcery. Her other sister was always abusing her, and the townsfolk did the same. When the poor girl went to market, the people would not buy or sell to her, and cursed her. Every one abused her, and threatened violence; but she attended the services and school, and tried to live it down. She sought relief in visiting a relative in another town; but when she reached her house, the relative asked her whether she had come to bewitch her, as she had done her sister; she hounded her out of the town. When Cameron went over and baptized the five, the persecution only increased.

A month later they were starting to come to the station, to attend the Communion Service on the following day. Ndala's sister made a disturbance and roused the people. They said that Ndala should not go. Had she been going to a dance and debauchery in another town, no one would have cared, but now they were very angry. The sister begged the chief to tie her up. The other Christians could not help her, and had to go on their way, leaving her behind, tied up in the chief's house. As the men of the town tied her hands and feet, they laughed, and said, 'Now we shall see how your Jesus will help you; we are a little too strong for Him here.'

The Christians brought us the news to Wathen, and we were very sad for the poor girl.

To our utter surprise, the next morning Ndala walked into our meeting, her wrists swollen with the tying, but otherwise safe and well. We asked her how she had escaped. She told us that in the evening the chief had brought a pair of iron shackles, which remained over from the slaving days. He had made her feet fast in these, and had loosened her hands. During the night Ndala managed to knock out the pin of the shackles with the pebble which the chief used to crush his pepper. She did it without waking the chief. At about 4 o'clock in the morning the chief told her to go out and fetch a piece of firewood to make up the fire; she did so, and suddenly flinging down her shackles with a clang, she rushed out, and along the road to Wathen. There was a little moonlight. She very soon heard the chief close behind her, and saw that her flight was useless. Ndala darted aside into the dense jungle, and fell down in it just as he passed. He heard the noise, and thinking that it was one of his men, called out, 'Where is she?' She altered her voice, and said, 'Go on! go on!' and he did so. She got up, and struck down into the valley, through the jungle, crossed a stream, and made her way up into the wood; then by a long detour reached the Wathen road. By dawn she had passed the market which she had sometimes attended, and was then beyond her limits. She knew that she had to pass a certain town which crowned a distant hill; thence her course was easy.

A few days later I was in her town, and the people said that Ndala's Jesus had been too strong for them. He had indeed helped her; they did not think that He could have done so. We found that no one but the sister had any right to claim her, the other members of her family were dead, so she remained with us. Two years later she married a young man who had been some years in our school, and had since done good work as a teacher and in the printing office.

A few days after the escape of Ndala, the chief ordered the evangelist to leave, and to take his Christians away with him. We managed to get him to retract that, and he shifted his

own houses and those of his heathen party to another site 300 yards away. He threatened to shoot any of the Christian party who set foot in his new town. Later on he shifted again, this time to the other side of a deep valley. There he found that his people died as often as when they were near the Christians, and then he expressed his regrets at his behaviour, made friends with the Christians, and built a meeting-house, that they might go and teach there. He sometimes speaks of his sinfulness and desire for salvation in the meetings, and we may hope to learn soon of his conversion. The people of the district wonder much at this change, for he had done much to hinder our work in his neighbourhood, and to prejudice the people against us. At the end of 1898 it was considered unnecessary for the Church to support an evangelist there any longer, so Kidudu went elsewhere, and the Christian people maintain the work themselves. Three of the original members have died of sleep sickness, which has wrought great havoc there.

Makitu, the paramount chief of the Wathen district, has often been mentioned as an intelligent friendly chief and an active trader. He was the first native chief chosen in the Congo State to serve under the Government as a magistrate. He was solemnly invested with a large silver medal by the district commissioner, in the great local market, and given a wide district. Many have since been so appointed elsewhere, and this has been a wise provision of the State for the government of the people. Makitu kept up a considerable establishment, having over forty wives.

Makitu liked us personally, and found us very helpful in many ways; but our work seemed to have only a negative result in him. He realized that he was a bad man, and gathered from our teaching that without a very radical change in heart and life he could not hope to go to heaven. At the same time, he was rich and powerful, and he did not wish to give up his drunkenness; debauchery, and other sins. He made up his mind that he was going to hell, and did his best to ensure that the rest of the country should go with him. He wanted his wives to cook and care for him in hell, so

he was anxious that none of them should be converted. He wished to retain his rich and active slaves for the other world, and desired that all his relatives should go with him also, in fact, all the country side. He had always a civil tongue for us, but relentlessly and artfully blocked our work. The local chiefs wished to keep on good terms with so powerful a man, and were ready to support him in the secret opposition to our work. All that we knew was that the work in our neighbour-



SOME OF MAKITU'S WIVES

hood had no success, but in one town to the west of us. If any one showed any interest in our teaching, he was warned, and became at once indifferent. We knew of some actual warnings. One man in our nearest town was told that if he did not cease attendance on our services, it would be the simplest thing in the world to kill him secretly.

Thomas Comber brought to England two of his boys in 1885. One was Mantu, who became a very useful man ;

the other was Lutunu, a young slave of Makitu. Lutunu turned out very badly, and his influence with Makitu was bad, influencing him to oppose what was being done for the development of the country. He was a worthless wight in his town, and Makitu often wondered what made such a difference between Mantu and Lutunu; they had had both the same advantages, and had both been to Mputu (Europe). The one turned out to be a reliable, honest, God-fearing man; the other such a scapegrace. Poor Makitu could not understand the power of God in the hearts of those who are obedient to His Gospel, and often referred to what was to him a mystery.

In 1883 a man named Lulendo came to work for us at Manyanga, and afterwards at Stanley Pool. Some of the seed sown in those early days found a lodgement in his heart; it did not lead at once to his conversion, but rendered him much more susceptible to Christian influence. He was a slave, and was sold about a great deal. He was a smart fellow, and no doubt was often a 'cuter rogue than his masters; at any rate, he changed hands several times. At last Makitu bought him, and sent him on the upper river to trade for him. At Lukolela Oram found him, and ascertained that he was exercising a good influence on the people, telling them not to disregard our teachings, for they were true, and important to all. He assured them that he had no faith in charms, and that he prayed to God. Oram had some talks with him, and was surprised that he knew so much, and was so deeply influenced. He wrote to me about him when I was in England in 1892.

On my return to the Congo I found Lulendo. He was back in Makitu's town, but seldom came to our services. He had the fear of God before his eyes, but was frequently committing gross sin, and was renowned in all the country as a wild fellow. With all this wickedness of life he was not left to go his own way, for he was often most anxious about his soul. Then a fresh outburst of sin would lead to his forgetting his fears, and afterwards there would come fresh misery, as he remembered that there would come an end

some day, and then how would he give an account? He would pray earnestly for forgiveness; and as he had often heard that God is very gracious and merciful, and that the prayers which were offered in the name of Jesus were heard, he believed that his prayers were heard and his sins forgiven. Then he would keep straight for a while, and reprove wrongdoing in others, and this to such an extent that the townsfolk often called him 'missionary,' and abused him soundly. Then he would fall into temptation, and another bout of drunkenness, and more terrible repentance. All this went on without his coming to talk to us about his soul, or manifesting any special concern.

When we learned how things were, we sought to explain to him the things of God more carefully, and begged him to attend the services. He urged us to commence a school and regular teaching at Matadi. We did so, and the work was full of promise. Ponde had not commenced his work at Makuta in those days, and gladly undertook this new outpost. Lulendo attended the school, and for a while his primer was seldom out of his hand; he soon made headway, and became all the more diligent; he studied from morning to night, and in six weeks could read and understand his New Testament. No one has ever learned to read so quickly. From that time he was always reading whenever he had time to spare. He attended the daily (evening) service, and drank in Ponde's teaching. Very often fifty or sixty attended the service, and when it was over they begged for another hymn, and then another, until Ponde had to stop, for it was so late.

It was soon evident that Lulendo was really converted; his life was without reproach. He and two others signed the pledge, and were the butt of the town. Lulendo was baptized on May 31, 1895, at Makitu's town, with two other of Makitu's people, who had been trained on our station, and a man from our nearest town. Lulendo spoke to those gathered to witness the ordinance, telling them of his past wicked life; how he had sought and found the Saviour, and He had saved him. He was looking to Jesus to keep him

from falling, and was sure that He could. He lived a most exemplary, bright Christian life for about a year, and then died of pneumonia. Makitu imposed much upon him, working him very hard, because he knew that Lulendo wished to do his duty, even to his unreasonable master. Sometimes he tried him to the uttermost, but no one could ever point a finger at Lulendo.

The conversion of Lulendo and the others determined Makitu to oppose our work more strongly. The school was stopped, and the people were warned to keep away from the services. Soon after, Makitu had a frightful drinking-bout, which ended in epileptic fits, in two of which he lay unconscious for thirty hours, and for a fortnight did not recover his reason. Ponde's life was threatened; he had to leave the town, and the work was broken up. Some months later the two who signed the pledge were baptized, and one was driven away to Stanley Pool, for daring to make a profession of faith. Lutunu had been regularly at the services, and began to give us hopes of a changed life, but grew cold again when the services were stopped. Later on, however, he became thoroughly awakened, was converted and baptized. He exercises an excellent influence in the town.

A man named Sèlulùndi was chief of a town four hours and a half to the south of Wathen. He was an active and industrious trader, and rapidly grew rich. He was a slave, and his master became very angry at his slave's wealth and influence, while he himself remained poor and unknown. After some years of brooding over this reverse of fortune, the master took his gun and blew his own brains out. Suicide is rare among the natives, but this was a case of it.

In 1896, Sèlulùndi evidenced considerable interest in spiritual things, and often came for a talk with me. He professed conversion, and desired baptism. He had five wives, and knew our teaching. He knew, too, that while we did not require a man who had married more than one wife while in his heathen state to put away the extra wife or wives, we maintained most strongly that there could be no more wives added after such a man became a Christian. I found that although Sèlulùndi

had those five wives, he was also betrothed to the niece of Makitu. I told him that match must be broken off. He said that the betrothal had taken place during his heathen state, and ought to be considered the same as a marriage. I told him that that could not be. He held out for some time, feeling that a matrimonial alliance with Makitu was a great thing, and not to be so readily slighted. He then expressed a readiness to break off the match, if Cameron and I would go with him to Makitu. Makitu had been partner with him in several trading expeditions, and held at the moment a great deal of Sèlulùndi's capital. We feared that he would make this an excuse for keeping what he held.

Makitu outwardly received the matter well; but when Sèlulùndi reached home, two days later, he found the young woman in his house. She had been sent by Makitu, with a large party to celebrate the marriage. Sèlulùndi would not take her, and with difficulty managed to send her and her people away with good presents in three days. Then he came to me in great trouble. His people urged him to take her, and he wanted to do so; but he wished first to arrange it with us. He argued and begged; but we could not, of course, give our consent. He went away saying that he must have her, cost what it might. Months went by; he would not abandon the match, and yet dared not take her. I visited his town, and we had long talks to no purpose. He would call his people together at prayer time, and after my address he would urge his people to accept the Gospel, although he could not himself. He said that he must marry the young woman, although he felt that it was at the price of his soul. He was certainly infatuated at the time, and it was a fearful mental struggle. We pitied the poor man. This went on for a whole year; yet he did not marry her. He came to visit us again; the subject soon came up, and we talked for some hours. At length I was urging the greatness of the Saviour's love for us; what He had given up, and what He had suffered for his salvation, yet this was all to be unavailing through this infatuation for the girl, when he had already five wives. He said that it was an infatuation. I left him for an hour's quiet

consideration, and when I returned from my evening meal he said that he would give the girl up, and would go to Makitu, and tell him so at dawn the next morning. The spell was broken. He did as he promised; the match was broken off definitely. Sèlulùndi in doing so found peace and salvation, and has lived a bright, earnest, consistent life ever since.

Before Sèlulùndi's baptism, he brought about a great reform in the country. It was the custom of the country that if a man owed money, and did not pay his debt, he should be sold: indeed, a man could be sold for a debt of two pence. About this time such sales became exceedingly common. Great numbers had been thus sold, and people began to say that every one would soon be a slave of Makitu; this was really probable, if they had remained passive. Sèlulùndi took the matter up, and persuaded the chiefs of six towns near to him to form an offensive and defensive alliance. Soon after, Makitu, to his great surprise, had to agree to a new law that if any man ventured to take the law into his own hands, he was to be fined a pig and a number of brass rods, according to the case.

A matter soon cropped up to test the spirit of the people. A debt was owing by a man in Kimbanda who was unable to pay, and asked time. When the money was ready, a day was fixed; a disturbance broke up the local market the day before the payment, and the indispensable palm-wine could not be bought; the payment was postponed by arrangement, until the day after the next market. The creditor wished to make a bigger affair, and screw more money out of his debtor, and as he was one of the many fathers-in-law of Makitu, he was sure that his son-in-law would not bring the new law to act in his case. On the market-day he seized his debtor, who was buying the palm-wine, tied him up in his house, and sold him to some of Makitu's relatives at Nkondo. Makitu did nothing; the man remained quietly at Nkondo for a while, and then ran to the station to ask our help. He wished me to state his case on paper, and to let him take it to the State judge at Tumba. The people who had bought him came to demand him, and I begged them to call the violent creditor. When

he came, I told the people that we were not judges or magistrates ; all such matters were the business of the State, and that they knew right well. This man, however, had begged me to state his case on paper. We were ready to help any who were in trouble, and all were our friends. It was not fair, however, to write thus unless both stated their case. Both made their statements, and I told the creditor that if this matter reached the ears of the judge he would be promptly imprisoned and fined. He had acted in a most unreasonable manner, contrary to State and native law ; the parties were advised to settle the matter among themselves. Presently they came back to say that the creditor would pay back to the Nkondo people the money with which they bought the man ; the debtor would fetch the money for the debt at once ; and because the violent creditor had broken the native law, he should pay 1,000 brass rods and a large pig—to be divided among the local chiefs—on the day after the next market. This was done, and the matter settled. The people came to realize that with proper courts sitting at Tumba, the reign of violence in the country was at an end ; and especially so, seeing that, under Sèlulùndi's influence, native public opinion was equally against wrong-doing. The change was very remarkable ; and although things in the district are not yet all that could be desired, the difference between the old state of things ten years ago and that prevailing to-day is so great that it is hard to realize that the former reign of violence can have existed.

The promptness of the arrest and punishment of the chief actors in a cruel murder of a poor woman on a charge of witchcraft, which occurred three hours to the south-west of Wathen, taught the people that those abominations must cease. Other matters of violence and cruelty were referred to the State, and most of them were so dealt with that the people came to feel that there was a power for righteousness in the land ; so the great change has been further accentuated, and peace, safety, and security of life and property is taking the place of the shameless anarchy and violence which once prevailed. It is this combination of mission work with a wise

and just government which alone can bring order out of this chaos, and really elevate the people. A mission alone can do great things; but the time would be long, and the victims of cruelty many, before the change would come over the mass of the people. A Government alone might follow up such matters as came to its notice; but without the spiritual and moral influences of a mission little could result. The two working together, with the blessing of God, tend to the rapid evolution of a new and higher type of native, and a complete transformation of the whole life of the people. There should be no cross-purposes between the two forces thus acting, but each should work in its own sphere, with hearty co-operation.

Sèlulùndi's energies were next put out in the building of a brick house. He saw what we were doing on the station in the way of brick-making, and went to see how Roger was doing at Arthington Station. He decided to start work for himself. His brother Mvemba had left our school, and was carrying on evangelistic school work in his town. Sèlulùndi got our carpenter to make him some brick-moulds, hired some boys who worked with him at the brick-making until four o'clock in the afternoon, and then they went to school with his brother. He was not quite satisfied with the system of draught in the white men's kilns, and planned his own style of kiln, which was a great success. So he built his house with three rooms: one for a school and chapel, one room for a missionary or other white visitor, and one to be his general storehouse, which would be fireproof. He sent his young men to trade for him in india-rubber, and sold it to the traders for iron sheets for the roof. A verandah protects the walls from the rain.

Sèlulùndi is an earnest Christian man, and his influence for good is very great. The State Government has wisely recognized his superior abilities by conferring upon him the silver medal, which makes him a magistrate and over-lord in his district. We may hope that his active mind will help him to effect the reformation of his people, as he so keenly desires. A good number have made profession of faith in Christ from

among his people ; his town can no longer be regarded as a heathen town, although only a proportion of his people can be regarded as Christian converts. A daily service is conducted in the brick chapel, and the new influences cannot fail to affect the district.

Makitu died in April, 1899, and his son Dimbu, a lad of sixteen, who had been educated at Wathen, is appointed his successor. Dimbu knew his father's strong feeling against Christianity, and while he was always a well-behaved boy, he has so far given no evidence of a change of heart. We can but hope that the seed sown will spring up and bear fruit in a life powerful for good. His mother is a good Christian woman. Because he was so young, Lutunu has been appointed by the District Commissioner to act as regent. Lutunu's conversion occurred during Makitu's lifetime, and brought a great deal of trouble upon him, so that he has been well tested. These new influences should make a great difference in the district.

Four and a half hours to the south of Sèlulùndi's town there lives another medalled chief, and he too is a member of the Church. Nuni-amazi is another man deeply anxious to see a thorough reformation in his country. He was converted through the teaching of his nephew, who was trained in our school. He is trying hard to change the custom of marriage dowries, which are the cause of so much litigation and wrong in the country. When one of his own wives died, he set a good example, by waiving all claim to the customary compensation, and begs others to do the same. It is very remarkable to see the intelligence of these men enlightened by the Gospel. The ordinary heathen man is so stupid and dense, and withal so artful, that he will not see the evil of the customs of the country which provide him with so many opportunities for extortion ; no thoughts of right and better things come to him ; but as soon as such a man becomes converted, the old state of things becomes intolerable, and he is anxious to see very radical changes. 'The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.'

The nephew who commenced the Christian work in Nuni-

amazi's town fell into sin, and disgraced himself ; but he had done so much good work among his people that several had professed their faith in baptism, and others were giving us good hopes. The work was so full of promise that it was felt that one of the evangelists of the Church should be located there, for a while at least, until the local Christians could do the work. Mbandila was placed in charge of it. He had recently recovered from a long and most painful disorder of the knee-joint, which had prevented locomotion, and kept him lying on his back for more than two years. His patience and Christian fortitude under his suffering were very remarkable, and witnessed to the grace of God in his heart. His is a very bright character.

There was another case about that time, of the lapse of one who was seeking to do Christian work in his town. He lived at Lulombe, near to the Tumba Railway Station. He yielded to temptation, and had to become the subject of Church discipline, but he too had previously done so well in his teaching that several of his townfolk were brought to trust in Jesus, and will soon be baptized (1899). The converts traced their first impressions and spiritual awakening to some addresses and talks with me, at different times, when I had visited their town ; but when the young man settled in his town and commenced regular work the impressions were revived ; they were led by him to the Saviour, and are living consistent lives.

It is a wonder that, with all the temptations and the general atmosphere of a heathen town, there have not been more lapses on the part of our converts. We feel, however, that there is little strength to resist sin, unless they undertake some Christian work, and urge them so to do. A faithful testimony for Christ, and efforts for the salvation of others, are the best tonics to a man's own spiritual life ; this we seek to impress upon all. On the whole, the character of our native converts is very good. When we consider the stock from which they come, and the conditions under which their forefathers have lived all through the ages ; their own early training ; the utter absence of moral support in their sur-

roundings, where no public opinion against sin exists, and everything tends to drag them down, temptations abound from within and without, we can but wonder at the grace of God, which has changed their hearts and keeps them from falling.

Another interesting feature of the work has been the way in which those who have been under our influence, and have left us without any signs of a changed heart, have afterwards—and sometimes after a long interval—been brought into the fold of Christ. We have had many instances of this. In the case of Lutunu, ten years of godless life in his town passed before he began to seek the Saviour. Here is another example. Mpukuta had been slightly punished for some breach of duty. It happened that it was his month to sweep the school and open and shut the many windows—there are four-foot windows nearly all the way round it. He sulked in one of the boys' houses because of his punishment; when a violent tornado came he would not shut the windows, and two or three were wrenched off and thrown down. Further punishment was administered for this, and when he had received it he said that he would leave at once. We advised him to wait until the morning, when cooler judgement would show him how much severer punishment he really deserved. He was a high-spirited boy, and left at once, with only the clothes he stood up in. We were very sorry, for we feared that we should not only lose the boy, but all influence in his town. He went away to the service of the railway company for a while, and then returned to his town. He had so far disgraced himself over his departure from us, that he was ashamed to visit the station. After a time we heard that he was holding a school in his town, and when Cameron went to inquire, he found that the good seed sown in the heart of the boy had sprung up, and was bearing fruit in a consistent Christian life. Away from us he remembered the teaching, and the advantages which once were his, and he sought and found the Saviour. In his town he had a school of ten boys, and was seeking to lead his townfolk to Christ. Many other interesting stories might be told of

our work, and of the boys who have been under our influence, but the above must suffice.

One matter that calls for note is the moral tone of the boys and girls thus gathered together upon our station. Our school work grew gradually : when their numbers were small, we were able to look well after them ; but even when the numbers grew large, we were able to keep them well in hand.

It is no uncommon thing to hear complaints of the native boys on service in trading and other establishments ; they are generally considered to be great thieves. This, however, has been no difficulty with us. There have been a few cases of boys who were very troublesome, especially in the way of stealing meat and other food from each other. Most of these were boys who had been forced often to steal or starve in their towns. We find, however, the mass of our boys to be remarkably honest. The children have ready access to our houses, and come at all times, and frequently, but nothing ever disappears. How often I have left money out for days on my desk—careless on my part, it may be, but the need for care is never brought home to us. Knives, scissors, useful things lie about in perfect safety. I once lost a chatelain chain, with some keys, a framed portrait of my father, and two table knives, but that is the extent of the losses of my personal property by theft which have come to my knowledge at any time. If a boy leaves his own brass rods about on his bed, they might disappear ; and dainty morsels of meat tied up in a leaf, and reserved in foolish places until to-morrow morning, do sometimes fall a prey to hungry boys who have made no such provision ; but we have practically no fault to find with the honesty of our boys. We are more careful of our property when itinerating in the native towns, but scarcely ever have we had anything to complain of there.

In other matters in which we might be expected to have trouble with a number of boys thus gathered together from heathen homes, we have the help of our Christian young people. We expect them to keep their eyes and ears open, and to exercise a moral influence among the boys. We constantly impress this upon them, and they know the responsi-

bility which is laid upon them. The result has been, and is, an excellent moral tone upon the station, and this we are most anxious to maintain. Our own efforts, seconded by those who are seeking to live the Christian life among the boys, have been singularly successful; and we are very thankful for it.

The school work has made steady progress, not only in quantity but also in quality. In the early stages our boys were satisfied with but very small accomplishments; a boy who could read very indifferently, whose achievements in writing were smaller still, was so far ahead of his surroundings that he was eminently satisfied. We could not get them very far. Others came and passed them while they stagnated, so we progressed, wave upon wave, until the standard attained is very good. The Scripture teaching is given in the daily services. During the school hours—from two to four in the afternoon—they learn the three ‘R’s,’ geography, ancient history, singing, sewing (boys and girls); the senior boys learn French, and for some time my wife had a class in telegraphy. While in England, in 1888, she took proper lessons to enable her so to do, and by the kindness of friends we were provided with two Morse sounders, wire, and fittings, and a line was set up upon the station. Some of the boys learned fairly well, but they had not heard of any one getting good appointments by a knowledge of telegraphy, so put but little heart into it. Now that the railway is finished, and a line of telegraph is being laid from the coast to Stanley Falls, it may be that some will wake up to the possibilities of telegraphy as a means of livelihood.

The strain upon my wife, of the growing school work, necessitated further help, and this was latterly rendered by one of the missionaries, as far as his other duties would allow. Then her sister, Miss Feisser—now Mrs. John Bell—came to her assistance, and in 1898 Miss Brindal was added to our staff for school work.

As a rule, the work of the school-boys commences at nine o’clock in the morning, after the morning service. They work in the plantations and in other ways until noon; they are in

school from two o'clock until four; then they go to work again until sunset—six o'clock. Sunset only varies to the extent of half an hour all through the year, so we set our watches by it. Some of the bigger boys get a trifling pay, and they in consequence commence work at six o'clock in the morning. Beside the plantation and garden work, there is water to fetch, fencing, road-making—a favourite occupation of my wife's,—store-work, rough carpentry, brick making and laying, store-keeping, the preparation of the food, and



MISSION HOUSE, WATHEN. THE CHILDREN FROM MR. BELL'S DISTRICT

apportioning of what is bought, house-work, laundry-work, fowls, donkeys, and other live stock to be cared for, some orphan babies to be nursed; four or five boys will be assisting at the surgery, others will be at work in the printing office. A variety of operations are always in progress; there is plenty of work to do, no one need be idle. On Sunday morning, the towns within reach are visited by the missionaries and Christian natives, the morning service being taken by my wife or one of the Christian women.

In the afternoon a service is held, to which a goodly number of natives gather. They, with the school-boys and the people of Vianga-Vianga (the village beside us), already fill the room—36 ft. by 40 ft.—which serves for school and chapel. There is a break after the service for half an hour, then the Sunday school gathers under Cameron's superintendence; those who have attended the previous service largely remain for this, young and old. Some of the classes are held in the school-room, others are grouped in the wide verandah; it is a most interesting work. In the evening the missionaries generally dine together, and spend the evening in talking over the work, and with hymns and prayers.

In playtime on week-days, hockey—*mbadi*—is the favourite game; in the evening, the boys are very fond of a game called *mbele*. The boys stand in two lines facing each other, about twenty feet apart, clapping their hands, and singing to the beat of some ditty—often improvised on the spot—set to a weird chant. A boy dances out from one side, and jigs and capers round several times, and one from the opposite side comes out in the same way to meet him. They wheel and caper, clapping their hands, until suddenly the first boy darts out one of his hands; the other should meet it with the same hand on his part. It is such an instantaneous action on both sides, that often a left hand is put out to meet the right; but should the second boy meet his opponent's hand correctly three times running, the first boy retires, and he holds the court until he can be met three times by some other boy. They will play this in the moonlight or starlight by the hour together, until the curfew bell rings at 9 o'clock, when the boys have to put out their lights and go quietly to bed. One of their games, but seldom played, is very amusing. A large court is marked off, and some twenty boys will go on all fours, but face uppermost. One boy will be 'antelope,' and the rest hunt him; he stands up, and runs about, and jumps over them as they crowd him into the corners; they try to touch him with one of their feet. The one who succeeds in so doing becomes 'antelope.' The absurd position in which they scuttle about, their remarkable

activity, make it, for the onlookers, the funniest game imaginable. We are glad that there are such simple outlets for the exuberance of the bright, happy life of the lovable young people whom we thus gather round us. They work while they work, and play while they play; whatever we may think of the former, they certainly carry out the latter with a right good will.

The African is wonderfully light-hearted, and the station life is very happy; were it not so, we could not retain the boys with us so long as we do. With all this happiness there are gracious influences working in their hearts. Those among them who have given their hearts to the Saviour seek very earnestly to lead the others to Him, and are very good in finding opportunities to urge them to decision for Christ. A great deal of the success of the work upon the station is due to this. Nearly all my time in the evening is taken up with personal talks with our young people, who come to ask for help in spiritual things. They often wait, two or three at a time, for the chance of a talk with me. When I ask one after another, as I call them to me, what started these desires after a clean heart, and for Christ's salvation, a boy will say that he went for a stroll with So-and-So, and he urged him very strongly to give his heart to the Saviour, and to take into his heart the teaching which was daily given him; what hope for him could there be, if he slighted this great salvation? To some the light soon comes, but with others there is a long period of difficulty; some lose interest, but many have really yielded to the Saviour, and their consistent life and hearty service have evidenced the thoroughness of the acceptance of Christ. They in their turn will seek to bring in others, and some have been very helpful and successful in this work. With such helpers among those on the station, we are able to bring a personal influence to bear on all who come to us, for we can often suggest names to these workers. My own work in this way is but an instance of what my colleagues are doing, and is only to that end mentioned.

Until Lo commenced his work at Kinsuka in 1891, the

Church accounts were all receipts, and no expenditure; the brass rods accumulated for two and a half years. When Lo began to draw, he did not take all that came in by any means; indeed, there was a surplus for many years. The brass rod of the currency became shorter and shorter, and in 1894 we noticed that a large number of rods in the Church treasury box were more than twice the length of those then current; we therefore cut them down to the current length of ten inches, and sold the little pieces to the local blacksmith. By keeping the rods, their value had more than doubled. In 1895 the Church had a balance of 10,000 rods, and then we became concerned at the influx of francs into the country. The State was paying for its transport in francs, and the carriers bought with the money what cloth and things they wanted, and took some home with them. So francs became common. The Church therefore decided to sell them at the rate of ten rods to the franc. The sale went on slowly, for the rate of rods fixed was low; it was accomplished, however, and 1,000 francs (£40) is the result. This money lies banked in the Post Office Savings Bank in the name of the Church. This fund serves as a working capital for the Church. It often happens now that the income of the Church exceeds the expenditure; but with this money banked the Church is allowed to overdraw, and where the exigencies of the work require, a serious overdraft is possible, to be recouped as the increasing liberality of the native Christians permit. The present six out-stations of the Church are a heavy drain upon its resources; but when the work done in them begins to tell, the sums collected at them will help to right things. So the Church by this fund is enabled to do what would otherwise be impossible without such a reserve to fall back upon. So this piece of financing has saved the situation. Now the transport is over, the railway is complete, and francs are not often seen at Wathen; we made the change at the right time. The local currency must change, for the rod is reduced to an absurdity; but it is not possible to see what will be the outcome: perhaps francs and copper coins will become the medium of exchange.



MR. BENTLEY'S HOUSE AT WATHEN

It was pointed out on one occasion that the people at Tungwa had been slack in the matter of contribution to the Church fund. They considered the matter, and *fined* themselves 1,000 short brass rods of the local currency (about thirty-three francs), which they raised at once as 'the Lord's fine.' A healthy example, which might be followed at home sometimes.

Before Mr. Josiah Wade gave the printing presses now at Lukolela and San Salvador, some friends in connexion with the Congregational Church at Bromley, Kent, gave me a press and furnished it. This press has turned out some useful work at Wathen. A magazine was run for more than a year in 1891-2, called *Se Kukianga*, 'The dawn is breaking.' It was discontinued during my furlough of 1892-3, and the San Salvador press now prints the Kongo Magazine. Its later productions have been our Kongo hymn-book, containing 247 hymns, a good number of which are composed by natives. We have also printed a *Conversation Guide* in French, Kongo, Portuguese, and Dutch, by my wife.

Temperance work is carried on in connexion with the station. Although we do not make it a *sine qua non* of Church fellowship, the members of the Church are all abstainers, and the pledge-roll contains the names of many who are not members of the Church, although much influenced by our teaching. If total abstinence is advisable at home, still more so is it necessary on the Congo. Drunkenness through drinking palm-wine is so very common, and it is so easy to fall into excess, that our people realize the necessity of avoiding intoxicants altogether, and are very keenly urgent for it. There is a great Continental Society of the Blue Cross, having its centre at Geneva, and national sections in Switzerland, France, Germany, Belgium, Hungary, Slavonia, Denmark, and Palestine. Seeing that the Congo State is practically Belgian, we have affiliated our Wathen temperance work with the Belgian section of the Blue Cross Society. This has given much pleasure to many friends in Belgium, and gives us another link with Christian work there. The affiliation has only recently been effected.

We have many warm friends among the Protestants in Belgium, more especially in connexion with the *Église Chrétienne Missionnaire Belge*. Many of their Sunday schools collect money for the support of children in our Wathen schools. This kindly interest on the part of Belgian Protestants is much appreciated by us. Being so small a body, and with so much to do in Belgium, they regret their present inability to undertake mission work on the Congo, which is practically their colony.

We have also a Christian Endeavour Society, of which some interesting stories might be told. It has been very practical in its outworking, and has led to most interesting developments of true Christian helpfulness on the station and at some of the outposts.

The work extending, deepening, and maturing, calls for further efforts for the development of those gifts and graces which are evidencing themselves among the people. Out in the towns there are a goodly number of young Christian men who have gained some education at the outpost schools, and have been brought to Christ in their towns. Some of these need to be brought on further, and some arrangements for an extended teaching of the most promising is needed, in order to fit them for Christian work in their own neighbourhoods. So far we have invited all such to come to Wathen once a quarter for a week of special classes.

The story of Wathen has been given in fuller detail than that of the other stations, because of my own personal knowledge of it; it must be taken as a type of our work carried on elsewhere in Congoland, under varying circumstances and at different stages of progress.

COMBER MEMORIAL STATION—ZOMBO.

Seventy miles to the east of San Salvador lies the plateau district of Zombo. The Zombo people have already been mentioned as active, intelligent traders, and an exceptionally fine race. Thomas Comber hoped to have made his way to Stanley Pool through Zombo when other routes failed, but

that road proved to be closed also. In 1891 we began to consider the possibility of commencing work in the district, and a scheme for so doing was laid before the Committee in 1893. The financial position of the Society precluded all thought of such advance then. In the dry season of 1896 I was on my way to the Tungwa and Makuta district, when I met at Tumba an American missionary who had just been prospecting to the eastward. At Ntumba-mani he had met a Portuguese officer named Escarivo, who had come there from his post at Makela in Zombo. I resolved to visit the Portuguese post at Makela, if my way should be opened up.

Next day I sought for Divine guidance, and within two hours it came. We had no food, so at the first town I sat down to rest, and sent the boys to the houses to seek some cassava puddings: they found some just ready. 'Where are you going?' asked a man from Vunda, near Wathen, whom they met as they went for the food. I have never met any of our neighbours in the Makuta district before. I replied, 'I am going to Makuta and Tungwa, and if possible to Zombo.' 'What part?' 'To Makela.' 'We have just come from there, and there is a Makela man with us. We have been buying percussion caps from the Zombos.' 'What is the best road to Makela?' I soon took down a very correct list of the towns between there and Makela. I thanked them, the boys ate their puddings, and we continued our journey; now I had the information for which I was seeking. They were the only people who knew where Makela was; at most of the towns on the way, no one had ever heard of the place.

An interesting coincidence, some may say. I am so used to 'interesting coincidences' that I quite expect them, and was very curious, as I walked along that morning, as to what form my guidance would take. When it came it was accepted as 'the finger of God.'

I visited Tungwa and Makuta, and then went on to Zombo, following the route given me by the Makela man whom I met on the road. On the third day from Tungwa we reached the escarpment of the Zombo plateau. A climb of 800 feet brought us to the top, and then before us lay the rolling table-land of

Zombo. We stopped for the night at Vululu, two hours from Makela.

The chief and people were kindly disposed, lent us a house, and began to cook food for us. As soon as they learned that I was a missionary they said, 'Then you will teach us about God, of course.' I told them that I was hoping to do so, but inwardly wished to have a little rest first. The chief called the women and people, telling them that I was a missionary, and that I wanted to teach them. As a rule, such an announcement in a new town would lead to grimaces and shrugging of the shoulders on the part of most of the women, and the disappearance of the more superstitious men; so that a quarter or an eighth of the people in that part of the town in which one might be sitting would be an excellent audience. In this town, however, at the mention of my business, all but eight or ten of the young people, who were busy dancing, came at once.

I had feared that the Zombo dialect would prove a difficulty, but it was not so. Every one I met understood the Kongo of San Salvador far better than the folk do about Wathen. As soon as I began to speak, the women, who had modestly seated themselves at a little distance, crept forward, and came close to me, saying, 'Let us come nearer; we can understand him well; let us hear this good news.' They listened with frequent ejaculations and remarks, and with much interest, as they heard for the first time of God's redeeming love. I have never found a more responsive audience.

Next morning, in about two hours, I reached Makela. It is a thick cluster of towns, spread over four or five square miles. Senhor Escarivo, the Portuguese Resident, received me kindly. My Portuguese was very rusty, but it served. Senhor Escarivo had been there for four months, and was building a wooden house on stone pillars, with coast workmen. A trader named Campos was living half an hour away, and had been there eleven months.

On Sunday morning I sent the Church members who were with me, two and two, into different parts of the township to

preach. Senhor Escarivo came with me. Everywhere we were well received. I spoke in the main part of the town. The others returned at mid-day, telling me of large and interested audiences, and that everywhere the people wished to give them food ; they had declined, however, fearing unnecessarily my displeasure ; where food is given as an expression of appreciation and kindly feeling, there was no need to refuse. Such generosity, however, I have never before met with among heathen people. We were astonished at the eagerness of the people to listen. Again and again we were urged to come and build.

I had heard at Makela of a town called Mbata, where a great cross was erected ; as it was not far off the way, I visited it. The cross had long ago fallen down, but the upright of it remained lodged against a tree. It was of a species of mahogany, and measured 32 ft. 6 in. by 14 in. by 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. It must have been erected by a Portuguese priest of the old times, to mark the burial-place of one of the Congo governors of Mbata, and fixes that town among the many of that name as being the remains of the old provincial capital. There were no signs of stone buildings. Thence I passed on to the State post at Ntumba-mani, and so home.

While on that journey I received a letter suggesting that friends at home should build a Comber Memorial Church at Makuta. I felt that the Makuta people ought to do that some day, but wrote suggesting that, after what I had just seen of Zombo, it would be a more worthy thing if a fund were raised to found a Comber Memorial Station in Zombo. But my letter could not be published then because of the Indian Famine, for which an appeal was at that time being made. After that came the Indian earthquake, which destroyed mission buildings, and these things combined with the financial position of the Society to cause further delay.

When our people in the Wathen district heard of the journey to Zombo, they were much interested ; Ponde, the evangelist at Makuta, begged us to let him go and start work there on account of the Wathen Church, until white men could go. We agreed that he should go to spy the

land, and see where the densest population was. If he had gone without any ostensible purpose, suspicions might be roused in the native mind. We wanted to buy some cattle, so he was instructed to go with some cloth and buy a cow. He went, and passed to the south of Makela, and made his way to Kibokolo; on his return with a very nice cow he told us of the great township which he had seen, and urged us to go there.

In 1897 the matter was further under consideration, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of San Salvador, offered gladly to undertake the work in Zombo, as soon as the Society was able to commence it. Tumba Station on the railway was shortly to be given up, and John Pinnock would then be free to join them in Zombo. In June, 1898, Lewis received instructions from the Committee to make an exploration in the district; accordingly he went with Mrs. Lewis in June and July of that year.

They made their way first to Makela, and the people begged them to stay and build among them. They told the people that they wanted to see all the country first; so after staying for a day or two at Makela, they passed on to Ngombe, a township of 3,000 people, and then to Mbuzu, a district of some thirty-six towns containing 5,000 people.

From Mbuzu they passed on to the south-east for twelve miles, to visit the valley of the Nkisi river. It was not inviting, however, being swampy; the population, too, was not dense. Striking back to Mbuzu, they passed down to the south, to Kibokolo; they found the district very populous, and estimated the chief town alone at 5,000 people—three times as large as San Salvador; in a radius of an hour round there were at least a score of towns of considerable size.

Lewis wrote: 'Kibokolo is by far the best centre for mission work. Heathenism is rampant, and never before have I seen such a display of fetishes and superstitious rites. Our appearance in the district caused much confusion, and the people were afraid lest we should bewitch them, and cause them all to die right off. There were cries of, "The country is dead! the country is dead!" and I have no doubt but that

they firmly believed it. However, in about an hour's time we succeeded in finding the chief, and he gave us a native house to sleep in, and then some of the people came round us to shake hands. That evening the chief and some of his followers came together, and I talked to them about the Gospel, and explained our message. They could not understand anybody being so disinterested as to take all this trouble for their sake. Next day, being market day, the chiefs of the surrounding towns came and discussed with the Kibokolo folks our presence in their country. There was a strong party in favour of fighting and killing us, carriers and all; but others would not agree to this, as they heard we had stayed at many towns on the way, but knew of nothing bad done by the white man or his carriers. At last they agreed to drive us away from their towns, but no bodily harm was to be inflicted upon us. We found this out afterwards; at the time we knew nothing about the agitation against us.

‘Early in the afternoon the townsfolk—many of whom were intoxicated with palm-wine, and did not know exactly what they were doing—raised a cry that the white man's boys were poisoning the water (they were washing some clothes in the stream which runs through the centre of the town, and the soap was considered poison), and that a carrier was seen hiding a charm in the ground outside the town; and again that one of the carriers was ill with small-pox; all of which were absolutely false, but the leaders invented them to create an uproar and force us away. In an extraordinarily short space of time the greater part of the town were around us, some with loaded guns, and others with cutlasses, spears, bows and arrows, and sticks; while the witch-doctors and women brought out their fetishes, and commenced dancing and gesticulating in the wildest manner. This was heathenism in its worst aspects, and the scene was indescribable. The excitement was growing in intensity, their attitude became more threatening, and they were demanding our immediate departure. I got all the carriers and boys together, and got them to keep perfectly quiet. The owner

of the house which we occupied was very friendly, and he, with three or four others, tried to keep back the crowd. We told them over and over that we would not go away that day, do what they would. The chief sent us the usual complimentary present of two fowls and a calabash of native beer—said to be non-intoxicating—for the carriers. This was to dismiss us from the town “on friendly terms,” and he considered his responsibility at an end. The “beer,” as we suspected, had been previously “cursed” by the witch-doctor, and it was supposed to have the power of killing us all at once, if we partook of it. I accepted the present, and the carriers finished the drink in the presence of all, and they were greatly astonished to find that they did not fall down dead on the spot. I told the head-men who brought the present that we did not mean to go away that day, but that in the morning we would pay our respects to the chief before leaving their town. The excitement among the people, however, did not cool down, for they kept on at a furious rate to the middle of the night. We retired to bed early, and in spite of the beating of drums and the blowing of horns, we managed to get some sleep. Next morning we packed up our things, and the same noise and excitement continued. They were evidently surprised at our showing no fight. A crowd followed us about a mile or two outside the town, with their horns and drums; but for some reason or other they changed their cursing into blessing, and were calling upon the “spirits” to protect the white man and his people, “if they have done no harm in the town.” So we left Kibokolo, but we had carried out our plans in full, except that we had hoped to stay in this town a few days longer. We thought that on the whole it was the wiser policy to retire for the time being, and let the people have time to find out that our presence did them no real harm. Still, at Kibokolo there are two or three who gave up their houses for ourselves and carriers, and who stood by us all through the uproar.

‘On our return journey a most unusual thing occurred, which I have great hopes will cause them to change their attitude towards us. When nearing San Salvador we found

that the whole country was much disturbed on account of a mistaken policy of the Portuguese Resident, and the people of the Lembelwa and Tanda districts had closed the road to the coast against all carriers. We met some 500 Zombos returning to their country with their rubber, having failed to pass. A large number were from the Kibokolo district. They were much afraid of us, lest we should retaliate on them for the treatment we had received in their country; but I succeeded in getting them together, and persuaded them to come along with me, promising to pass them to the coast without molestation. It took some time to convince them of my good intentions, but ultimately they agreed to trust themselves to me. On the next day we came to the disturbed district, and I took my position in front of the whole company. At the entrance into each town we were met by armed men, who were stopping passers-by. I was well known to them all, and they made no resistance when I asked them to stand on one side, and waited myself until the Zombos had passed. That night all of us slept in one of the disturbed towns, and I gathered the chiefs together, and talked to them very strongly of the wickedness and foolishness of their behaviour, the head-men of the Zombos listening to all.

‘The outcome of our palaver was that they promised to reopen the road and allow carriers to pass unmolested. The effect of this upon the Zombos was very remarkable, for they had looked upon the white man as their enemy, and now they saw that we were their best friends after all.’

Lewis wrote of the result of this later on:—

‘When these people returned from the coast they related all that had occurred, and the Kibokolo people began to think they had been foolish in sending us away as they did. Since then it seems that the natives in the neighbourhood of Kibokolo were troubled by the *capitas* from the Makela traders, who were seeking carriers. These men, coming as they did from the white men, took many unauthorized liberties, and did much mischief in those towns. It is chiefly for this reason that they are now anxious for me to come and build in their district, thinking that our presence there

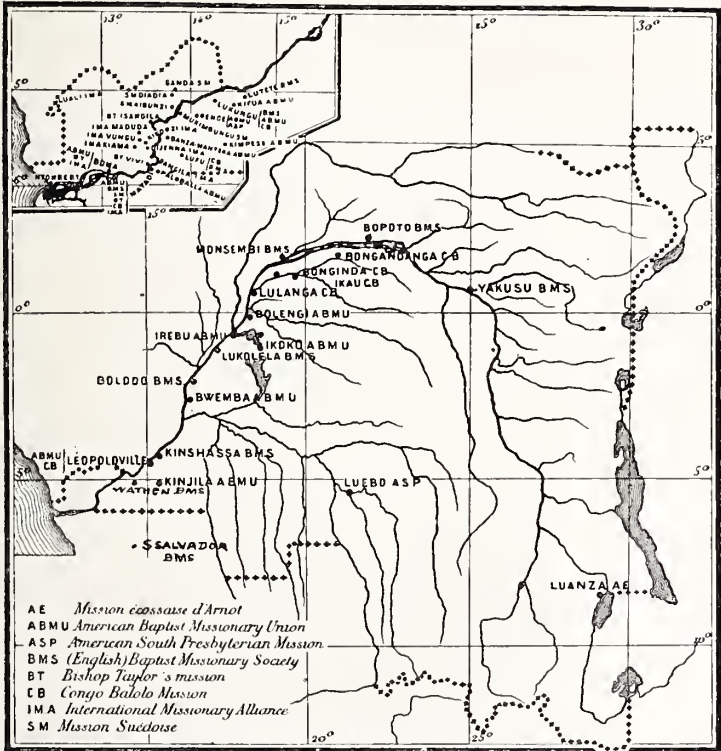


COMMENCING THE NEW STATION AT KIBOKOLO, ZOMBO

will be a protection to them. Some months ago the chiefs of the district called all the people together to discuss the situation and see what they could do. They all agreed that the best thing was to try and get "Lewizi" to come and build there, or send one of his teachers to them. But then the difficulty was that they had driven me away from their town, and they were afraid to send a messenger to me, in case I should punish him. They then decided to send their messenger to Mbumba, the Christian chief of Mputu, who has been mentioned as such a remarkable instance of conversion. It is another of the many 'interesting coincidences' of our work that Mbumba should be the head of the paramount clan of Kibokolo; they therefore naturally turned to him. Mbumba was ready enough to help them, for it was the very thing that Lewis and he wanted to happen. To open the matter, the chiefs asked that a messenger should be sent to them to fetch some boys for the school. One of the Christian people at San Salvador was sent, and he was able to tell them that Lewis was wishing to build among them, in spite of all that had happened.

A little later Mr. and Mrs. Lewis started once more for Kibokolo, and Mbumba went with them. His presence was most helpful. They were accorded a favourable reception, and work at Kibokolo was definitely commenced, at the end of 1899. Lewis and Pinnock have put up the first buildings, Mrs. Lewis being also with them.

An appeal was made for £1,000 to meet the expense of the new station which thus commemorates the Comber family. A most hearty response has been made, and more than the sum required has been promptly given. So this new station was started under the best of circumstances, the result of a remarkable combination of Divine leadings and preparations. The population is dense, and the welcome has been of the heartiest. The New Testament and our other literature are all available for them. It is surely not unreasonable to look forward with great expectations and bright hopes to the future of this work.



MAP OF THE PROTESTANT MISSIONS ON THE CONGO

CHAPTER VI

OTHER MISSIONS ON THE CONGO

'He that is not against us is for us.'—LUKE ix. 50.

BESIDE the Baptist Missionary Society there are a number of other missions working on the Congo, both Protestant and Roman Catholic.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

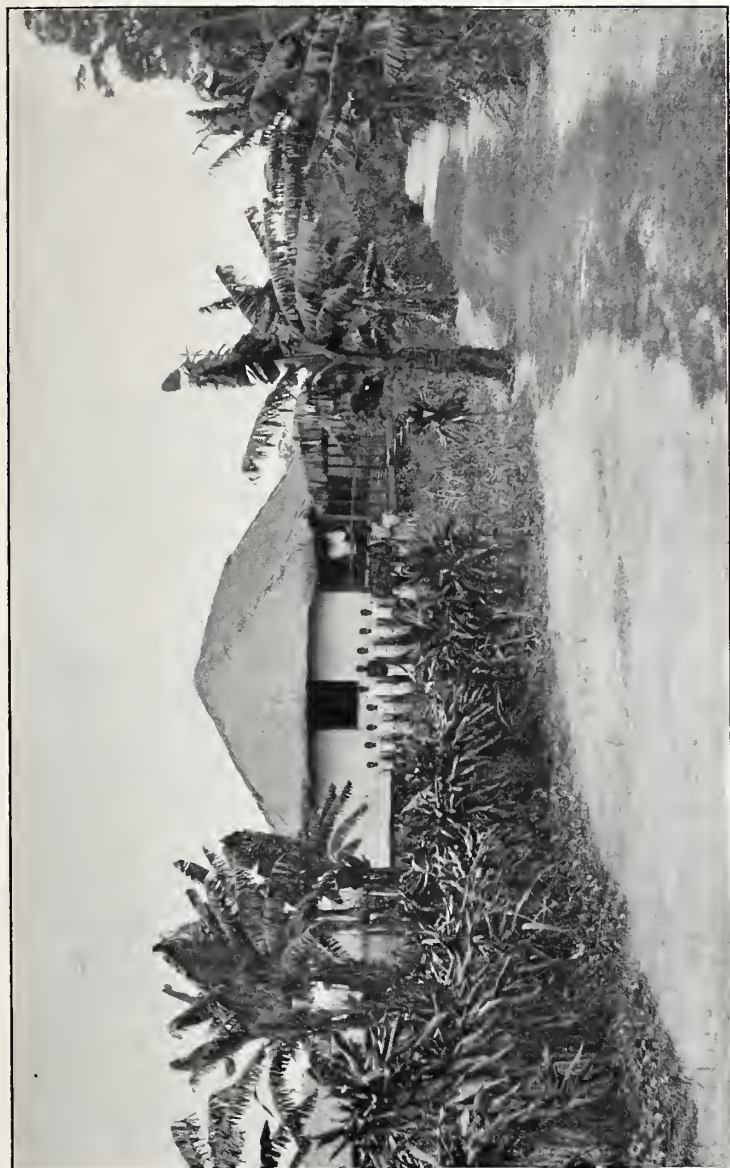
Shortly after the first visit to the Congo of Comber and Grenfell, in January, 1878, another Protestant mission arrived upon the scene. Messrs. Craven and Strom came out to found the Livingstone Inland Mission, which was to be worked in connexion with Dr. Guinness's Missionary Training

College, London. They established themselves at Palabala (Mpalabala), seven miles to the east of Matadi. Their work and stations have been referred to from time to time in the earlier pages of this book. In 1885 it was felt that the cost of this mission overtaxed the resources available; it was therefore handed over to the American Baptist Missionary Union.

Their present stations alternate with our own to a little beyond Lukolela. Mukimvika is five miles from the sea, on the south bank, in Portuguese territory. There are also stations at Matadi, the base of the railway; Palabala, six miles to the east of Matadi, on the hills; Manteke, forty-five miles along the old transport road to Stanley Pool; Lukungu, fifty miles further along the transport road; Kifwa, thirty miles to the east of Wathen, at kilomètre 270 on the railway. This mission had until recently a station at Stanley Pool, of which Dr. Sims was in charge. Dr. Sims has rendered invaluable help to the missions and traders, as well as to the State and French Governments, by his medical knowledge and long experience. He has always been ready to give us the advantage of his skill, and has been the means of saving the lives of a great number of people, white and black. His has been a remarkably useful life. The American Baptists have no further need of a station at Stanley Pool, now that the railway is complete; they have therefore handed the station there to the Congo Balolo Mission, to serve as its base station. They have another station on the upper river, at Bwemba, forty miles below Bolobo, and another at Ikoko, on Lake Mantumba, where a fine work is being done; also a sub-station at Ilebo.

A stern-wheel steamer, the *Henry Reed*, serves the A.B.M.U. on the upper river. A very considerable measure of success has crowned the work of this mission, especially so in the cataract region, where large Churches have been gathered.

When the Livingstone Inland Mission was handed over to the American Baptists, in 1885, there were some Swedes in the service of the mission. They took over the station at



AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION, ILEBO

Mukimbùngu, sixteen miles to the west of Lukungu, on the south bank of the river, and united with the Swedish Missionary Society. They have five other stations on the north bank of the river at Diadia, Nganda, Kibunzi, Muzinga, and Yanga; also a base station at Londe Matadi, beside our own. Their work is carried on with much energy, and has made steady and very real progress, bringing about wonderful changes in their district. The New Testament has been translated into the local dialect by the late Nils Westlind, and their excellent press is turning out quite a literature in the language as there spoken.

In 1886 Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, commenced work on the Congo. He had founded missions, and worked in many fields, on the lines of *self-support*. However possible such a system may be in more civilized lands, where a Christian carpenter, watchmaker, tailor, shoemaker, or other handicraftsman may make a living, it certainly is not adapted to the conditions of life on the Congo. Bishop Taylor's Mission is the best, or rather the worst, example of the manner in which a mission to the Congo ought *not* to be conducted. In the formation of his pioneer party he seems to have accepted all volunteers—married families, and single men and women, old and young. The preaching of this crusade in America stirred a great enthusiasm; he was to form a chain of stations across Africa. A large party of people from all parts of the United States, more or less qualified, placed themselves under the bishop's guidance. Refusing all advice, and without preliminary investigations, he landed his people (thirty or forty) on the rocky beach at Matadi, 'trusting in the Lord' for some temporary housing. Every establishment at the time was short of accommodation, and their stores full of goods awaiting transport. The poor people were in great straits, and the missionaries of other societies, traders, and others could only find room for some of them. They finally obtained the deserted State station at Vivi.

Then followed a terrible time of starvation, privation, and death. A few could be helped, but so large a party were

beyond the resources of any. Some had money with them, and could return at once; others had not, and died, either among their own folk, or on the stations of the missions; some of mechanical ability were able to find work. Their numbers being thus thinned by death and desertion, those who survived, and remained, could support themselves by such stores as they had. The bishop conducted a party to Stanley Pool, obtained a deserted post of the State at Kimpoko, and left them there. They cultivated a garden, and supported themselves by shooting hippopotami, and selling the flesh to the natives at absurdly low prices. They held on for some years; some died, the rest retired without accomplishing anything, or even acquiring the local language.

On the lower river they accomplished even less. They came out with a steamer, in pieces, which was destined for the upper river. It was to be conveyed to Stanley Pool in carts drawn by a traction engine. There were no means at the time of taking the engine beyond Banana, so it rusted on the wharf there for years, until the railway company bought it for pumping purposes. With the engines and iron-work of their steamer they built a light traction engine at Vivi, which moved a little way up from the beach, and then they saw that it was useless. They then transported half of the steamer by native porters for fifty miles to Isangila; then they realized that they could never afford to carry so large a vessel to Stanley Pool, so they carried the loads back again, and built the steamer on the lower river, to work as a freight steamer. As soon as she was ready, the ocean steamers began to deliver at Matadi, and her use was at an end. After years, during which she scarcely earned her paint and oil, she was sold.

A few people continued at Vivi, living on the produce of their garden, but with no time or energy for other work; and one remained on until 1898, who supported himself by selling vegetables at Matadi until he died. Up a creek near Banana, Miss Kildare lives to this day (1899) in a wooden shanty, beside a small town of the Solongo. She has some resources of her own, and is the only one who has carried on any practical mission work. To those who know all the details,

a few of which have been only lightly outlined, the story of the mission is heart-rending. The sufferings of those earnest people, struggling to carry out the misguided theory of the bishop, and laying down their lives in the attempt, will never be told; I would never write a word in reference to them but of deepest pity and sympathy. They simply acted under orders; the bishop was seldom with them during the year, and then only for a few days at a time; the rest of his time was spent in visiting the other coast missions of his diocese, and attending Conference in America. For the sake of the memory of those who suffered and died, one would be disposed to be silent on the subject, but for the fact that missions are not infrequently started and run on unsound principles, promising great things on a minimum of outlay, drawing away support, and hampering the operations of missions which are working on sound lines.

Missions are not to be conducted *cheaply*. The salvation of the world could only be at the cost of the suffering and death of Christ; and the winning of the world to Christ can only be accomplished at the cost of much treasure, energy, and life on the part of those who seek to obey their Lord's command. Let those who wish to carry on such work beware of 'cheap' methods. I would not write a syllable against any true economy, but these false economies, and false systems of mission work, need more frequent denunciation. If 'self-support' means that those who are able so to do maintain themselves from private resources, then self-support is most commendable; but when it means that a missionary to Central Africa is to dig, farm, do plantation work, produce his own food before he eats it, and support himself by his own personal energies, and after that do his mission work, the principle of *self-support* cannot be too strongly repudiated. We never find the day long enough as it is. What would be done if we had first to support ourselves?

In 1885 three young men went out to the Congo, in connexion with Mr. Simpson's Tabernacle in New York, to establish a Faith Healing Mission. They took no medicine, and held the same ideas of self-support and 'cheap' mission

work. The leader died in a week or two, one entered the service of the American Baptist Mission, the other returned. Mr. Simpson sent out another mission in 1889, but this time in connexion with a society which is now known as the Christian and Missionary Alliance (American). Some come out from time to time in connexion with it, refusing to take medicine of any kind. Fever soon brings about a change: they either 'get further light on the subject,' or die, or return. These workers are established at Boma, and at six other stations to the north and north-east of Boma, within a radius of sixty miles. The stations are at Boma, Ngangila, Vungu, Kiama, Mazinga, and Kinkonzi. The mission attempted at first, and for a long while, to work on ultra-economic lines, but happily sounder views have prevailed, and they are doing earnest work in a district which otherwise would be untouched. There is good reason to hope for large success, when more of their missionaries have had time to acquire the language, and to carry out the work on the present lines. There is already much to encourage them.

In 1889 another mission was commenced by Mr. J. McKittrick, in connexion with the Institution of Dr. Guinness at Harley House. It is known as the Congo Balolo Mission. Its operations are at present confined to the Lulongo river, a tributary on the left bank of the Congo, fifty miles above the Equator. They have their base station at Stanley Pool, and their first mission station at Lulanga, at the mouth of the Lulongo river. They have three other stations, reaching to a distance of 200 miles—300 miles by the windings of the river; they are situated at Bonginda, Ikau, and Bongànganga. The district is one vast swamp, from which rise iron-stone ridges, upon which the inhabitants are found. Only on those ridges can they be safe from floods at high water.

I visited the stations in 1896, and at Bongànganga saw 300 of those wild cannibal people gather to the Sunday service. I went also to another meeting, well attended, an hour inland. At that place a fine ridge rises from the swamp 100 feet high. The mission suffered terribly by death in its earlier days, but better houses are making it more possible to

have health in the district. There are plenty of people, and they must be reached. Good earnest work is being done, and those who were once wild cannibals have become gentle Christian men and women, who live as lights in the surrounding darkness. The mission is supplied by a stern-wheel steamer, the *Pioneer*.

In 1890 Messrs. Lapsley and Sheppard came out to the Congo, to commence work in connexion with the Presbyterian Missionary Society of the Southern States of America. They chose as their field the Upper Kasai, and have at present two mission stations, Luebo and Ibanj', as well as their base station at Stanley Pool. Their staff consists of seven men, the ladies numbering five. Seven of their number are coloured people, of African origin. Mrs. Sheppard was one of the Jubilee Singers who visited England in 1884-5. A goodly number of the natives among whom they work have been brought to Christ, and they have great encouragement.

In 1896 the financial position of the American Baptist Mission caused them to hand over their Equator station, at Bolengi, to the Christian Disciples' Mission of America. They have this one station, which we hope is only a base for further extension work in the future.

Two brothers Westcott are carrying on an independent mission at Ikongo on the Sankuru river since 1897. They belong to the Plymouth Brethren.

The mission commenced in 1881 by Fred. S. Arnot works in from Benguela. They have several stations at Bihe, others again in the Lovale country, and a station at Kavungu, near the source of the Zambesi; these are in Portuguese territory. They have two stations in the Congo Free State, one at Luanza, on Lake Mweru, the other at Mwena, on the Lufira, a tributary of the Upper Lualaba, to the south-west of Mweru. Arnot's Mission is also connected with the Plymouth Brethren; their staff numbers twenty-three men and nine ladies. They work along the ridge of the southern water-parting, at the furthest sources of the Congo affluents, over a line nearly 1,200 miles in length.

Happily, the Protestant missions have *always* been able to



ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION, MATADI

work together in harmony and brotherly love. The field is wide, and there is room for all ; any overlapping or competition would be most unreasonable. The best of relations, and heartiest good feeling, have been ever maintained, and mutual helpfulness. The Protestant missionaries, their wives, and lady helpers, number about 230 on the field, in about forty stations.

MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

The Church of Rome is represented on the Congo by seven 'congregations,' working in distinct and separate spheres.

The oldest congregation is that of the White Fathers of Algiers, founded by Cardinal Lavigerie. Lake Tanganika is their field, and has been since 1879.

The Belgian territory on the upper river is under the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of Scheut-by-Brussels. The Scheut Fathers are strongly established on the Upper Kasai, at Luluabourg, and at Kwa Mouth. Their operations date from 1888.

The Company of Jesus have worked, since 1893, between the Nkisi and Kwangu rivers, to the south of Stanley Pool. The Jesuit Fathers have three stations at present, at Kimwenza, Dembo, and Kisantu, the latter being thirty miles to the east of Wathen ; their operations extend over fifty miles.

In 1894 a company of Trappists came, and are settled at Bamaia, on the Uluki.

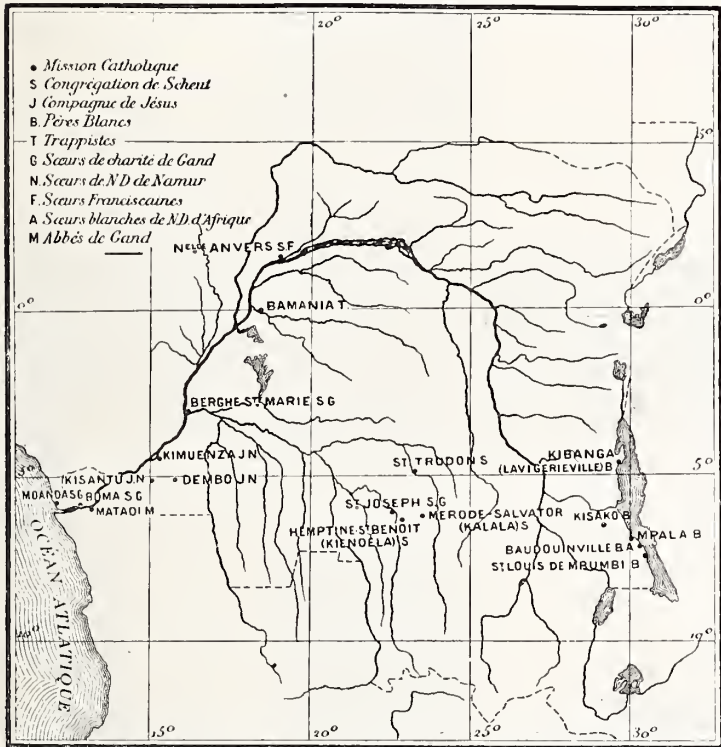
The Premonstrants, or Norbertines, of Tongerlo, came in 1898 to work on the Upper Welle.

The sixth congregation works on French territory, at Brazzaville, on the mouth of the Mobangi, and up that river ; it is known as the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary, having its centre in Paris. This congregation commenced to work on the Congo in 1880.

The Portuguese priests at San Salvador are naval chaplains, and do not belong to a congregation. They first arrived in 1881. The congregations are all aided by sisterhoods who work in conjunction with them.

The policy of the missions of the Church of Rome is to

gather to their stations natives, by the process known as 'ransoming.' The Congo State in its wars with the Arab slavers, and those which arise with the natives, have had a number of natives thrown upon their hands, many of whom have been placed in charge of the Romish missions. Surrounded in this way by those over whom they possess more or less of



MAP OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS ON THE CONGO

authority, they direct their religious exercises, and seek to form *chrétientés* about them to whom they minister. The time that they have been established is scarcely long enough to afford much material upon which to base a criticism of their methods. The Roman Catholic missionaries, and the Sisters who help them, number 150 in some seventeen stations.



SEVEN POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE CONGO FREE STATE ; TWO OF THE PORTUGUESE CONGO, ONE OF WHICH BEARS THE POSTMARK OF SAN SALVADOR

CHAPTER VII

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CONGO STATE

‘Render to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.’—ROMANS xiii. 7.

THE government of the Congo Free State centres at Brussels, but is quite distinct from the Belgian Government, with which at present it has no connexion, save that His Majesty Leopold II is both King of the Belgians and Sovereign of the Congo State.

The foundation of the State was notified by letter to the heads of the trading companies and the missions by the administrator-general, Sir Francis de Winton, on July 1, 1886; and on July 19 its constitution under King Leopold was solemnly proclaimed at Banana. Its flag is a five-pointed star in gold upon a dark blue ground. The official language is French. The circumstances which called the State into existence have been noted earlier in this book.

The sovereign is absolute. He consults, if he sees fit, a superior council sitting at Brussels, which may also sit as a court of cassation. The Secretary of State, Baron von Eetvelde, is the acting head of the Government, and he is assisted by a chief of the cabinet, a treasurer-general, and three general secretaries, who are respectively the heads of the department of finance and the Home and Foreign Offices. These officials, serving under the king, direct the affairs of the State from Brussels.

The seat of the local administration is at Boma; there is, however, a talk of transferring it to Stanley Pool, or to some point in the cataract region of high elevation. The

direction of affairs is in the hands of a governor-general. M. Camille Janssen was the first governor appointed. He was succeeded in 1892 by Colonel Wahis. He is assisted by vice-governors, inspectors of state, a secretary-general, and several directors, who act in his absence. The State is divided into fourteen districts, each of which is in charge of a district commissioner; two of these districts, those of Stanley Falls and the Welle, being subdivided into zones. There is an army of 14,000 men massed in various camps. In all the districts, courts of justice are appointed. The basis of the State laws is the Code Napoleon, but further enactments are added to adapt the law to the local circumstances. These are embodied in a printed code. There is a director of justice at Boma who directs all such matters, and judges are appointed, as may be necessary, to try cases which are not dealt with in the territorial court. The Court of Appeal sits at Boma, but it may sit in the provinces if need be. Certain native chiefs have been appointed as magistrates to settle minor disputes among the natives; they are expected to report serious infractions of the law to the district commissioner. These local justices of the peace are appointed by the investiture of a silver medal, which, unless reasons to the contrary are presented, is practically hereditary.

In each of the districts there are offices of registrars, notaries, and post. The principal mission stations, both Protestant and those of the Church of Rome, have been appointed as registry offices, and the senior missionary is registrar. Marriages can therefore be legally celebrated, and the local registration there conducted. Great numbers of natives have been enrolled as legal citizens of the State, and have thus assumed all civil rights.

The Belgian Treasury grants as a loan £80,000 annually to the administration of the Congo State for ten years from 1890, and the king supplements this with a personal gift of £40,000 annually. The expenses of the State have been always in excess of the receipts, but in ever-lessening ratio, so that a balance is hoped for at an early date. The State debt amounts to about £5,000,000. A State currency has been

issued to the extent of about £30,000 in silver and copper, and there is also an issue of State notes, which may not exceed £16,000. The duties levied on general merchandise coming into the State are 6 per cent. ad valorem, with a reduction for machinery, &c., and a high rate for spirits. They amount to about £50,000 per annum. Export duties are levied according to the value of the produce. On ivory, from 1 to 2 francs per kilo.; india-rubber, 4*d.* per kilo.; coffee, 5 per cent. ad valorem, and so forth. The Congo Railway does not belong to the Government, but to a limited company. Taxes are raised in a variety of ways in the State, on employés, house area, boats and steamers, &c. There is a very efficient system of land registration.

The Government is now constructing a line of telegraph from the Atlantic to Lake Tanganika, the work being carried on from both ends. From the coast the line has been laid, and is working, over more than 750 miles. From Tanganika the line is well advanced towards Nyangwe.

The general organization of the government is very good, but its application to the natives can only be gradually introduced, especially in such a matter as slavery. The territory of the State is so vast, that it is obviously impossible to organize for many a long day a system of government which shall embrace every village and individual; but that is the aim towards which the authorities are steadily working.

Happily the relations between our mission and the Government have been very cordial. Mr. A. H. Baynes, the Secretary of our Society, has always received the kindest consideration in any matters which have been arranged with the central Government and have required his personal attention or presence in Brussels. On several occasions His Majesty the King has received him very graciously, and has expressed his appreciation of our work. The high officials on the Congo have also been very cordial, and have in no way hindered our work. By the General Act of Berlin, liberty of worship was guaranteed to all, and this has been faithfully carried out by the State.

It is impossible here to give any account of the develop-

ment of the State, the exploration of its vast territories, the brilliant exploits under Baron Dhanis, which resulted in the crushing of the Arab slavers, who were devastating the eastern provinces of the State, or the splendid energy which has explored and occupied the country to its furthest limits. To tell the story of the State would be to undertake a task equal to that which has just been completed in the story of the mission. The Belgians may well be proud of the part which their small country has played in the opening up of Africa, and the development of the 900,000 square miles in the heart of the continent which is now known as the Congo State. But while we recognize the work which Belgians personally have done, we cannot fail to remember that the mind and energy, the personality which has been behind all and through all, has been King Leopold. It is hard to believe that he can have seen in all its fullness the end from the beginning, but his master mind has planned and worked, seized the opportunities, and led on the enterprise to its present successful issue.

But while King Leopold has been carrying on this work, which will ever be associated with his name, Belgium, as a nation, has been slow to awake to the realization of the greatness and worth of the enterprise. The king has long wished that the Congo State should become a Belgian colony, but a strong party in the country has feared to undertake the responsibility, expense, and burden of so vast a territory. Questions have risen as to the political possibilities and the effect of colonial enterprise on the guaranteed independence of Belgium. France too had acquired the rights of pre-emption, and there was fear of complications in consequence. The Socialist party declared against the annexation of the Congo, and the Clericals had to bend with it, so the negotiations fell through for the time being. The matter is to be brought up again in 1900, and it is to be hoped that Belgium will not allow the State, which has been founded and developed by Belgian enterprise, to pass into other hands. The rich display of Congo products at the Exhibition of Antwerp in 1894, and again at Brussels in 1897, has opened

the eyes of many in Belgium to the possibilities of the Congo, a demonstration which could not fail to have its influence in instructing public opinion. We should gladly hail the annexation of the Congo by Belgium, and hope that it will not be long delayed.

The burning question of the drink traffic has been dealt with very effectively by the Congo State. The sale of spirituous liquors to the natives has been strictly prohibited over $\frac{9}{100}$ of its wide area. We have good means of knowing that this restriction has been effective; the missions would not fail to second the efforts of the State by making known any contravention of the laws. The enclave to the north of the Congo from the coast to Manyanga, and some twenty square miles about Matadi, from Underhill to the Mpozo river, are not within the zone of restriction. On the south bank the line of restriction is drawn at the Mpozo river, three miles above Matadi; the railway cannot therefore transport it at all, neither are the natives allowed to carry any beyond the Mpozo river. We could wish that the Government would keep out the liquor entirely, but it considers that it would be impossible to watch effectively the French and Portuguese frontiers near the coast, and at the port itself; the sale is therefore permitted over 9,000 square miles, although very little finds its way into more than half of that area. There is no restriction to the sale of drink to white men, but no absinthe is allowed to be imported under any circumstances. It is a very great thing that the Government takes such an enlightened view of the matter, and that it realizes that such a course favours its best and truest interests.

The freedom granted to Christian missions and the firm stand taken in the matter of the drink will be greatly appreciated by all who seek the enlightenment and evangelization of Africa.

This story of pioneer mission work on the Congo must conclude here. However much it has lacked in the telling, it speaks for itself. It tells of the *overcoming* and removal of great difficulties, and of a number of those singular leadings

and 'interesting coincidences' in which we thankfully recognize the providential working of the hand of God. For all that has been accomplished—

'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,
But unto Thy Name give glory.'

Our blessed Lord gave the command—

'All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost : teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you : and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

We have gone to the Congo, and we bear witness that as He promised so it has been. His presence has been with us ; His power has been seen in the enlightenment of dark hearts ; to as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on His Name.

With the encouragement of the past, and the assurance of the continual presence of the Master, we go forward in doing our share in the winning of

AFRICA FOR CHRIST.



A CONGO BASKET

APPENDIX I

CONGO MISSIONARIES

Name.	Date of arrival in Congo.	Present Station, 1900.	Remarks.	Date.
1. Comber, T. J.	1879	{ At Cameroons { Died at sea	1875 June 27, 1887
2. Crudginton, H. E.	1879	Transferred to India	1885
3. Hartland, J. S.	1879	Died at Bayneston	May 12, 1883
4. Bentley, W. Holman	1879	Wathen		
5. Grenfell, G.	1880	Bolobo	At Cameroons	1874
6. Dixon, H.	1881	Transferred to China	1884
7. Weeks, J. H.	1881	Monsembe		
8. Butcher, H. W.	1882	Died at Manyanga	Oct. 15, 1883
9. Hughes, W.	1882	Resigned	1885
10. Moolenaar, H. K.	1882	Returned	1890
11. Doke, W. H.	1883	Died at Underhill	Feb. 7, 1883
12. Ross, W.	1883	Resigned	1884
13. Comber, S., M.B.	1883	Died at Wathen	Dec. 24, 1884
14. Whitley, H. G.	1883	Died at Lukunga	Aug. 3, 1887
15. Hartley, J. W.	1884	Died at Manyanga	Feb. 28, 1884
16. Cruickshank, A. H.	1884	Died at Wathen	Mar. 27, 1885
17. Darling, F. C.	1884	Died at Underhill	Mar. 19, 1887
18. Cameron, G. R. R.	1884	Wathen		
19. Macmillan, D.	1884	Died at Underhill	Mar. 9, 1885
20. Cowe, A.	1885	Died at S. Salvador	May 21, 1885
21. Charters, D.	1885	Returned	1887
22. Cottingham, W. F.	1885	Died at Underhill	June 8, 1885
23. Biggs, J. E.	1885	Died at Arthington	Aug. 26, 1887
24. Comber, P. E.	1885	Died at Wathen	Jan. 23, 1892
25. Davies, P., B.A.	1885	Died at Wathen	Dec. 4, 1895
26. Maynard, J.	1885	Died at Underhill	Jan. 28, 1886
27. Richards, M.	1885	Died at Banana	Aug. 19, 1888
28. Silvey, S.	1886	{ At Cameroons { Died at sea	1883 April 23, 1889
29. Scrivener, A. E.	1886	Bolobo		
30. Seright, W., M.B.	1886	Resigned	1886
31. Darby, R. D.	1886	Returned	1894
32. Graham, R. H. C.	1886	S. Salvador		
33. Phillips, H. R.	1886	S. Salvador		

Name.	Date of arrival in Congo.	Present Station, 1900.	Remarks.	Date.
34. Shindler, J. H.	1886	Died at Underhill	Mar. 19, 1887
35. Lewis, T.	1887	Zombo	To Cameroons	1883
36. Brown, J. G.	1887	Died at sea	Dec. 27, 1889
37. Harrison, F. G.	1887	Resigned	1895
38. Pinnock, J.	1887	Zombo		
39. Slade, A. D.	1888	Died at Wathen	Dec. 20, 1888
40. Oram, F. R.	1888	Died at Bopoto	Feb. 17, 1894
41. Clark, J.	1889	Bolobo		
42. Roger, J. L.	1889	Arthington		
43. Forfeitt, W. L.	1889	Bopoto		
44. White, W. H.	1889	Died at sea	July 4, 1897
45. Forfeitt, J. L.	1889	Matadi		
46. Glennie, R.	1889	Returned	1896
47. Wilkinson, W. F.	1889	Died at S. Salvador	Dec. 29, 1889
48. Stapleton, W. H.	1890	Yakusu		
49. Gordon, S. C.	1890	Arthington		
50. Fuller, J. A. A.	1890	Resigned	1895
51. Whitehead, J.	1890	Lukolela		
52. Balfern, W. P.	1891	Died at Madeira	Feb. 19, 1894
53. Hughes, E.	1892	Resigned	1894
54. Jefferd, F. A.	1892	Resigned	1894
55. Brown, G. D.	1892	Resigned	1896
56. Webb, S. R., M.D.	1893	Died at sea	April 12, 1895
57. Pople, G. R.	1893	Died at Tumba	April 12, 1897
58. Kirkland, R. H.	1893	Bopoto		
59. Stonelake, H. J.	1894	Monsembe		
60. Field, S. M.	1894	} From Bishop Taylor's Mission } Resigned	1890
				1898
61. Stephens, J. R. M.	1895	Wathen		
62. Bell, J., A.T.S.	1895	Wathen		
63. Smith, Kenred	1896	Bopoto		
64. Dodds, C. J.	1896	Monsembe		
65. Beedham, R.	1896	Underhill		
66. Howell, J.	1896	Bolobo	From the Congo Balobolo Mission	
67. Wherrett, A. E.	1896	Died at Yakusu	Nov. 21, 1896
68. Frame, W. B.	1896	Wathen		
69. Millman, W.	1897	Yakusu		
70. Jeffery, J.	1897	Bopoto		
71. Adams, A. G.	1897	Bolobo		
72. Smith, H. Sutton	1899	Yakusu		
73. Bowskill, S. J.	1899	S. Salvador		
74. Wooding, W.	1899	S. Salvador	From the Congo Balobolo Mission	
75. Stonelake, A.	1900	Bolobo		

Died, 28.

Returned, 15.

Present Staff, 32.

LADIES

Name.	Date of arrival in Congo.	Present Station, 1900.	Remarks.	Date.
1. Comber, Mrs. T. J.	1879	Died at S. Salvador	Aug. 24, 1879
2. Grenfell, Mrs.	1880	Bolobo		
3. Crudgington, Mrs.	1883	Transferred to India	1885
4. Weeks, Mrs.	1886	Monsembe		
5. Spearing, Martha S.	1886	} To Congo in connexion with L.I.M. Died at Arthington	1882
				April 3, 1887
6. Bentley, Mrs.	1886	Wathen		
7. Darling, Mrs.	1886	Returned a widow	1887
8. Moolenaar, Mrs.	1887	Returned	1890
9. Lewis, Mrs.	1887	S. Salvador	At Cameroons	1884
10. Pinnock, Mrs.	1887	Died at Eastbourne	Sept. 29, 1895
11. Phillips, Mrs.	1888	Died at S. Salvador	April 26, 1899
12. Brown, Mrs. (Miss Butcher)	1888	Returned a widow	1889
13. Cameron, Mrs. (Miss Silvey)	1888	Died at Wathen	Mar. 8, 1893
14. Graham, Mrs.	1889	S. Salvador		
15. Harrison, Mrs.	1890	Returned	1895
16. Comber, Mrs. Percy	1890	Died at Banana	Dec. 19, 1890
17. Darby, Mrs.	1891	Returned	1894
18. Webb, Mrs.	1893	Returned a widow	1895
19. Roger, Mrs.	1893	Arthington		
20. Glennie, Mrs.	1893	Returned	1896
21. Stapleton, Mrs.	1893	Yakusu		
22. Whitehead, Mrs.	1893	Lukolela		
23. Forfeitt, Mrs. W. L.	1893	Bopoto		
24. Forfeitt, Mrs. J. L.	1894	Matadi		
25. Scrivener, Mrs.	1895	Died at Bolobo	Mar. 15, 1898
26. de Hailes, Lily M.	1895	Bolobo	After being six years in connexion with the Congo Balolo Mission	
27. Gordon, Mrs.	1896	Arthington		
28. Pople, Mrs.	1896	Died at Tumba	May 29, 1897
29. Howell, Mrs.	1896	Bolobo		
30. Bell, Mrs. (Miss Feisser)	1896	Wathen		
31. White, Mrs.	1896	Returned a widow	1897
32. Clark, Mrs.	1896	Bolobo		
33. Kirkland, Mrs.	1897	Bopoto		
34. Stephens, Mrs.	1898	Wathen		
35. Brindal, Lucy A.	1898	Wathen		

Name.	Date of arrival in Congo.	Present Station, 1903.	Remarks.	Date.
36. Dodds, Mrs.	1898	Monsembe		
37. Beedham, Mrs.	1899	Underhill		
38. Wooding, Mrs.	1899	S. Salvador		
39. Smith, Mrs. Kenred	1900	Bopoto		
40. Stonelake, Mrs. A.	1900	Bolobo		
	Died, 8.	Returned, 9.	Remain, 23.	

STATIONS OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY
ON THE CONGO

	<i>Founded.</i>	<i>Distance traversed from Coast.</i>
Underhill, Matadi	1883	100
San Salvador	1879	170
Comber Memorial Station, Zombo	1899	260
Wathen, Lutete	1884	260
Arthington, Stanley Pool	1883	350
Bolobo	1888	530
Lukolela	1886	630
Monsembe	1890	830
Bopoto, or Upoto	1890	1030
Sargent Station, Yakusu, Stanley Falls	1896	1350

<i>Steamers.</i>	<i>Launched.</i>	<i>Length.</i>	<i>Beam.</i>	<i>Draft.</i>
		ft.	ft. in.	in.
Peace	1884	70	10 6	18 (with 6 tons)
Goodwill	1894	84	13 0	26 (with 13 tons)

APPENDIX II

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN EIGHT OF THE KONGO LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS.

[*c = ts in itself.*]

I. KONGO.

[*Spoken from the Coast to Stanley Pool.*]

E S'eto oko 'zulu,
Yambul' ezina diaku diazitiswanga,
E kimfumu kiaku kiza,
O luzolo luaku luawangwanga,
ova nsi, ne i koko 'zulu.
O dia kweto kwa lumbu ya lumbu,
utuvana ko unu.
Utulolok' o masumu meto,
nze yeto tulolokang' atantu eto.
Kutufidi ko muna umpukumuni.
Utuvuluza muna mbi.
Kadi ekiaku, e kimfumu, ye ngolo yo
nkembo
wa mvu ya mvu. Amen.

II. WOYO.

[*Spoken in Ngoyo (Kabinda) on the north
of the mouth of the Congo, a dialect
of Kongo.*]

Tat' itu ki yulu,
Bika lizina liaku liazitiswanga,
Cifumu ciaku ciza
Zolo kwaku kwivangwanga iva si i kuni
yulu.
Bilia bitu bia lumbu ya lumbu utuvan-
dika lumbu aci
Utubika masumu mitu, bwabu tubikanga
mbeni zitu
Kutufili ko muna jau.
Utuvulula muna mbi.
Cifumu ciaku, ngolo ziaku, minga
kwaku,
Kwa mvu ya mvu. Amen.

III. EWUMU.

[*An unreduced language spoken on the
hills S.W. of Stanley Pool.*]

Tat' abeti ku yulu,
Yegese nkum' anze yazitisuu,
Emfumu anze kiaya,
Ozolo anze layilemuu ya nci, ne kuna
yulu.
Odi' abeti ku macu-macu, uluwa ko leri.
Ululolo masumu mabeti, te bu lusi
lolo batantä babeti.
Kulufili o mu vukumu,
Kanti, uluvulu mu obi,
Okala emfumu anze, ani mpini anze,
ani bubwe bwanze
ku mivu-mivu. Amen.

IV. LO-BOBANGI.

[*Spoken from the Kwa mouth nearly
to the Equator.*]

Sango e biso eng' o likolo,
Tika lina li Yo lisonibwa;
Tika bokonzi bo Yo boya;
Tika mokano mo Yo mokelibw' o nce,
lolimo ete nde o likolo.
Olokabelaka lelo boli bokoyengebene
na biso.
Olosabinyaka mimbale minga na biso,
lolimo et' e sosabinya biso bango
banga na' mibale mi biso.
T'olowelisake o bolengoli.
Nde oloyelolak' ombe mobe.
Nowel' onga na bokonzi, mpe na nguya,
mpe na mankembo
lobiko na lobiko. Se bongo.

V. MPAMA.

[*Spoken in the interior behind Lukolela.*]

Sango abang' e li ikolo,
 Le dina izaka isonibwe;
 Le bokondi bo laka boye;
 Le ukano umwaka mukelibwe o nce
 buma boza ikolo.
 Okabele loye ekaba elongobane na
 banga.
 Osabolake imbale ili na banga, buma
 boza banga toisabole bo bali na
 imbale i banga.
 Tokwelisake banga oma ulengoli.
 Nde yelolaka banga oma ube.
 Na mbeki o li na bokondi, na nguya, n'
 ankembo obiko na obiko.
 Noa bona.

VI. LUNKUNDU.

[*Spoken at the Equator.*]

Fafa ikiso ole nd' iola,
 Cika jina jike jimemiamé;
 Cika jikulaka jike joya;
 Cika lolango loke loejami nd' okije
 ngole nd' iola.
 Otoka loswe toma tokiso coa bekolo le
 kolo.
 Otobikia bekwa bekiso, ngol' iso tobikia
 banko bando kwa jikambu liso.
 Otobèla ke nda jisongodza.
 Lolo, ocikola jim' obe.
 Elóko jikulaka jile jike, la nguya eke,
 l'ongi ike bideko la deko.
 Ngóko.

VII. DJOBO.

[*Spoken by people of the interior behind
Lulanga.*]

Tata waboso ado diko,
 Kina kombe we ede na ememi;
 Kina bokuma bawe edoe;
 Kina eka epalaka we onami o mokwotu,
 eleng' emóti ekwa busa.
 Lo paso miamau mapala 'so busabu.
 Lo heligaso nanongo na batu ba buki.
 Po lo mak' iso ademba, lo heligaso ègo
 Ogwe bokuma na ngulu, no bopipo, bo
 di nau bianga na bianga.
 Okò bi.

VIII. BOLOKI.

[*Spoken at Monsembe.*]

Ango wabiu y' alo bolobo,
 Nkumbu yao obangia,
 Bilombi biao biya,
 Lobetwa lao lokela o nse, bo langu
 lokelama o bolobo.
 Otupa biu bieka lelo na lelo.
 Otulemele nyungu yabiu, bo tulemele
 bangu baengeli nyungu na biu.
 Walotukambaka o molenja.
 Otubikia na bobi.

(Doxology absent.)

APPENDIX III

MALARIAL FEVER, ITS GENESIS AND EFFECTS

THE fever which has proved so destructive to life on the Congo is that generally known as 'malarial fever.' It is identical with the fever prevalent in Holland, Rome, the Levant, the United States, and the tropics generally.

For some time it has been known that it was due to minute parasites which invade the red corpuscles of the blood, and eventually absorb and destroy them. When so much was known as to the cause of the fever, the question was raised as to how the parasites find an entry into the system. Dr. Patrick Manson, reasoning from the fact that some suctorial insects conveyed disease, suggested that the mosquito was the means by which the 'malarial' parasites were introduced into the human body. Recent discoveries of Bignami, Ross, and others have proved this theory to be correct. They have demonstrated the presence of the parasites in the blood sucked by the mosquito from the human body; and by their researches they have been able to trace the life-history of the parasite in the mosquito, until its introduction into its human host.

It is found that in the body of the mosquito the parasite undergoes sexual development, and there completes its cycle. From the fertilized plasmodia (*zygotes*) when mature proceed thread-like *blasts*, the parasites in their new form, which find their way to the salivary glands of the mosquito host, where they lie ready to be inserted with the proboscis into another, this time human, host.

Three kinds of parasite are at present known, whose life-histories are above indicated. They give rise to fevers of three types—tertian, quartan, and the aestivo-autumnal fevers.

There are parasites which are closely allied to those above mentioned, which find their habitat in the blood of birds; they complete their cycle in the *Culex Mosquito*, but do not affect human beings. The parasites which affect humanity only develop in the mosquito

of the genus *Anopheles*, and this genus is therefore responsible for all our true malarial fevers. The appearance and habits of the *Anopheles* are distinct from those of the other mosquitoes. They breed in standing pools and puddles which are not scoured by rain, not in swamps or marshes, or pools in which fish are found.

New blasts introduced into a human body by a mosquito attack the red corpuscles of the blood. The blasts develop, absorbing the substance of the corpuscle. The haemoglobin (the colouring matter of the blood) remains in the parasite, not excreted, in the form of little black spots of *melanin*, as seen under the microscope. It is believed that it has undergone some change, acquiring the toxic properties which cause the access of fever when the sporulation sets it free in the blood. In ordinary mild fevers it is probably taken up by the liver to a large extent, and changed into bile pigment. On attaining to maturity some parasites break up into spores, which, with the haemoglobin thus changed, drift in the blood. The spores attack more red corpuscles, and once more develop, to the destruction of the corpuscles and their own maturity; then there is further sporulation, and a repetition of the process. This cannot go on indefinitely. They may work such mischief, by reason of their energy, numbers, &c., that they kill their host, and so themselves; but if this does not happen, they 'spend' themselves, and become sterile. Some resting-spores find hiding-places, and may develop another series under favourable circumstances later on; but if the life of the host is spared, the mass of the parasites sterilize and die out. If, however, a mosquito appears, and sucks a little of the blood laden with parasites, they develop and propagate in the mosquito, to be eventually returned to some other host, with all the energy of those produced by the sexual process.

The access of fever is coincident with the sporulation of the mature plasmodium. As soon as this occurs, the temperature rises (or, in some cases perhaps, falls below normal). The difference of temperature between the internal organs (where the change first obtains) and the skin constitutes what is known as the 'cold stage' of ague. The patient feels terribly cold, when a touch may show that he is already abnormally warm. The sense of chill passes away, and a dry hot stage sets in, often attended with much discomfort, vomiting, pains in the back and limbs, and great constitutional disturbance. If things run a normal course, a profuse perspiration follows, and the temperature slowly drops to normal. In aestival-autumnal fevers, in

about twenty-four hours after the first access, a fresh sporulation and consequent fever may be expected to occur, and so the mischief works round and round in its cycles. The stages of the fever may be prolonged and intensified, and a variety of complications are possible. Although a most uncomfortable experience, most of our fevers are comparatively simple, and consist of only one or two paroxysms; with some they are exceedingly rare, years passing between very mild attacks: this has been the case with myself.

Repeated attacks of fever reduce very materially the number of the red corpuscles in the blood, and in this way produce the condition known as anaemia. In severe fevers of the aestivo-autumnal type there may be a destruction of one-third of the corpuscles in the body in one paroxysm, the haemoglobin set free causing such activity of the liver that an excess of bile is formed, and there results what is known as bilious remittent fever. Apart from the destruction of the corpuscles, it is believed that the toxin evolved by the changes in the haemoglobin, if not speedily excreted by the skin and the usual channels, may produce a general debilitation of the blood by reason of its empoisonment. In this condition the corpuscles appear to be, many of them, in a state of dissolution or resolution, irregular in shape, and to have lost their haemoglobin, which drifts in a free state in the blood. This is a serious condition, which is very liable to disaster. A small derangement will cause these weakened corpuscles to break down to such an extent that a condition of intense exhaustion results. The free haemoglobin overstimulates the liver, which produces an excess of bile and causes most distressing vomiting. The kidneys throw off a fluid of the appearance of porter, and the condition is most serious. This is what has frequently been referred to as the haemoglobinuric fever, which has been so fatal. The onset of the dissolution of the blood in this condition is often very sudden; one case I myself carefully noted in which the change took place, and the intense colour appeared, in twenty minutes. Happily, this type of fever has not been frequent of late years. Improved conditions of life have prevented our men from falling into the condition upon which it depends.

The resting-spores of the 'malarial' parasite constitute a danger to those who have at any time been contaminated by an infected *Anopheles* mosquito; for so long as they remain resting they seem to be unassailable by poisons. Any derangement of the system—chill, indigestion, exhaustion, exposure to the sun, mental excitement, &c.—

may start these 'resting'-spores on an active cycle, and set up the condition of fever. An instance of this occurred in my own case. On my return to England after my first five years in Africa, I was urging the Committee of our Society to the definite and energetic policy on the upper river which they afterwards carried out. Although I had had no fever at all during the latter half of the five years in Africa, two protracted anxious committee meetings each caused in me sharp attacks of fever by the evening. One is liable to such attacks, even thirty years after exposure to 'malaria.'

It follows from the preceding that the best thing for dwellers in the tropics is to destroy, or avoid the *Anopheles* mosquito. The drainage of their breeding-places should be undertaken, and where that is not possible, a small quantity of paraffin, stirred on the water of a pool, will form a film of oil which will prevent the larvae from breathing, and speedily destroy them. It is said that a small quantity of permanganate of potash will also suffice to poison them. A good mosquito net affords immunity during the hours of sleep. Some people are specially attractive to the mosquito. I have been sitting at table with Thomas Comber when he has been cruelly tormented by mosquitoes, while I have been scarcely touched by them.

It is impossible to remain always immune, so that after all has been done in the way of avoidance of the mosquito, quinine is our best helper. A dose of this drug works its way into the blood, and is certain death to any active spores of the parasite which may be free in the blood. A daily dose of five grains should do no harm to those making use of it, while it would maintain such a condition of the blood, that if any of the plasmodia sporulate, the spores will be at once destroyed. During an attack of fever the endeavour is made to cinchonise the blood for the next sporulation. When once the plasmodium has taken possession of a corpuscle, it is safe from quinine.

There are other insects which have been known to induce fevers of the 'malarial' type. The tsetse-fly is well known as the host of a parasite which is very destructive to cattle in Africa. In the Campagna of Rome a fever most destructive to cattle has been traced to a tick in the grass. On the Congo, during the latter part of the time when the natives were serving in the transport from the lower river to Stanley Pool, before the completion of the railway, a most malignant fever attacked only those who travelled on the transport routes, and which baffled all as to its cause. I noted the presence, in

the sleeping-places of the carriers, of a tick which had long been known to exist in the grass, but was never a pest in the native houses, nor was specially troublesome in its bite. These ticks were swarming where the carriers slept; their bite raised an itching lump which would be visible for ten days. My own opinion is that these ticks were the cause of that very fatal fever. We may yet learn unpleasant things about the vermin which infest the natives, and are regarded by them with such indifference.

The natives suffer much from fever as well as Europeans. My own health in Africa has been far better than that of any natives whom I have known intimately.



CONGO FETISHES

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